

From May 13, 1866
to
May 13, 1872.
Lilla S. Thomas.
Hastings.
Vassar College.
Poughkeepsie.

Journal
Of
Sarah Lillie Thomas
Hastings on the Hudson
New York.
Saillie Thomas 1866+1867

1866.
May 13
Sunday. A beautiful day.
After breakfast, I prepared for baptism. I went down to the baptismal waters, feeling very happy. After being baptized by Mr. Bates. I returned home, and prepared for dinner. In the afternoon I went to Sunday School, and enjoyed it better than any other Sunday, the lesson was the twelfth chapter of Matthew. After Sunday School, I was received as a member of the church and received the hand of fellow-ship and communion. After tea Mary and myself had a nice little talk and we prayed together for an unconverted friend. We wished to go church but it rained and kept us at home. I went to bed at nine o'clock, feeling very happy.

May 14
Monday A windy, but pleasant day
I went to school at eight o'clock, and tried to do right. Coming home. I talked to Emma Codey about religion and she seemed quite affected. In the afternoon I wrote a letter to Mary Mills. Then I went to the [depot] with Mother and Fannie for Papa. In the evening I practised an hour, and then went to bed.

May 15
Tuesday. A pleasant day
I went to school, and came home at two o'clock. Then went out doors to play. Came in to dinner at five o'clock, we had nearly finished when who should come in but Cousin Richard, he stayed all night.

May 16
Wednesday. A most beautiful day.
I went to school and came home at one o'clock to take my music lesson. When I arrived home, I found Jenny Taylor there. In the evening two gentlemen (Mr. Tucker and Mr Schank) came to tell Jenny what time the train

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went down in the morning. They concluded to go at ten o'clock.

May 17
Thursday. An unpleasant day
It rained a little and there was a very thick mist. I came home and played until dinner. After wards I practiced an hour. Then at half past six. I went to the wedding of Hannah Gasby and John B [Prote].

May 18
Friday. A rainy day.
I went to school and when I came home I played with Fannie and Adell. After dinner I practiced an hour for Father. Went to bed at half past eight.

May 19
Saturday. A pleasant day.

After breakfast I went out and played in the garden. Mr Loomis came at ten o'clock and I took my lesson first After dinner I went out again. When Mr Bates came to bid us good-bye. Emma Codey came over to play with me a little while, and went home at half past five I went to bed at half past eight. A happy day

May 20

Sunday. A beautiful day.

It was a beautiful day. The sun rose, and send its light into the world. The little birds sang praises unto their Maker. I went to church, and heard a very good sermon from Romans and chap 28 verse. Went to Sunday School and afterwards there was a young man baptized. I went to church in the evening and heard, preached from 2 chap of Revelations 10 verse, a very good sermon. After service the young man who was baptized received the hand of fellowship. The sermon was Mr Bates last one.

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May 21

Monday.

I went to school, after I came home. I had my lunch, and then Emma Codey, and Anna Matheson came to see me After dinner I practised, and then went to bed.

May 22

Tuesday. A pleasant day.

I went to school, then I played, and after dinner I practised, then went to bed.

May 23

Wednesday. A lovely day.

I went to school, and came home at one o'clock, and took my music lesson, then I went to see Emma Codey

May 24

Thursday. A pleasant day.

After school I walked with Julia to [Mrs] Wells and stayed there an hour, walked home. Practised in the evening.

Nov 28 Wednesday. My Birthday. A beautiful day.

After school. I had Alie Adams, and Emma Codey come over, and spend the evening, and the night with me at seven o'clock I was led into the parlor, and there found, a beautiful little Evergreen tree, covered with presents. I found on the tree a piece of paper with happy Birthday put on with moss. then there was a Cornucopia from Mother on the top and a doll's shawl from Emma Codey, a box of tooth-powder from Adelle, a cologne bottle from Fannie, a package of Autumn Leaves from Emmie, and our Young Folks for 1865 from Father. Before the tree was my Birthday Cake, which I had made the day before. I cut it, and it was very nice I am thirteen years old. A pleasant day

Jan 1. [167].

1867.

In the morning, I went in Papa's room to see what was in my stocking. I to my surprise found a beautiful little breast pin of frosted gold with a carbuncle in the centre. an order for Our Young Folks for this year. then some candies in a glass box. After breakfast I went to the Church and there chose a book, called Sisters or not Sisters.

