

Diary of Ellen (Skeel) Adee, '70, kept during 1869/70.

Private Journal--being a brief record of the thought and deeds for one year.

"Man is doomed to disappointment as the sparks fly upward"

New Year's Day -- 1869

Snow, sleet and wind usher in the new-year! It is a wild day, and drifting snow is piled up on the window-sills. All Nature is robed in the purest white, emblematical of the pure year just come in.

How differently I now expect to spend the winter, to what I once did--only three months ago!

The year just past has been one of considerable importance, and such a one that there is no danger of its being forgotten even though not here recorded.

We have had to-day only six calls--it requires a person of energy to venture out to-day.

Saturday

I have just received a beautiful Christmas present from Theron. it is a pair of gold glove fasteners--something which I have always wanted. He also sent a present to Addie. The letter written from Flora later is very interesting.

The first Sunday in the Year 1869.

I went to church to-day--
the first Sunday since October. I enjoyed
the service very much, although I was
rather tired before it was over, and
did not feel able to stay through
the Communion.

Dr. Irving preached a sermon which
I liked very much. "To him that
overcometh will I give to sit with me
on my throne; even as I overcame
and am seated on my Father's throne"

This promise applies alike to all
who will enlist under Christ's banner
to overcome the world--to fight
for the right and to pray for the
right as long as life shall last. To
all who faithfully fight is the victory--
after the conquest the crown.

Notice of Mrs. Clarkson's death was
given out in church. How sad it is!
I think now that I am quite
well although not quite as strong as
before I was sick. My longest walk has
been to the barn, and that was quite
long enough, I found.

Monday, Jan. 4th 1869.

Carrie Clapp called to see Adelaide and me, this morning, and interested us much by her accounts of the College. I was always anxious to know whether the students ... knew how ill some of the girls in the Infirmary were. Carrie said that Dr. Raymond announced one morning in chapel how many were sick, how many had the typhoid, and how many were dangerously ill. She said there was such a feeling of gloom pervading the College that it was necessary for the girls to know truly the state of the case.

Miss Hubbard has obtained the President's permission to graduate with '69. He refused Fanny Hoyt on the ground that she was too young--her mind shattered by so long an illness could better grapple the higher sciences after one year's repose etc. This seems very just, but nothing could be more unjust than to allow some to graduate, and not others.

Tuesday

The glove box that I have been working on since Christmas is at last finished. It is very pretty, but not quite so well made as I hoped. I think I have forgotten how to sew, at least my hand is not so steady as it was.

Adelaid and I walked to the barn to be weighed--Addie weighs ninety-eight pounds, I one hundred and twelve. I certainly am gaining in weight and also in strength. I went to the barn a week ago and was not able to go up the steps at the house.

Wednesday.

Lizzie Heard called to say good-bye, as she is going to New York to spend the winter. I am very sorry for I counted a great deal on seeing her this winter. Laura George will also be away, but I do not lament her loss as much.

Friday, Jan 8th

I wrote to Dr. Raymond to-day to ask if I might come back in February and graduate with my class in June. I expect he will refuse, and even if he does not, I expect Papa will if he does not my health will, if it does not Mamma will, if she does not my hair will, if my hair does not very probably I shall not want to go back myself, and receive high wages although I enter at the eleventh hour. Still it can do no harm to write for at present I am very anxious to return. I feel as if it was time I should be at work again. I have lost so much time by being sick, that I can not afford to lose any more. On the other hand although I am doing well I am not strong, and am easily tired and I am afraid of tiring myself too much. At present I have a tooth ache and shall write no more.

Saturday evening

As I write this we are waiting for
the Erie train to come up. Mamma
and Lucy are in New-York, and are
coming up to-night.

There is a different kind of a
feeling that one has on Saturday
evening to any other. I don't know
why it is, but I think I could
always tell when Saturday came
even if no one told me.

I have take a great fancy to
letter writing, so I have not time
to write any more to-night.

Tuesday morning.

What a glorious morning! Every branch
and twig is encased in ice and covered
with a fresh fall of snow. In many
places great branches are broken
by their weight of beauty and
lie on the ground surrounded by
lesser twigs--

P.M. Aunt Elvenah is visiting us.

I went out coasting this morning.

I find my strength is returning slowly.

Wednesday,

Another beautiful morning. I was out before breakfast enjoying the beautiful scene. As the sun rose over the hills into the cloudless blue sky, the effect was truly wonderful.

Mary Moore has not come back yet and Lulu & I have cleared up the dining room and our own room. I am afraid I am growing very lazy, for since I was sick, I am cautioned continually not to over fatigue myself, and I often spend a day in not doing anything of importance. I intended to read my "Haven" every day, but I have not carried out my resolutions very well. Even my journal I neglect, so I suppose I must go back to the old baby rule "a time for everything etc."

Evening

I took a most beautiful ride this afternoon. through "Lovers lane." The scene was enchanting--as beautiful as fairy land.

Thursday

I received yesterday my reply
from the Faculty of the College. Miss
Avery wrote it and said in the
shortest manner that it would
not be possible for me to return.
Still I am glad I wrote, for if
I had not known the decision
of the Faculty, I should be thinking
all the time that I might to
go back. Now, even if I am not
pleased, I can do nothing. I think
Miss Avery might have written
a pleasanter note to me, and at
least said she was sorry that
I could not return this year. How-
ever I suppose she is indifferent
whether I go to Vassar or Hong-Kong.
I wonder if I should go back,
if she would be pleasant as she
used to be, or if she would not
pay any attention to me. Time may
show.
Father brought home a breast- ...
for Mamma tonight. It is lovely

Saturday evening. Jan. 16th.

Miss Lyman wrote me a lovely letter this morning, expressing her joy at my recover, and inviting Lulu and me to come up spend a day and night at the College. How kind it was of her to write when she is so busy. She always was lovely though. What a contrast to-day's letter was to the huffy epistle of yesterday.

My hair is decidedly on the decline. Half a dozen short stubby hairs are all that remains of my once lovely tresses! Every one has a different opinion to give on the subject--shaving, shingling, etc. Most people encourage me that it will come in curly. Ah! Would that it would! At the present my head resembles a homely, not to say hideous appearance. Adelaide's is very becoming to her, especially when it is crimped.

I wrote to Miss ... last evening.

I wonder if she can read my letter, it

was of course full of mistakes; still
it was the best I could do
and I thought she would like
it better than an English one.
I want to have some of the
girls down to see me this winter,
but I think I will wait till
my hair comes in a little. But
by the present appearances, if I
wait for that I may wait for
years, and I may wait forever, so
why do I wait. Query? Echo answers
why.

Tuesday, Jan. 19th.

I had such a nice dream last
night. I thought I was back at
the College, and all the girls were
so glad to see me. I wonder if I
really should go back, if all would
be glad to see me!