Feb 10

Sunday A pleasant day.

It is a lovely day. Most all of the snow is off the ground, because of the rain. As I had a cold, I did not go to church, neither did Mother, as she had a lame leg. Mr. Putnam preached in Psalms 23 chap [1] verse. He is coming next Sunday.

Feb 11 Monday.

I did not go to school, but painted till two o'clock, when Father went out with Dell and Fannie for a ride. I went to Mrs Codey's to see if Emma could come over, and help me with my Latin She came, and left at four o'clock. then I practised an hour. Went to bed early.

Feb 12.

Tuesday. A pleasant day.

I went to school, and came home at half past three then took my music lesson, then walked down to the depot with Miss Loomis, and rode home in the carriage. Went to bed at half past eight.

Feb 13. Wednesday. A pleasant day.

Went to school, and came home quite early. As I was walking down the lane near our house. I saw something white on

the ground. I went to it and found a beauti-

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-ful white pigeon very recently killed, and a hawk flying over it. I took it and cut off the wings, tail, and some of the feathers and put them in a box. I then went in the woods and found some very pretty mosses. Went in and practised till dinner. Then went to bed at half past eight.

Feb 14.

Thursday A pleasant day.

Walked to school and walked home, then went to see Emma Codey. It rained hard about church time, so that I could not go to church. Emma broke a lamp and the oil took fire, we were very much frightened. He received a valentine [sic]

Feb 15.

Friday It was very unpleasant

Rode to school and did not get home till quite late, then practised an hour, then wrote off nearly all of my Latin. After dinner I wrote the rest of it and played Authors.

Feb 16.

Saturday. A pleasant day.

I went to the depot and as we were coming home, I stopped at Mr. Post's for my Latin Grammar. I also stopped at Mrs Codey's and asked Emma to come over at ten. She came, and stayed all day. She in the evening we made a selection of some valintines which Father had brought from the city, we sealed and directed three. Emma went home at eight.

Feb 17.

Sunday. An unpleasant day.

I walked to church with Emma Codey, heard a very good sermon from Mr Putnam. I walked home, and had dinner, then went to Sunday School. I staid home with mother in the evening.

A pleasant day.

Feb 18.

Monday

Rode to school, and stopped when half way down so as to walk with Emma Codey. I finished my lessons quite early, and did all my Latin for the next day. At recess the boys did not come in till ten minutes after the time, although Mr Post rang the bell, so they were kept after school. I went to the post-office after school and posted two Valintines. I had four books to carry, which were quite heavy Virgil, Translation, Grammer, and Dictionary. After getting home, I practiced. In the evening I wrote my journal, and went to bed at nine.

Feb 19.

Tuesday. A beautiful day.

Walked to school, and walked home. Emma Codey came to see me, and went home when I went to the depot with Fannie for Father and Dell. We [waited] nearly an hour. In the evening I wanted to go to Prayer Meeting, but Mother said I had better not.

Feb 20.

Wednesday. A very pleasant day.

When I awoke, I found it snowing. I rode to school and rode back at two o'clock, then I practiced, and after dinner I read. Went to bed at nine.

Feb 21.

Thursday An unpleasant day.

It was not snowing when I awoke in the morning but about twelve it commenced snowing very hard, and continued all day. I came from school and found Miss Loomis waiting for me. After dinner I wrote my composition, and went to bed about nine.

An unpleasant day.

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Feb 22.

Friday.

The snow was over two feet when I awoke, and I could hardly get to school, even in the sleigh. Mr Post told the scholars at recess that if they wished to go home, they might, and if they wished to stay they could. Not one of the scholars remained and the sleigh came for me very soon. I expected Effie Mills to come and see me in the afternoon, but she did not come and I was all alone, because Father, Mother, Dell and Fannie went sleighriding.

Feb 23

Saturday. An unpleasant day.

I went to the depot and on my way back stopped at Effie's to ask her if she would come and see me in the afternoon, she said she could. I also asked Emma Codey. At two o'clock they came and stayed till five. Dr Devan came in the evening.

Feb 24

Sunday. A stormy day.

I had a bad head-ache and did not go to church, but wrote a letter to Kattie Thomas, who was converted a short time ago. Went to [S.S.] in the afternoon, came home and read. Went to bed at half past eight.

Feb 25.

Monday. A pleasant day.