I am working now on my
black water-proof dress--lengthening--
facing, and mending it. I do not
sew very fast, but I hope the
dress will be finished before
the snow is gone.

Mrs. Jenkins is going to New York with the children, while Mr. Jenkins contemplates a voyage in some direction, he knows not where. We shall miss them very much, for they are our pleasantest and most sociable neighbors.

It is a lovely morning: fresh fallen snow lies on all the branches of the trees, and the hemlocks are weighed down with their weight of beauty.

Saturday, Feb. 6.

I wrote to Emma ...

this morning inviting her to pass next Friday with me. I want to see her so much but I am afraid she can not come for I know she is very busy, and besides it is a good way for her to come alone.

I feel rather blue this afternoon although I can not tell exactly why. I rode to Marlborough yesterday, and was so very tired that I could not sleep, so to-day I do not feel very well. I am much disappointed in my strength--I thought I was entirely well but Dr. Avery said it would be all winter before I felt as I used to feel.

Sunday, Feb. 7th, 1868

I went to St. George's this morning, and received the Communion for the first time since I was sick. I could not help thinking of the last time I took the Communion. It was at the Holy comforter, the first Sunday in October. I remember as I knelt at the altar railing, thinking what a calm sheltered place it was, and how soon all peaceful thoughts would leave when I went back again to my daily occupations. And I remember praying that I might be kept in safety and free from temptation till I knelt there again! But how little did I think what would happen before I went to that Church again. On the next Saturday I was taken sick, and the next Communion Sunday, I lay on the bed unable to move, and now, in February is the first time since the. How fortunate it is that we can not foresee what will happen.

{\rtf1\ansi\ansicpg1252\cocoartf1038\cocoasubrtf360

{\fonttbl{\f0\fswiss\fcharset0 Helvetica;}

{\colortbl;\red255\green255\blue255;}

\margl1440\marginr1440\vieww9000\viewh8400\viewkind0

\pard\tx720\tx1440\tx2160\tx2880\tx3600\tx4320\tx5040\tx5760\tx6480\tx7200\tx7920\tx8640\ql\qnatural\pardirnatural

\f0\fs24 \cf0 Ash Wednesday, Feb. 10th, 1868\

\

Here I am before breakfast writing my journal. One resolution I have made, and that is that I will get up a little earlier.}

I have heard so many different ideas on the subject, that I hardly know where I am. I remember last year my opinions as regards fasting, or rather not fasting, were received as almost heretical by the Church girls. I always have a respect for those who keep Lent earnestly, but I myself do not know exactly how far to go. I always have thought it right to give up gaieties such as opera, theater, parties and dancing, but as regards fasting I am undecided I think it is well to deny oneself something, so as always to bear in mind what season of the Church it was. And I think Lent is the time to watch more closely one's conduct, so as always to be willing to deny one's self for others. I hope I can attend the services at Church for I am sure they will be pleasant and profitable God grant that I may keep the fast in a profitable manner!

We had a call last night from C.

Allan. I think he rather improves: we had quite a pleasant call.

Mary is in New York now. The breakfast bell has interrupted my writing so adieu, chere journal for the present.

Feb. 12th., Friday evening

I went yesterday to the wedding at church--Helen Hathaway & Mr. Low of Albany. She was married in her travelling dress, and did not look over and above nice--perhaps her dress was not becoming I do not like the way Dr. Brown

marries people--he gives too many directions.

Of course the service can not fail to be impressive and beautiful, but it loses much of its beauty when the minister gives his directions to "kneel--join hands--repeat after me etc in so loud a tone as to be heard all over the church. I think on the whole I like the ceremony better when performed at home. Both ways have their advantages--

I expected Emma Sweeteer to spend Sunday with me, but she has written she can not come. I am really very very much disappointed, but I know she is very busy and it would not be well for her to leave College now.

Oh dear, if I had intended graduating now would have been the time to return, as the new semester begins this week! Some body asked me which I regretted most, the loss of my hair or of my College course. My College course I think now. Hair will grow, but I never can graduate with '69 now. I believe there never was a nicer class: even conceited '68 could hardly boast smarter members than Stilson, Glidden etc. I think there are but three or four exceptions to the class, and perhaps if I were better acquainted even those few would come up to the standard. Even if I do graduate with '70, I shall always call '69 my class, and never exchange "Luft ... Luft" for any other motto--be it what it may!

Glossy curls have not yet taken
the place of stubby brown hairs
The other day, when a little fellow
called out "I say, young lady where's
your hair" I did feel as if I must
be a sight indeed. However when
I put on my cap, in the evening, I
do not look so frightful. Indeed I
think it is quite an improvement.
to my appearance. If my hair
were long again, how I would
enjoy it!

I am growing so fat that I
now refuse to tell my weight. To you
dear journal, I confide the fact
that at 120 the lever does not
fall! At that point I jump
off. I fear I will be a second
Lizzie Farrington in a short time! Still
I am very well, and ought to
be very thankful I am sure. Ash-
Wednesday I walked to St. Paul's
and was delighted to find that
I was not over-fatigued.
We had a nice letter from Theron.

to-day, dated Jan. 16. It does take an age to get letters from him. He has just heard of Adelaide's relapse. Good gracious--bad news travelled slow in that case

Addie & I contend who is stronger she or I. Poor little Lulu one could almost blow away, while I am as strong and well as Mrs. Hercules. She really thinks she is stronger than I. What a ridiculous idea!

I have written to Aunt Jane to-night; I should have done it weeks ago. I would like to make her a present, but I am undecided what to make--a braided bureau cover I think will do pretty well.

Lulu and I read Moliere every day now, for a little while in the morning; so with Addie's Virgil and Rufie's lessons, I hope my mind will not all run to waste. I mean to begin German soon, but as I have lost both dictionaries, I can not make much progress at present.

Wednesday, March 3rd.

I have wanted to write a record for several days, but I have not really had time: this morning at half past six I will improve the opportunity to pen a few lines

We have had so much sickness in our house for the past week! Mamma and Anna are yet sick in bed with the catarrh fever--both have been sick since last week. Adelaide Lucy and Rufie have had the epidemic cold in a milder manner, but have been in bed some two or three days. Mary & I have had to work hard enough to take care of these invalids, and inasmuch as we have no waitress and Ganon is not remarkable for her adaptability to circumstances we have had quite enough to do. Dr Ginton daily prophesizes that we will be victims to the cold, but so far we are very well

I had a letter from Nellie Babcock yesterday, in which she tells me of the honors of our class. Annie Glidden has the valedictory--as she is president it is very well-- Susie Wright has the poem -- Nellie the German essay--and Miss Daniels the Salutatory. Comment! why did they appoint her!

My hair is coming in very nicely but I fear it will not be curly. Alas! Fannie Hart sent me her photograph in return for mine. Her hair is very curly and so pretty. I don't wonder she does not mind it much.

Adelaide and I are once more established in the oaken room in the third story. It seems like old times to be there again

Kate ... have been staying here for a few days but left last week. Martha Bull has also been here. She is the brightest, most engaging child I ever saw.

Saturday, March 6th.

We have just finished a game of whist, not a very interesting one to be sure, but still I think the more we play the better I like it.

Mary is reading a story out of the Churchman aloud to Rufie and consequently there is considerable to divert my attention

All our invalids are at last well-- we really had quite a sick time.

I walked to vespers yesterday after noon--Dr. Brown officiated--Why does not Mr. Applegate ever hold any services.

Oh by the way, Mr. Applegate called yesterday to ask some of us to be collectors for the Benevolent society at St. Georges. It is not a very pleasant office certainly, but I will go to the Society some time just to see what they do. Mr. Irving called Thursday. He is certainly a very delightful person to talk to.

A real blustering March day!

The 8th of March

A day in New-York with
Mary. A day of shopping &
then a call at Aunt Annie's, and
a nice time to see and to
play with little Roswell.

Every one who saw me to-
day congratulated me on my
recovery. Some people would
hardly believe that I had been
sick. Well really I am re-
markably well. It sometimes
comes over me with a gush of
thankfulness that I have so
entirely recovered.--that I was
not left blind, or deaf or lame
or any such thing. I don't think
of it until I see some one
who is so afflicted and then
I think how ungrateful, or
rather how unappreciative I
am of all that I have.

Emmet Deyo went down in
the Erie with us. He is

9.45 Tuesday evening, March 9th
By a candle, in our oaken chamber
We have been having quite an earnest
discussions to-night about different Church
doctrines, especially about Communion
Mary held that the Communion celebrates
only the memorial supper of our Lord, and
was not to her really holier than ordinary
bread and wine taken in solemnity and with love.
I think that there is something. (I know
not what.) which makes the consecrated
bread and wine holier than ordinary
bread and wine. I do not see how
anyone can take the Communion without
feeling that it was sacred, though whether
sanctified by priest or prayer or place I
can not tell. It is not transubstantiation
I believe, for how could the bread be
the body of Christ, when Christ in
body gave the bread. But as
our Lord was present at the Last
Supper, so is he even present with
his followers when they commemorate
his dying love
If I thought that it was only

bread & wine. I do not see how
it should require so reverence, and
why we should be so exhorted to
try and examine ourselves before we
partook of that holy sacrament.
I remember however when
I used to think what seems so
strange to me now, and how
erratic and even wicked I held
those who then stood where
I do now. Truly there is nothing
more needed than charity toward
others! Oh Lord who has taught us
that all our doing without charity are
nothing worth; send thy Holy Ghost and
pour into our hearts that most
excellent gift of charity, the very
bond of peace and of all virtues.
without which whosoever liveth is
counted dead before thee. Grant this
for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake
Amen.

It is late. long past ten o'clock
and Adelaide is sleeping so I must
put out my candle--Good night

Evening, March 14.

Such a good sermon as we had
this morning, "Casting all your care
upon him for he careth for you."

Such a comforting thought that
there is always One who knows our
wants and ... and will always
send us what is best!

Oh so often it seems to me
that I am leading such a worth-
less life--as if I were not helping
along the world's work! And often
in the evening I think "Well what
is to-morrow after all--what will
I do of importance!" And in the
morning "Here is another day and
what shall I do to make it seem
worth while to live. Will this
never end?" While I was at College
I was busy--always studying and
I felt at least I was learning some
thing daily--Ah! If we all only knew--
"The common round, the trivial task
Should furnish all we ought to ask
Room to deny ourselves--a road
To bring us daily nearer God"

As I look back on the past
four or five years I can think
of so many things, which were
once incomprehensible and now
are so plain. And things that
once seemed so great now seem
Oh! so trivial. I am speaking
now of earthly things only, not
spiritual. But I suppose
that all God's doings with us,
which our feeble imagination
can not fathom, will one day
shine out clearly, and his
great plans will be plain. It
may be irreverent to write
this in connection, but I wonder
if I will ever know why
I could not finishe my course
at College as I have so long
wished! I believe I am
old-fashioned enough to believe
that sickness, (in some cases not
all) is sent as a visitation from
God as a trial for our faith, &
not as a punishment for our sins.

7.30 Monday, March 15

"The ides of March" are come and with them snow sleet and rain enough to prevent my riding on horseback. I was foolish to expect to ride for the Ides are always unlucky.

"The ides are come, but not gone."

Monday March 22nd

Half past six & I have had breakfast and been out doors for a little run. Such a beautiful morning as it is. Really one does rather commiserate those foolish people who lie in bed these bright fresh glorious mornings

Douglas Hilyer went home this morning--Fannie stays a few days longer.

I have asked Bessie S... to spend Easter here, & I count a great deal on seeing her. I hope she will come.

The other day when I was walking on the road, past Mr. Downings, I heard a shuffling heavy tread behind me, and turning saw a man following me. He was a rough shabby fellow, his clothes torn and ragged; a red beard and a ... ill-natured expression. I saw this at a glance, for he came up along side of me & said "Come along!" I walked a little slower in hopes he would pass by, but no, he accomodated his pace to mine. I hurried a little he the same. I again walked slower, but he touched me on the shoulder and said roughly " I say come along. By this time we were at St. John's lane, and I turned down hoping he would go on. He did, but to my dismay he soon returned and stood looking down at me. I thought the lane was a

good place for a tragedy, a
way-side murder, so to speak, but
still I was unspeakably glad when
I turned in at Mr. Downing's
little gate, and so go home. I
suppose the man only wanted
to frighten me, but it was
not over and above pleasant.
There is not so much
interest in keeping my journal
while Lulu is away. I wish
she were home again
We have begun our German
lessons with I hope
we shall like him. Certainly
a lesson at six P. M. does
not take much of one's time.
To-day the dentist, dress-maker
and German occupy my time.
If I did not have to go to
the dentist! ugh! it makes my
teeth stand on edge to think of
it. But there is no help but
to "grin and bear it." Very little
grinning will there be in my case.

Easter Day--1869

Christ is risen--Christ is
risen indeed! So the bells seem
to sing it out on the bright
morning. What a glorious
day it is and how all Nature
seems to rejoice. Glory in the
highest!

At St. Paul's how sweet
the service was--only with such
indifferent music the service was
not triumphant enough[sic]. The
Communion was dearer and holier
than ever. What blissful moments
so overflowing with deep joy and
great love one has at that
sweet and solemn service. Oh
what a glorious Easter Day it
was a yearago at Trinity.