Went to school, and Effie Mills walked home with me to see if I could go to a panorama in Dobbs Ferry that evening. Mother said I might so I went to see if Emma Codey could go and her Mother said she might, so at seven we set off with a slight full. We came home nine, after giving a very pleasant time.

An unpleasant day.

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Feb 26.

Tuesday.

I went to school, came home, practised a little and went to bed at half past eight.

Wednesday. A disagreeable day.

Feb 27.

Rode to school, and came home with Emma today, she came to see me in the afternoon with the purpose of getting out our Virgil, we did not get much of it out, as we were playing all the time. she stayed to tea and went home at seven

Feb 28.

Thursday. A pleasant day.

Effie Mills walked home with me in the afternoon, I practiced, and then went to the depot. After dinner I did all my Algebra and went to bed at nine

Feb 20

Friday. A pleasant day

Mar 1.

Went to school and when I came home I found Miss Loomis waiting for me. Having finished I played. In the evening I read some books.

Mar 2.

Saturday. An unpleasant day.

I got up at half past seven. After breakfast I made my bed, and then read till two o'clock, then dressed and practised half an hour on the piano.

Mar 3

Sunday.

Mr [Melloly] preached an excellent sermon. I went to S.S. in the afternoon, and tonight a class of little boys came home and read.

Mar 4

Monday. A beautiful day.

Rode to school, and rode home. Emma Codey came to see me and we wrote off our Virgil. In evening I went to church.

An unpleasant day.

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Mar 5

Tuesday.

Rode to school with Emmie, and Julia, who were going to the city on a visit. I walked home and took my music lesson. I had a very bad head-ache, but nevertheless I went to see Emma Codey, and wrote off my Virgil.

Mar 6

Wednesday. A beautiful day.

Emma Codey came to see me in the afternoon. We wrote our Compositions, and then cut out some patches for a quilt. It was Sarah Codey's birthday. Adell and Fannie went to see her. Emma stayed till seven

Mar 7

Thursday. A rainy day.

Emma and I waited for the carriage after school, and while doing so, we wrote off our Virgil and Parsing. We had to walk home after all. Sarah Codey came to see Adelle and Fannie. I wrote off my Composition, which I had translated from the Latin, the day before. [Mother] said it was very neat. I retired at nine.

Mar 8.

Friday. A rainy day.

In the afternoon, as Emma and I were walking from school, we met Anna [Hattison] coming down the road. We both went to see her, and stayed there till four o'clock. I spent the rest of the afternoon at Emma's. I retired at nine.

Mar 8

Saturday. A pleasant day.

Emma Codey came to see me and we crimped our hair, then we played with Dell and Fannie. Emma's Mother told her to come home at two o'clock, she said she would stay till five. When five o'clock came Father asked her to stay

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to tea, she did and when she went home (as I afterwards learned) her father said she could not come again till week after next.

Mar 10

Sunday. An unpleasant day.

Mr. Jacobs preached in the morning and I was there. I went to S.S. in the afternoon and there tonight a class of little girls. At three o'clock we had communion. We arrived home at five o'clock. In the evening I read my Library Book.

Retired at eight.

Mar 11

Monday. An unpleasant day.

Went to school, when I came home I found Miss McCombs waiting to try a dress on me. Then translated a little of my Virgil, and then read. At depot time Emma and Julia came. After dinner I played [Authors].

Mar 12.

Tuesday. A very foggy day.

Went to school, came home at two o'clock I then went to get out my Virgil. I did not get much out then, but in the evening I finished it.

Mar 13

Wednesday. An unpleasant day.

I went to school came home at two o'clock. then finished my Virgil, and read to Fannie Went to dinner, and in the evening read a book Papa was not home that night.

Mar 14.

Thursday.

I went to school, and came home at two o'clock. I brought my books home, but did not study. I hung some pictures in my room, and went to meeting in evening. A pleasant day.

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Mar 15

Friday.

I walked to school, and about eleven o'clock Mr Hoppock and another gentleman came in. Mr Post drilled the classes in Arithmetic. I came home at one o'clock and found Miss Loomis waiting, she gave a pen and holder, it was not very nice, because it would not write well. In the evening I read a book and went to bed at nine.