I think I never felt so
lifted above earthly things as
on that day, kneeling at that
sacred Altar and hearing those
grand triumphant chants. It did
seem as if in the T...

we were borne up on high to
magnify in the highest with
angel and arch angel.
But happy as we are
how infinitely more happy must
those ... and living disciples
have felt as they looked in at
the sepulcher on that Easter
morning nearly two thousand
years ago. To feel that he
had risen indeed--triumphed
over Death, and would ever
more reign supreme! Strange
that what happened centuries
ago can so affect people! And
yet it is so and on this
beautiful glorious morning the
bells are ringing all over the
land proclaiming His Resur-
rection and Triumph. To-day
is indeed the High Feast
of the Lamb--the day of
the greatest triumph and
proof of our Christian religion.
Gloria tibi Domine!

Easter Monday--
With two wedges
in one's mouth--the prospect of
the extraction of a large molar
and the rain pouring incessantly
is one to blame if she does
not feel at the acme of earthly
bliss? Right or wrong such
are my feelings to-day--not
strictly blue, but slightly dyed
with indigo. Dr. Straw
wants to take out one of
my teeth--the nerve is exposed
consequently filling at present is
a decidedly painful operation. The
choice lies between agony for a
minute and pain for an
hour. Ach! I shudder to
think of it.

As I write my spirits
rise. Really I think one
use of a journal is that when
you really write down your feelings
in black and white, you often see that
how foolish they are and so drive

tham away altogether. True
or not true it is so to-day,
and my blues have all
vanished. Now for
Lucy's Latin.
Wednesday evening
We have been talking
to-day on Newburgh society--a dread-
fully tiresome subject I always find,
for we always end in a quarrel, & decide
that we can do nothing without
gentlemen. To-day we have been
talking about a reading, and
we have as usual differed very
much. Mary misunderstood what
I said, and represented me un-
fairly to Mamma--said I said
I would rather sew than have
a reading. It was a silly
thing to get mad at, I know,
but I do hate to be misrepresented.
Oh well, sic est vita.
Marie Stuart is very interesting--
... is not the most entertaining
creature in the world, though, to be sure.

First Sunday after Easter
Kept home from church this
morning by a swelled fact (thanks
to Straw's manipulations) I amused
myself by reading Dr. Taylor's
sermons. I like one on th
"Intermediate Site" especially. There
is one verse on which he particularly
founds his belief in the state between
this and Heaven. Besides Christ's
promise to the thief that "He
should that day be with him
in Paradise," St. Paul makes
mention of it. "He (meaning Christ)
having suffered in body but
quickenened in spirit, preached
unto those souls in prison, which
sometime were disobedient when
once the long-suffering of God waited
in the days of Noah" I am sure
no one need doubt that there
is a place where disembodied
spirits await the last day of
the world. The Ancients had this
idea in their Hades--

Adelaide and I have started a start-
lingly original game--giving each other's
faults and virtues-- ... honor!

1. Average in appearance
2. Average in mental qualities
3. Well educated but not accomplished
4. Jealous
5. Very fond of teasing
6. Not at all fascinating.
7. Affectionate
8. Grateful
9. Cheerful but not lively.
10. A bad writer and worse reader.
11. Obstinate and rather persevering
12. Kind hearted. April 4th.
13. When I do like a person very fond
of them.

This my testimony. I, the unprejudiced.

1. Very popular because of possessing in a great
measure the domestic virtues.
2. Beauty a little above average, more from
because of bright coloring and general
toning down of features and bright pleasing

Adelaide and I have started a start-
lingly original game--giving each other's
faults and virtues-- ... honor!

1. Average in appearance
2. Average in mental qualities
3. Well educated but not accomplished
4. Jealous
5. Very fond of teasing
6. Not at all fascinating.
7. Affectionate
8. Grateful
9. Cheerful but not lively.
10. A bad writer and worse reader.
11. Obstinate and rather persevering
12. Kind hearted. April 4th.
13. When I do like a person very fond
of them.

This my testimony. I, the unprejudiced.

1. Very popular because of possessing in a great
measure the domestic virtues.
2. Beauty a little above average, more from
because of bright coloring and general
toning down of features and bright pleasing

expression than from any striking classical features.

3. Unyielding, but forgiving readily--never asking to be forgiven.

4. Studious--very much above ordinary young women of only one score.

5. Amiable--very-very. Not absolutely fascinating but universally liked and admired.

6. Good company. Very, very witty. Very entertaining.

7. Not very thoughtful. not at all inconsiderate but a student more from habit than taste.

8. Not much of a reader.

9. Withal affectionate, very lovely, my favorite sister and every where conceded to be the "flower of the family."

Oh my prophetic soul! Does the little chit dare to write such trash in my journal! I wonder if an impartial judge would not write me down much blacker.

"O wad some power the gift ee gee'us--
To see ourselves as others see us.

April 23. Saturday morning 6.30

What a glorious morning &
how glad I am that I am
up to enjoy it, instead of
sleeping away the pleasantest
hours of the day. O here I
am praising myself with
running down others! Well " It
is better to sleep than to
wake to mark the faults of
others."

I have at last entered the
Balmville Sunday school work. I
know I shall like it. To be
sure I have only the babies--
children ranging from four to
nine, but I like to teach
them very much.

I am deceiving myself, I fear
with the hope that my hair
curls a very little. Just a little
wavy I think, but it will be so
much prettier than straight
hair, that I am very contented.
We are all deciding whether

we shall go to St. Pauls or
take a pew again in St. Georges
for the coming year. If Mr. Irving
leaves, I for one move to St. G. There the
music is fine, the service well read
and the sermon short & indifferent.

At St Pauls a pleasanter church &
congregation, very poor music, inferior
sermon, service indifferently read, but
an attentive congregation. Which is
the "higher Church" I don't know--
still I think St Georges is my
choice.

Next week Anna & I go
to Po'keepsie for a few days. I
shall enjoy so much seeing Aunt
Jane and all the family at
the Dale. But O how I
count on going to the College. To
see Misses Lyman, Ragg, Brauslin--
Avery, and all the dear girls
What a nice time I will have,
and yet I may feel very sad
to see how near the time of
graduating has come for '69.

I had such a sweet peculiar
dream, a night or two ago.
I seemed to be carried
back in spirit over nineteen
centuries, and to witness our
Lord's ministry on the earth.
First I heard the call of
Peter & Andrew to leave their
nets and follow him as his
disciples. I could see their look
of astonishment as they forsook
all and followed him. And I
seemed to be with them all
day, and hear his instructions
to all, his encouragement to
the doubters his parables
to the multitude and his
words of love to his dear
followers. At last after preaching
one day at evening each man
went to his own house, but
Jesus went into the Mount of
Olives.-- There I woke up,
but the remembrance of it went
with me all the day.

St. Philip & St. James'day
Well what I have longed for
and hoped for and dreamed of
ever since last winter has at
last happened. The 29th has come
& gone, & with it--O such pleasure.
Let me go over in thought all
the pleasure of those twenty four
hours.

The morning of the 29th dawned
dark and cloudy, and by seven o'clock
the rain poured in torrents. Nothing
daunted, I took a carriage and at
12:30 I arrived once more at my
beloved College. Emma, Lillie, Nellie
and Lily, met me with joy, with the
warmest embraces, and heartfelt
affection. I went into the dining-
room immediately, but could
not pass the
without rushing in to see my
dearest Miss Ragg. Miss Lyman was
very glad to see me; I nodded to
Miss Avery, & she gave me a
cold, meaning, curious smile in return.

I took my old seat at the Senior table, & a general shaking of hands ensued on all sides. To my great joy Fannie Hoyt was also at the College, and together we revisited familiar scenes and friends--the Infirmary and Matron's room were not forgotten in our round.

Miss Whitney's eulogy on Mr. Vassar was finely delivered and beautifully written, but I must say in my heart of hearts, I thought she spoke of our Founder more as a saint than a mortal. The singing and other exercises in chapel did credit to the College. Lou Jewett sat ... me--Anna came out to hear the exercises, and altogether I enjoyed everything very much. A supper in the ... with Bessie and "our-set", and a sweet good night from Caeciliae finished the evening. My first waking

thoughts were joy that I was in the College. I summoned up my courage to call with Bessie on Miss Avery. She received us civilly but not with much affection. Miss A. is in my opinion, "Fickle, false and hard to please." It is amusing to see how her old friends have dropped off. Mamie, Lily etc care nothing now for her. I wonder if she herself cares. Misses Brauslin and Clark were lovely.--especially the former--but Oh--Oh! Oh!!!

[several lines of German]

She asked after our German teacher and seemed much interested--also she asked me to write to her. [a German quote] Nell lent me her ... and I mean to read it all. Oh how much I wish I were in our old German class. How much I could learn!

But O dear Miss Lyman asked
me why I was not more reconciled
to not graduating. (beautifully
expressed sentence) I never will
be reconciled, and I am sure
I can never see why it was that
that partial Faculty refused to
let me come back. Fannie
and I alone are left out. One
thing comforts me and that is
that all my class-mates agree
that I should have returned
That is a great consolation. Miss
Lyman was as lovely as she
could be. O how much I do
like her. she seems almost perfect.
She begged me to come back
next year.--so did Dr. Raymond--
and almost all the girls--Shall I
do it?
Well my [German word] day was
over at last--joy upon joy--
unsullied bliss! I was very sorry
to leave, but perhaps it was
well to leave with such a

delightful remembrance of what
had happened--perhaps if I
had stayed longer, something un-
pleasant might have happened. But
every one was so affectionate, so loving
so sweet -- O what a nice time
I had. Bessie returned home
with me and completed my joy.
It is time this sentimental
record was finished--so here
now ends my record of the joy of April
29th, Founder's Day, 1869.

[quote in German]

Wednesday morning.

I rode out on Puck yesterday to
see Hattie C. Poor child, she seems
to be very lonely. She was alone
with the children, and seemed very
glad to see me. We had a nice
old-fashioned talk about Vassar,
my leaving it, whether we should
ever return, Marian Smith, etc etc
I hear her Father is getting
better, I am sure I hope it
is true.

Ascension Day.

The service at St. Paul's this morning was lovely. I went down with Julia Le Roy, and after service we stayed and talked with Dr. & Mrs.

Irving. I would like to write more, but must hear Adelaide & Lucy's Latin.

Thursday.

If I could only have taken my journal with me how much I could have written and how interesting it would have been, to have reviewed the little incidents so often occurring in the cars. But now how dull it is, weeks after my delightful trip is over, to write that I have been to Detroit and Cleveland and Utica and Saginaw and Bay City! I can only say I have enjoyed the trip highly, and as I

Thursday. June. 1969.

I do dislike the expression
"The Lord's Day" so much. Are
not all days the Lord's. Why
do people only call one day
in seven his to whom all
things belong.

What is so lovely as a day in June?

Indeed the perfect days are
here. Oh that June would
always last--everlasting June,
not everlasting Spring?

I have been expecting Kittie
de Clerg to pass a few days
with me, but she can not
come. She is certainly very
pretty, witty and fascinating.
I don't see how people can
help liking here, but I never
thought her much of a
favorite. I am very sorry
that she can not visit me. I
am sure all at home would
like her.

Thursday, June 24th, 1869

At last it is over! 69 has gone out into the world a united loving class, and Fannie and I alone are left out. Together we sat in the gallery and listened with forced composure to the graduation essays and poems, but when they ascended the steps, and one by one received those long-coveted, highly-prized far-distant diplomas--it was almost too much! Miss Lyman met us both afterward and told us how sorry she felt for us, and how she hoped to see us next year. Well the sympathy we received was delightful from teachers and from 69 themselves. I fully intend returning to graduate with 70, and although it will be hard--very hard--to break off all old associations with dear old 69, and not to be received very cordially into 70, still in the long run I am sure it will be better. Now I can see no reason why I shall

not return, I am well, perfectly well, and why should I not once more be numbered with the students of Vassar.

Miss Clark advised me not to return. She has an idea that I am not strong, and she is afraid I shall not be well through the year. I surely value her opinion very highly, but I am sure she mistakes for once. I am well now, and if human means can keep me well, then I can receive my honors with 70 But if it is decreed that I shall again be disappointed, I can do no more than submit, and I hope and pray I may have more resignation than I have had this year.

Nell's essay was splendid on [German title]. I was proud to think that she was my class-mate. The other exercises all seemed good to me, but

such a prejudiced observer could not judge with a critic's eye. Fare well 69, -- will a finer class ever leave again those College walls! My pleasant visit to the Dale was shorter than I would have liked, but under the circumstance I would rather come home, as I could not help feeling a little sad and mournful. Why can I not drop the subject? Miss Clark says "The agony is now over, you have steeled your mind to bear it, and now dismiss all thought of ever graduating" Indeed I can not, and I will return in Autumn.

July 1st.

Lovely June is over, and July comes in cool and cloudy.

I called on Gertrude Parks this afternoon, and as usual enjoyed my call very much. Mr. Cherwood came in to see me, and altogether it was very agreeable. O I am so glad to have Gertrude here.

July 24th.

Daily and hourly are we expecting Theron home, & daily & hourly have we been disappointed. To-day we are still more hopeful, and every minute expect to hear his step at the door.

Fannie Hoyt has been with me a week, and just left. She is much quieter than she was before she was sick, but still she has not much changed. We seem to have so much in common Fan & I! Class-mates, disappointed in graduating, anxious to return -- everything down to our short curly hair seems to draw us together. I do not know exactly what makes us companionable for she is neither lively, nor entertaining, and those traits I admire, but still she is very dear to me.