Mar 16

Saturday. A pleasant day. Fannie and Dell went to the depot with Papa I made [text obscured by object] and fixed my room. I then read my Young [text obscured by object] which I had received Thursday. I went out [text obscured by object] a little while, but soon came in. After [text obscured by object] I hemmed some towels while Emma read [text obscured by object] to me, she was sick in bed. In the [text obscured by object] I dressed and read, after I was tired of [text obscured by object] I practiced. Then Mr Peabody and [Father] [came] in from the City. After dinner I read [text obscured by object] went to bed at eight.

Mar [text obscured by object]

An unpleasant day.

[text obscured by object] [Snow], Snow. All I could see on bush and tree [this] morning when I awoke was Snow, Snow [text obscured by object] snowed all the morning, but never the less, [text obscured by object] [and] mother, Father, Julie, Fannie and I went to church. In the afternoon I went to S.S. and there were more children there than we had expected to see. In the evening I went to church. It did snow then. I retired at ten.

An unpleasant day.

11

Mar 15

Friday.

I walked to school, and about eleven o'clock Mr Hoppock and another gentleman came in. Mr Post drilled the classes in Arithmetic. I came home at one o'clock and found Miss Loomis waiting, she gave a pen and holder, it was not very nice, because it would not write well. In the evening I read a book and went to bed at nine.

Mar 16

Saturday. A pleasant day. Fannie and Dell went to the depot with Papa I made my bed and fixed my room. I then read my Young Folks, which I had received Thursday. I went out doors a little while, but soon came in. After lunch I hemmed some towels while Emma read a story to me, she was sick in bed. In the afternoon I dressed and read, after I was tired of reading I practiced. Then Mr Peabody and Father came in from the City. After dinner I read and went to bed at eight.

Mar 17.

Sunday. An unpleasant day.

Snow, Snow, Snow. All I could see on bush and tree Sunday morning when I awoke was Snow, Snow, Snow. snowed all the morning, but never the less, Grandmother, Father, Julie, Fannie and I went to church. In the afternoon I went to S.S. and there were more children there than we had expected to see. In the evening I went to church. It did snow then. I retired at ten.

An unpleasant day.

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Mar 18.

Monday.

Rode to the depot, then to school. Rode home at two o'clock, after getting out half of my Virgil. After getting home. I ate my lunch, and then translated the rest of my Virgil. Then Father and Mr Peabody came home, and after dinner the question came up who were to go sleigh riding that night. At last it was decided that [Celia], Emma, Miss McCombs, Mr Peabody and I were to go. We started at half past seven for Mr [Beek's] at Yonkers and returned at ten.

Mar 19.

Tuesday. A beautiful day.

Rode to school, and rode home. Miss Loomis was waiting for me and I only took half of an hour because the piano was out of tune. Then I wrote off nearly all of my Virgil, and then went to the depot with Mamma and Emma. Came home and finished my Virgil. After dinner I read and wrote my Virgil off again because it did not look neat.

Mar 20.

Wednesday. A very pleasant day.

Rode to school, and walked home alone, as Emma Codey had gone to the village. When I reached home I had to change my shoes and stocking, as I had wet them by going in the snow. I then had to go back to Mr Post's to get my Latin Book, so as to write my Composition. As I was coming home I met Samuel in the sleigh. I got in and drove to Mrs [Gadley's] for [Inlia], Dell and Fannie. He returned and after dinner I translated my composition.

A fine day.

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Mar 21

Thursday.

Mr Post had said that he would choose three persons to read off the Virgil for the whole school. two boys and one girl and if they read it well, the whole class could take any afternoon they wished. Eleven o'clock came and Mr Post told Eugene Hoppock to read first, he read fifty one lines. Then Mr Post said Lilly! let us see what you can do. So I commenced and read it off pretty well. Then Gus Hopkey read. Mr Post said we read it very well. I came home at two o'clock, and made my Composition. Then to the depot for Mamma and Papa. Then after dinner I read and went to meeting in the evening.

Mar 22

Friday.

Went to school and came home at two o'clock. then Emma Codey came over and we translated nearly all of our Virgil. Emma went home at five and left her lesson here. In evening I finished my Virgil and retired at eight.

Mar 23

Saturday. A fine day, but windy.

Rose at seven o'clock and after breakfast, I made my bed and fixed my room. Then I looked over my trunk to see if I could find any thing to make for Fannie for her birth-day. I found a dress which I had had for my doll. I [sent] it over for her doll and it made a very pretty dress. I did not finish it then, but put the things away and read a book. After lunch I dressed and sat down to read again. Then Papa and Mr Panlin came in from the city. After supper the children were

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washed and Julia and Emma and Miss McCombs went to see Mrs Richardson and I made a very pretty dress for a little doll, which Dell had brought home from the city for Fannie's birthday.

Mar 24.

Sunday. A beautiful day.

I went to church and heard an excellent sermon from Mr Panlin. In the afternoon I went to S.S. and taught a class of little boys. After SSS [sic] went to the Dutch Reformed Church and heard an interesting from Mr Peck. Effie Mills was there and she looked real sweet.

Mar 25.

Monday. A pleasant day.

I went to school and afterwards I went to Mr Dorlands with Effie Mills, as she wanted to get something for Emma's birthday. She asked to see some ribbons. The gentleman showed them to her, and after she had decided which to take and how much to have, she told him she would not take any then. I did not think it was very polite. Then I had to walk home alone. After I reached home I got my lesson and went to bed at usual time.

Mar 26.

Tuesday. It was a pleasant day.

Went to school and came home at usual time, then I finished my Latin lesson, then I played with Fannie and ran to meet Mother I ran too hard and then wanted to go to the barn to get Samuel to cut a tree for me, but Mother called me and I did not hear her and Father then came and he scolded me and sent me up stairs. But when I came

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down, he said I might go, in a little while I came back with a pretty little evergreen tree. In the evening I was advised by Mother not to dress the tree then but to dress it at Mrs Codey's the next day. So I got all things ready and retired.

Mar 27

Wednesday. A beautiful day.

I went to school and came home at twelve. Effie Mills walked nearly all the way home with me, she gave me a pretty little match box for to put on the tree for Emma and a little box of wooden furniture for Fannie from Lizzie and Bella. I then came home and reached home at a little past one I was not very good, so I was shut up in my room, while I was in there, I made a book-mark for Emma and wrote her a little note asking her to come to Jesus, and put it in a little Bible.

Then I went over to Mrs Codey's and we hid Emma and Fannie while I carried the tree up stairs in Emma's room. While I was dressing it Effie came. she helped me and I soon got it done. Then Effie and I went over to see if Samuel had made my bouquet ready for to give to Emma I waited for it and we both went back and then dressed the cake with flowers. Then we went in the parlor and after tea which was very nice, we took Emma and Fannie into the parlor where the tree was. They were very much delighted with the tree but more so with their presents. In the evening Effie and I went in the corner of the room and had a nice little chat, she is a real sweet girl. Then

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we asked Emma, if she would lend us her Virgil and two sheets of paper, she said she would and just as we were nearly through with our Latin. Mr Chrystie's girl came in and gave us a great fright, she said she had broken her arm, because the horse had taken fright and thrown her out of the wagon and had gone on down the bank near Mr Francis, the driver was hurt a little. Effie took Emily Chrystie and Louise [Alvoid] and the two Clarks home in the carriage.

Mar 28

Thursday. A rainy day.

I went to school, and came home at two o'clock. Then I went to see Effie Mills, and translated my Virgil. Effie walked home with me. In the evening Grandmother, Father and Mother went to meeting.

Mar 29.

Friday. A fine day.

Walked to school and came home at two o'clock. Emma Codey came to see me, and I braided her hair nearly all around. She went home at five o'clock. I then went to dinner and afterwards, I wrote in my journal.

Mar 30

Saturday. A beautiful day.

Arose at usual time and after breakfast I fixed my room and then sat down to finish a book. Then I went to see Emma Codey, I stayed till three o'clock, and Emma came home with me. We took our hair down, and it crimps with her blue ribbon wound around twice and I wore mine flowing, it looked real pretty. Then we took a walk and when I came back I found Mr and Mrs Panlin and child here.

A fine day.

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Mar 31

Sunday.

I was tired this morning and did not get up till late. After breakfast I made my bed and dressed for church. I found Emma Codey waiting for me at the gate. We walked down together. In the afternoon I went to S.S. and afterwards went to the Dutch Reformed Church. Walked home with Josey Dudley and Ellan Martin. I did not go to church in the evening.

April 1

Monday. A lovely day.

Rode to school and came home a little past two o'clock, having waited to finish our Latin Lesson. It looked very much like rain and it did commence to rain just as I entered our gate. Then I practiced an hour. Then played out of doors.

Apr 2

Tuesday. A rainy day.