Tuesday, July 27th.

"Joyful greetings from sad farewells"

Wednesday evening, August 4th.

This rainy evening I will have
time for a short record of events
of little importance to anyone but me--

Ah! callers interrupt me.

Thursday, Aug. 19.

I called this morning, as I
have done for several days past, on
Mrs. I found her yet in
bed and the children buzzing
round hopelessly trying to do
the work. Poor woman--no
wonder that three month's
sickness has discouraged her! Think-
ing of the happiness of the
rich over the poor, and wondering
why blessings were so unevenly
divided, I walked home. At
home what a storm I found!
Aunt Jane, Harriet Anna
and Mary crying and quarrelling

over a ride, in which some
one of the aforementioned
people was slighted. Unkind
thoughts yet bite and rankle--
the pleasure of the day is
gone. I wonder if there
is such a difference in
blessings after all!

August 23rd.

"Oh gift of God! A perfect day
Wherein shall no man work but play
Wherein it is enough for me
not to be doing, but to be."

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at their feet
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet"

"This world is very beautiful, Oh my
God, I thank thee that I
live!"

Thursday, September 8th

I have postponed writing this record for several days, for although I have been flowing over with subject matter, I have been so enraged and excited that I feared my record would be more an exhibition of temper than anything else. However this evening while the storm is a little less violent than usual, I will compose my temper enough to write

As usual the starting point was "Early-rising." After the usual excitement, we settle on breakfast at six A.M. Next question "How do we manage to drag out the day in such laziness--doing nothing from morning till night! We will all end in the poor house--a set of people without back-bones Well it is silly to recount all the remarks--all may be

true, and there is only one
that I will not stand
and that is that "I pass
the day in laziness." I do not.
And I don't care who says I
do, with my last breath I
say "I don't pass the day idly."
The only two objections that
I have to all this talk are
First that it worries Mamma, &
second that I can not help
feeling badly that Father is
so disappointed in us. That all
our tempers, mine in particular
are being ruined is nothing, I suppose
It is ruffling to one's temper though
to have one's innocent amuse-
ments, politeness to one's
friends and even hand work
called picnics. Really I will
be glad when I get to studying;
I'll be glad, if it is only to have
the name of doing something--
any way Father will be pleased
and that is a great thing gained.

But the conversation enrages me
so that it is all I can do to
keep from tears--tears of sorrow
and anger. Well to-morrow
I will keep my temper in
restraint, so perhaps after all
it may be an advantage to me.
Oh there is one more thing. In
the "Work work work" from
morning till night, company
is abolished, visiting prohibited
and parties regarded as sinful!!!!
What is the use talking of
it? Let my favorite saying
"Sic est vita" console me, and
let me comfort myself in
the conclusion of the whole
matter by remembering that
this like other similar
storms will leave the sea
calmer, and in the beautiful
rhythmic words of the poet say
This world's a bubble, full of trouble--
Burst the bubble out comes trouble

Monday, Sept. 20.

Hurrah for the talent of Balmville!

G. St. J. Vail--Lucy Skeel--Ellie Skeel

versus

Lena Shelton, F. Nicoll, H. Le Roy
in a champion croquet match and
the exulting victors bring home in
triumph a silver mallet--the
proof of their skill!

Saturday, Oct. 30th, 1869.

Again at Vassar! Once
more I am a member of this dear
old college--a participant in its
joys and miseries! Dark dreary
and desolate enough did it look
this morning when we were ushered
into a guest room, and told that
we were not expected and our
room was not prepared! It did not
strike me that Miss Lyman's
greeting was very cordial (nor Miss
Avery's either for that matter) but
I suppose she doesn't
care much whether we return or not.

Since dinner I feel more at
home--I have been to see my
few friends and feel more at home--
the three hundred and fifty girls I
knew have left, and three hundred
and fifty new ones have come--there
are not a dozen girls here that I
know--if it were not for Adelaide
I would feel blue indeed. Still time is
a great alleviator of grief they say and
probably in a week I will be too
busy to give loneliness a thought.

Oh in case I am taken sick
this year, my anxious friends can
look back to this record and see
that I set my sign and seal
to this important line "I am
at present, October thirtieth, in per-
fect health."

Time is flying on, as it always
does here, and even now it is
almost dark; unlike most people as
the sun sets my spirits to-day seem
to rise, and soon I will be as
contented as ever--peut-etre.

Oct. 31. Silent hour.

Well I am thankful that this long Sunday is nearly over! It has been a homesick day indeed. A sermon from Dr. Loomis on the uncertainty, frailty, and disappointments of life did not improve matters. A hymn on hell and its dangers, and a dirge in conclusion set some of the girls in tears and made them all feel sad and desolate. It is no wonder that I am lonely when all my friends have left, and only Bessie Fannie and Sarah are left! An hour in Bessie's parlor with her pleasant parlormates quite cheered me up and I will try to look philosophically on things. I came here to study chemistry and German, with the hope of graduating in June. That is the prize. Now the fight, figuratively speaking is--absence from home--a new class--absence of friends and the countless fears and trials that a college year imposes on you. Calmly thinking, I

conclude that "it pays" or more elegantly
that the crown is worth fighting for.

If it is not, I came here at my own
desire and must patiently endure it
till the end. Aye that's the rub. "I
wanted so much to come."

It was just one year ago today,
that after a wild delirium of
two weeks, I awoke to my great
joy to find myself in the Infirmary.
Not the happiest place to be, a casual
observer might think, but after the
agony I had endured in imagination
it was too great bliss to find myself
safe with Mamma & Mary. I like
to think that it was while prayers were
being offered for us in church, that I
opened my eyes to full consciousness, and
that the crisis past.

Adelaide is lying in the bed reading
the evening service to herself, and parts
aloud to me. Most mournful wails
from a prayer-meeting float
down the corridor--silent hour is
over and we are going to read in the library

Friday November 6.

I can hardly believe that I have only been here a week--I feel so perfectly at home, and the old college feeling has come back. Oh if it were not for that fearful essay in Chapel I should be happy, but O when I think of it I tremble for fear. Some one suggested there was always P... ph... in the laboratory! A comforting thought indeed. In our German lesson of [German word], we came to a most beautiful, and forcible line--

[German quotation]

I think I never read anything finer, nor anything more likely to lead to true nobility of character. Oh its easy enough to admire such things but when it comes to applying them to "the trivial round the common task" it is quite different!

Thursday, November 11th, Silent hour

One might as well keep
silent hour in the corridor, as in
this parlor! After five interruptions in the
first ten minutes, I think I am at
liberty to make the remark.

When I first came back, it did
not seem possible that I ever could
be happy & contented here again. But
scarcely two weeks are over, and I feel as
much at home and as contented as ever.