Went to school and Effie Mills walked home with me. I found Miss Loomis waiting for me. She bought me a new piece, called "Her bright smile haunts me still" It is very pretty. After I finished I wrote my Lesson and then Effie and Eddie Mills came to see if I would go a riding with them. I went and so did Cousin Julia.

Apr 3

Wednesday. A beautiful

Apr 4

Thursday.

Went to school and Effie walked home with me. We stopped at Emma's to see if she could go out riding, her mother was [willing] and so Effie returned home. I went to see Emma but did not stay long, as I had to get ready for Effie and Eddie

who were coming for us. As they did not come when we expected them Em and I walked down to them. We walked on till we found ourselves at Effie's. We called her and she came and said it was too late to go riding that day so Emma and I went down to the depot, and rode home in the carriage. In the evening I wrote my Composition.

Apr 5

Friday. A beautiful day.

Went down to the depot with Father at half past seven, met Effie at her gate, got out of the carriage and walked around the block by Mr Post three times, he saw ... gave us a scolding, but afterwards he was very pleasant and showed us our lessons. Came home and felt so tired I could hardly walk. Then took my music lesson, afterwards laid down on Julia's bed and went to sleep, then Mother soaked my feet.

Apr 6

Saturday. A rainy day.

I did not get up in the morning, because I did not feel well. After breakfast, Julia gave me some water to wash my face and hands. Then Mamma brought me my breakfast, and then I dressed and laid on the sofa and read, this was the way I spent the rest of day, till papa and Mr Lion came. In the evening we sang.

A beautiful day.

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Apr 7

Sunday

I awoke at half past eight and had my breakfast. All went to church, except Fannie and I. I wrote a letter to Mary Mills, but the paper torn and I will have to write it over. All went to S.S. but Mother and I. Mother fell asleep and I commenced to copy Mary letter, I only wrote a few lines, and as I fell tired I laid down on the sofa. In the evening I finished Mary's letter.

Apr 8

Monday. A beautiful day

I arose, dressed and got ready for school; when, after breakfast Mother said I had better not go. I helped Mamma until lunch. After which Mamma let me arrange some things in a box. I was thus occupied when Emma Codey came with a letter from Effie Mills Then Emma came to see me, and we translated our Latin Lesson. In the evening I [upset] the ink.

Apr 9

Tuesday. A fine day

I went to school and in the afternoon I got out my Latin Lesson, came home and practiced, Emma Codey came to ask me something in her Virgil, I told her and went back with her to her house and asked her mother if she could stay to dinner, she consented, so Emma and I returned in the evening we got out our [Parsing]. Briget came for Emma at eight o'clock.

Apr 10

Wednesday. A fine day.

I went to school, and in the afternoon Effie and I stayed to get our Latin, In the afternoon I wrote my Parsing and two examples in Algebra. Then I practiced a little, then went up in the cupola and put a piece of carpet on the floor for a play house. Mamma asked me what I was doing, I told her and asked her to let me have it, she said

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she would see, but told me to take the carpet away as it covered the house. I did and put a smaller piece instead.

Grandma came home from New York, but Papa did not, so I slept with Mamma.

Apr 11

Thursday. A fine day.

I walked to school and did not get there till quite late. I stayed after school with Effie to finish my lessons, went home with a head-ache. Mamma put a wet towel around it and it was soon well. After running about a little, I went up in the garret and found an old rocking chair with no back. I took it to the cupola and made a back of a piece of board. I was there till Papa came then went to dinner in the sitting room, as the men were plastering in the dining room, after dinner I wrote my journal.

Apr 12

Friday. A fine day.

I walked to school and Effie Mills walked half-way home with me. After I had my lunch, I took my dolls to the cupola Then to dinner, then after reading I cut some jokes out of a paper for Emma.

Apr 13

Saturday A fine day.

Arose early, and made my bed. After breakfast I went in the woods and played for about an hour. Then I went to Emma Codey's and asked her to come over, she came and brought her dolls, we went up to the cupola and sewed. At two o'clock Emma went home and I dressed and then practised and went to the depot.

Apr 14

Sunday. A fine day

I arose early, had breakfast and then got ready for church heard a very good sermon. We had Martha [Tooker]

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and Miss Berman to dinner. I went to S.S. tonight a class of little girls. Then had communion. In the evening I read my Library Book

Apr 15

Monday A beautiful day.