I was just reading over a record that
I wrote last Spring, in which I said were
I only back at the College and in the
German class again, I would be perfectly
happy. Here I am, and my wish is
in a measure gratified, but how true it is
"Each prize possessed the transport ceases
and in pursuit alone it pleases.

Saturday, December 18th. Silent Hour.

This will be a busy day for me, as
an essay must be given in to-night. Oh dear
why was not I made with a talent for

a rule! But I do think the College is sliding backward, when the President speaks to the Senior Class about sitting up too late I was dreadfully disappointed in my German essay on Wednesday. I had tried my hand, and thought I had succeeded pretty well, when after class Miss Kapp told me to stay and have it corrected. Well she was very nice--as kind as she could be, but I saw that she thought it was wretched, and so I left her in despair. There is no one whose good opinion I value more, and now she must despise me for writing such a miserable trashy thing. Oh dear to have her think that it was so horrid [phrase in German] And now of course I dread to give in another, for I know it will be dreadful!!!!!!!

Silent time is over; the corridors are noisy--the girls are all talking and bothering me with questions--O I wish it were next Wednesday and I were home--Indeed I do!

Sunday evening--Bible lesson--

The origin of the book of Job is doubtful, but its poetry is universally admired. Froude says it will be the greatest book of the coming age. The way it is written resembles the Greek plays; the scene between God, Satan and the angels, is like the choruses sung before the play began, heard by the spectators, but not by the actors. Job is the greatest man in all the East; rich, powerful, learned and upright. When he is in great trouble, his friends, also powerful men of the East, come from distant cities to see and converse with him. Eliphaz, an old man speaks to him in a fatherly way, and propounds to him the orthodox doctrine that his suffering is sent to him as a punishment for his sins, or for the sins of his sons. Job recalls all that he has done, and can not think of a single thing which he has done for which he deserves punishment. Then Elihu speaks (a young man) and says it is his sons who have done wrong and for them his[sic] is punished, and if he will

repent of what he has done and they have done, he will be forgiven and released from his pain. Job's wife tries to sympathize with him, and as she sees that he tries hard to recognize the goodness of God, and that it troubles him, she says "Your sorrow is so great you must die; leave (not curse) God and die in peace."

There are two classes of people--those who think happiness the highest good in the world, and those who are indifferent to sorrow or happiness, as long as they further the good of mankind.

Neither in the book of Job, nor in any part of the Old Testament is life hereafter expected; the few verses that we use as proofs are generally now regarded as inter...ations. Moses in his promised promises long life in this land--in the land overflowing with milk & honey--the land of Canaan, but never a life to come. Christ brought life into the world, the life hereafter was first bought by him--

Jan. 20th. Twenty minutes
before dinner--

"And it bit & it rankled."

Jan. 27. Thursday 9th period

Only las Sunday Sarah Schuyler received
a telegram telling her to come instantly
home, and before midnight a messenger
arrived to tell her that her mother had
been called to her everlasting home. She
was gone and no farewell had been
taken; she was gone without caress! Poor
Sarah was almost crazy with grief--poor
poor girl. What will life be to her now!
I miss her more than I can tell--I am
very lonely without her, and graduating without
her loses many of its charms.

February third. Thursday.

"Effects of disease on memory--indestruct-
ibility of knowledge." Room N. 2.45 to 4.10. P.M.

Otto's grammar. Room H. 4.15 to 5.40 P.M.

February fourth. Friday.

"History of the Oven." Room A. 11.15 to
12.40. P.M.

VC. Saturday evening. 7.15.

The revel of examinations is done and two days worry and cramming tell their tale in exhaustion mentily[sic] and bodily. But that chapel essay could be postponed no longer, and what Nature could not do, green tea must. It did help this morning I am sure, but this evening every muscle and nerve in my body seem about to give out. Still a cup of strong tea has brightened me up a little, and after this evenings work, I can sleep. And sleep I will, if it be evening before I am rested. I will go to church if I am up in time, but I shall make no exertions on the coming day of rest.

I am not particularly pleased with my examinations, although I did passably in all. May I never pass another such morning as Friday again. From five to eleven is a long while to study, and O the agony of that topic--...! Can an essay in chapel be as torturing!

Feb. 26. Saturday morning--cloak-room. Silent time.

The day has come at last: Yes,
and in twelve hours I shall have disgraced myself forever, on that rostrum. O what would I not give if it were over! It was bad enough to read it to Miss Swayze, but now I am used to that; but every time I read it, it seems flatter and flatter. Oh I think it is cruel to make us read before the whole chapel! If Miss Clark and Fraulein Kapp would only stay away, I would not mind it so much by half. Oh dear! What is the use talking about it. I have had it on my mind ever since last November, and how will I feel when its weight is gone. I always said that I suffered as much on Saturday evenings as the poor victims themselves did, but oh! I find now my feelings are not worthy to be compared. Looking back on the fourth of February, I do not think that I feel as badly to-day. Why can't I look at it philosophically. I know that I do not write well, and of course I am not talented: if a friend really likes me, it should not make any difference how I

write, and it will not alter her affections at all. Probably in two weeks, hardly any one will remember what I have written about, and in three or four months it will be forgotten entirely. But no--I can not deceive myself with such false reasoning. All who I care for, will remember whether it be good or bad, and until I graduate it will not be forgotten--Oh [German word]!!!!

x x x x x x x x x

Evening of the same day

Well gloria in the highest, glory-glory be to God on high!

It is over! What I have dreaded and dreaded is over. I was fearfully frightened at first, and regret to say that the trembling of my papers was quite an evident thing to all observers. The girls say I did nicely, but I have not the remotest idea how I read it. But if all heard, I am satisfied! Gloria--gloria in excelsis--and now I can say that I have read to an audience of over four hundred people. How grand it sounds! How very sweet congratulations are! Gloria

Sunday morning, Feb. 27, 70.

If I ever should come into a Sunday school and be asked to teach a class, I wonder if I am well enough prepared on any subject to talk connectedly for half an hour. I will just try to write out the story of David, as far as we have studied with Prof. Farrar and see what I can remember of it

Soon after Saul was anointed, Samuel went to another family to anoint a successor to him. It was a rule that the youngest son should take care of the flocks and farm, and the other sons should be prepared for war. Then comes the story of the anointing etc and we pass on until we come to the day when David goes up to his brothers who are in the army to take to them provisions and to hear the news. While he is here he hears the Philistine champion, and he wishes to fight with him. There is nothing remarkable in this. It is simply a child's faith in his father; any child will say to a number of strong men, "If father

were here you could not hurt me." Then comes the story of the conflict etc. After the battle, when the Israelites are victorious, as is their custom the chorus of men & women is raised, and Saul hears the chants, and as he listens he feels jealous as he hears "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands" For Saul remembers that these people have been for years governed by Judges, and as soon as any man distinguishes himself in battle, he is made judge, and he says "Who knows but this boy may yet supercede me as King?" But Jonathan loves David, and General Abner regards him as a soldier of courage. David falls in love with Michal but as he is only a poor man he does not urge the case, but says he has no dowry to give her. Saul, however, says if he will slay one hundred Philistines, she shall be his. But David slays two hundred. On account of jealousy Saul causes David to leave his kingdom, but Saul is so troubled by evil spirits, which music only can charm away, that

he sends for some one who can play on the harp, and through Jonathan's influence David returns. This brings him constantly before the people, and the chorus "Saul has slain his thousands but David his tens of thousands," is chanted often before the King. So in malicious fear Saul endeavors to kill David, and causes him to flee.