Mamma would not let me go to school, as my cold was very bad. I made my bed and then read till lunch. Sarah Coday was over here and staid to lunch. I told her to tell Emma to come over, but she said her mother was sick and wanted Emma. In the afternoon I put some trimming on my apron. Then I practised and went to dinner. In the evening Mrs Richardson and Eillis called

Apr 15

Tuesday. A fine day.

I made my bed, then sewed, then took my music lesson, then went to lunch, then I sewed. Then I dressed and sat down to sew again, when Eddie Mills came and I send a message to Effie by him, then I finished sewing and went to dinner.

Apr 17

Wednesday. A rainy day.

Mamma has gone to the city. I mad my bed, then sewed. Then I went to lunch. Afterwards I dressed and at three o'clock Effie and Emma came to see me, they staid till five o'clock, then Eddie came for Effie. Just before they went Mamma came home, I went to meet her and saw a lady with her. Mamma said it was papa's aunt. Then Effie and Emma went away.

Apr 18

Thursday. An unpleasant day.

I did not get down stairs till after breakfast. I was idle till lunch, after which I made some paper collars for Fannie and Dell's dolls. Then I walked out with Mamma and Auntie. Then we went in to dinner.

Apr 19

Friday. A beautiful day.

I arose early, and after breakfast I made my bed then I sewed till lunch. Then made my doll some clothes and then Effie and

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Emma came to see me a few minutes. I asked Emma to come over and stay longer, she came at four and stayed till five. Then we had dinner and afterwards as Lottie and Lizzie Clark were here I played with them.

Apr 20

A pleasant day.

I arose early, and after breakfast Emma Codey came over and brought her Translation so that I could get out my Virgil letter I asked her to come and see me she said she would see and she came over quite early, we played till lunch. I asked Emma to stay she at last consented. After lunch Emma went home and I dressed and then practised, then Emma came back to borrow a book. Then Papa and Mr Panlin came and we had dinner.

Apr 21

Sunday. A pleasant day.

I went to church in the morning, and walked home, then had dinner, then went to S.S. and in the afternoon read and in the evening, as it rained I could not go to church.

Apr 22

Monday. A cloudy day.

I went to school and came home at two o'clock, then practised then played, then had dinner. In the evening I read.

Apr 23

Tuesday.

I went to school, and came home at two o'clock, then I took my music lesson, and went over for Emma Codey to come and see me, she came and we got out our Virgil together. In the evening Miss McCombs came and I went to bed at nine.

Apr 24

Wednesday. A fine day.

I went to school and after I came home I practised. Then I played then we had dinner and in the evening Emma and I played and [sung] till half past nine.

A rainy day.

23

Apr 25

Thursday.

I walked to school, and at ten o'clock Mr Whitney and Emma came in to see the school. After school I went to the village with Emma Codey and did not get home till four o'clock. I then began reading Our Young Folks, when Emma came back to get me to cut out some things for her doll. Then we had dinner and afterwards Grandma, Papa, and Mr. Whitney went to meeting.

Apr 26

Friday. A beautiful day.

I walked to school, and afterwards to the village with Emma Codey. After I came home I took my music lesson and then a bath. Then I went to dinner.

Apr 27

Saturday. A pleasant day.

I arose at six o'clock, and prepared to get ready for to go to the city I then had my breakfast and went to the boat. On our way to the city I was introduced by Mother to Mr Wilde a young gentleman who was on board. We arrived at the city at ten o'clock. Then we went to Mr Bradley for to make a purchase. Then went to Mr Bontillier's and I bought a [chewy] ribbon for myself. Then went to Misses Moyers, Steward and Slater, then took a fifth avenue stage and arrived at Aunt Laura's just in time to escape a rain. Then Mamma left me at Aunt Laura's and went home. All wore out but Aunt Laura. At last Lolly and Harry came in and I played with Harry till the girls came in, then we had dinner and then the girls went out again and I staid with Aunt Laura till we went to tea. Alex was there and he staid till nine o'clock. I like him very much.

Pleasant in morning, but rained in the afternoon.

24

Apr 28

Sunday.

Fannie and I arose at seven and had our breakfast alone, then we went to SS, then to church, heard a Mr Arnold from Hamilton, an excellent sermon Met Alma and [Linele] John. I walked home with Alex and Fannie. In the afternoon I read and Alex came at five o'clock I went to church in the evening and heard Dr Western preach I went to bed at ten o'clock.