A stranger he wanders through the streets, and almost dying of hunger comes to a temple & begs the priest for the ... bread Abimelech, touched by his sorrows, gives it him. Now David goes to Samuel, and S. comforts him telling him not to fear, and not to injure Saul. Saul, hearing what Abimelech has done, kills him and also all the priests in the land but one, who flees to David. Saul and Samuel had parted long time ago, and now the poor diseased old King is left with out prophet or priest, while David has both with him-- Then follows the story of the scene

in the cave, and Davids reconciliation with Saul. At this time the fifty seventh psalm was written (LVII).

Sunday, April 3rd.

There are three kinds of prayer. The prayer of the child, of the man, of old age.-- the prayer of faith, of discipline, of communion. Often these change places, sickness or experience making the change, but always the prayers are one of these three. Communion is the highest, but if you have not that, pray in faith, only pray. Do not be without communion with your Father. Certainly the universe is arranged and God will not alter it for us, but still he loves to have us ask for what we want. He knows and could send us what is needful, but he has ordained this mode of prayer. Stated forms and words and times are as a trellis on which a soul ascends to God. Those that are strong enough need them not. We do not know that the only revelation God ever made to man was the revelation of his son. It is blasphemous to say we understand it is and that we understand our Father's dealings with us. We do and can not. God in all probability showed himself to Socrates &

Plato, as well as to many others. The one hundred and forty-fourth psalm is a prayer of communion. Pray from Faith, from Love, but only pray. If it be a tear, a sigh, only an expression of love or even of doubt, let your petition rise to the most High, and his loving ear will hear it. Your prayers will benefit yourself, but may not alter in anyway outward circumstances. Winds will blow and waves will roll, and natural laws will probably be fulfilled, yet even in the worst, the spirit in free communion with God can hear whatever discipline his loving hand chooses to inflict. Do not try to live without prayer.

June 28. 1870. N. Conway

Up in the pine grove, leaning against a rock. what more romantic spot could I find. Far away to the North, east and south stretch the high ranges of hills, and off in the far distance Mt. Washington rears his blue head against the sky. Now that I am here I look back over the last few days, and the dusty cars, and wearisome boats and noisy cities and hot

tiring stage rides seem to have faded away,
and I only feel the fresh healing winds
blowing through the pine branches, while
above the branches of the hemlocks
wave, and make the sign of the
cross and whisper their benedicites[sic].

A week ago this afternoon was class
day, and how happy I was, during the
exercises, and how different--O how
different--were my feelings, from those of
a year ago, when in the greatest disap-
pointment and despair I
watched the closing exercises of 69. Com-
mencement Day was a happy one, but
the possession of my diploma does not give
me that heartfelt joy I had always
imagined--even that is not quite the
philosopher's stone.

How hard it was to leave the College!
I did not imagine that four years had
so closely cemented the ties.--I suppose
it was partly because I was worn
out both bodily and mentally--bodily
with packing and mentally with
study, committees, and the great

excitement of the day, that I so entirely gave way to my feelings in the evening. I made a long call on Miss Clark, kissed her good bye, and when out in the corridor cried and cried as I thought that perhaps the friendship of four years was ended forever. After an hour I went in to see Miss Powell but as I attempted to say goodbye, my words failed, and I could only put my head on her shoulder and cry, as though again how we soon must part probably never to meet again. Up in Miss Kapps's room the feeling that all my old College associations were now over forever again ... over me and it seemed more than I could bear to be separated forever from that place which, home excepted, had become the dearest upon earth. What would I not have given to have returned for another year, to be even a Freshman seemed so enviable. With Miss Brauslin & Bessie I parted in the morning, but that sail down on the Powell was a

sad and almost tearful one, and there
I left the rest of the teachers and
girls, the old College ways and associations,
the old hopes and fears--and one
page of my life has closed over forever.
Often I suppose in thought I will
live over the same scenes--old faces may
recall familiar talks and walks: I may
as a visitor enter again those classic
bounds. but never again will I can I
have the old old college feeling--never
again belong to that old building
where I have enjoyed and suffered so
much,--never be a participator in the
joys and sorrows of that little world which
has given so much of each to us all.
I can not bear to think it--it must
not be so. Friendships formed will
not be dissolved, my old love can
still remain, and after the bitterness
of parting is forgotten, and the
sore place has gone from my heart,
then I am sure my whole life
will be happier richer, and I trust
better, for my four years at Vassar College.

Conway, June 30. 1970.

I believe nothing makes me feel happier than to hear any body say a good word for Vassar. Mamma and Mary both said to-night that it had ... Adelaide so, and that they were in hopes Lucy would want to go! Darling old Alma Mater--it is well every one does not love it as I do, for did they Po'keepsie would not hold the applicants

Dec. 29. 1870.

Kate Palen -- A. Lyman Knight.

Newburgh, Jan. 9. 1871.

I fully believe in an all-wise, omnipresent God, who governs the affairs of our world. And although prayer is a great comfort and relief, still our prayers should be for spiritual graces, prayers of submission and thanksgiving. "Thy will be done" encircles all.

g. Constance Ellen Tyler 17 May 1961

E.A. Skeel.
March 9. 1870

Programme
at
Vassar College.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
8 to 9	Logic	Logic	Logic	Logic	Logic
1 st-	Morals	Morals	Morals	Morals	
2 nd	Moral - R	Moral R	Morals R	Morals R.	Morals R
3 rd	Logic - R.	Logic R	Logic R.	Logic R	Logic R
4 th	German	Nat. Hist R.	German	Nat. Hist R.	Nat. Hist
5.th	German	Chemistry R	German	Chemistry R.	German
6 th	Walk +	Walk +	Walk +	Walk +	Walk +
7 th	German R.	German R	German R.	German. R	German. R
8 th	Elocution R	Elocution R	Logic	Elocution	Labratory
9 th	German	Walk	German	German	Labratory-
10 th	German	Chem. notes.	German	Chem. notes	Walk -
7 to 8	Logic	Logic	Astronomy	Logic	Philalethean
8 to 9	Gymnastics.	Boswell	Gymnastics		