Apr 29

Monday. A pleasant day

I arose at eight o'clock. After breakfast Alex came to see Fannie. I told little Harry some stories. Then I read a book which Fannie lent me, we had dinner at one o'clock. Grandma came in in the morning to borrow an umbrella. In the afternoon I read a book and in the evening Cousin Harry came in.

Apr 30

Tuesday. A rainy day.

In the morning I read, then Grandma came in to return the umbrella she had borrowed. At two o'clock Fannie and I started to go to [Banngan's] Tableaux, we found they were open every night, so we had to return home. In the evening

Fannie went out and I went to bed at ten o'clock.

May 1

Wednesday A rainy day.

I arose and had my breakfast, and then played with Harry. In the afternoon Fannie and I dressed to go to Mollie's. but as it rained we could not go, but by and by it cleared we took a walk. In the evening I went to a comic concert with Mr Livingston and Lilly and then to an Ice Cream Saloon and had some ice cream, and altogether I had a splendid time I like Mr Livingston very much.

A rainy day.

25

May 2

Thursday.

At nine o'clock this morning the door bell rung and Alex had come to take Fannie out riding and we were all in bed. Fannie hurried and she had to wait ten minutes as Alex had driven off. At half past eleven Fannie and I walked to Aunt Emma's, Fan left me there and went home. I spent the rest of the day at Auntie's and came back at seven. I brough Harry a little book and some candy. he is so sweet. I went to bed at ten o'clock.

May 3

Friday. A fine day.

I awoke in the morning and found Fannie sleeping with me as Miss [Seinfeld] and Jennie slept together. After breakfast, Fannie and I went out to have our ten types taken, we did, and then went to see Aunt Jennie, then came home and found it three o'clock. At half past seven Lilly and I went to see Coursin Harry, we took tea there and came home at ten.

May 4

Saturday. A beautiful day

In the morning I went to market with Fannie, then Jennie took me to the Academy of Design. %0Û? there met Cousin Mattie and Mary. Came home and at two o'clock had dinner, then Mamma and Emma came to take me home. We persuaded Fannie to go with us. We reached home at half past five. In the evening we sang and went to bed at nine.

May 5

Sunday. A beautiful day.

I went to church in the morning and heard a very good sermon from Mr Panlin. In the afternoon I went to SS and taught a class. Then went to the Dutch Reformed Church. In the evening I went to church.

May 6

Monday. A pleasant day

I went to school and came home at two o'clock, then practiced then played then had dinner.

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May 7

Tuesday

I went to school and two o'clock came home, and took my music lesson then played, then had dinner.

May 8

Wednesday.

Papa did not go to the city and as it rained Samuel drove me to school, after school I took Effie and Emma home, then Emma came to see me, then we had dinner. I went to bed at nine.

May 9

Thursday. A rainy day.

I walked to school, and walked home, then I took a walk with Emma then had to practice, then had dinner, then read.

May 10

Friday. A cloudy day

I walked to school and afterwards I waited for Effie to walk home with me, she did and then I went in and found that Miss Loomis had gone, so I played till dinner. In the evening Miss McCombs and I went to bed at half past eight.

May 11

Saturday. A pleasant day

I went to the depot and got out at Effie to get some books which I had lent her. She came home with me and spent the morning and at half past one Sister Emma and I walked home with her, then Emma and I went in Mr Hall's to get some violets, returned home feeling tired. I then laid down on the bed and read, then went to the depot and as Papa and Fannie did not come, went again with Emma. In the evening I took a bath.

May 12

Sunday. A fine day

I went to church, and wore my new suit, then walked home. Mr Tucker, wife and child to dinner. In the afternoon I went to SS and communion. Then I came home and had tea. In the evening went to church

A pleasant day.

27

May 13

Monday.

I walked to school, and in the afternoon Effie walked home with me and then we met Emma and we walked home with Effie, then Emma and I went to the post-office, and then returned home. I did not get home till half past four. then we had dinner, in the eveing the two Mrs Codeys's and Mrs Adams called. It is a year ago since I was baptised.

May 14

Tuesday A plesasant day.

I arose early, as Papa was going away and Emma, Dell and Fannie went to Yonkers with him. I went to school and came home at two o'clock and found Miss Loomis waiting for me. After I took my lesson, Annie Mattison came to see me and in the evening I read.

May 15

A fine day

I rode to school and in the afternoon. I went to see Effie. Eddie was sick so they could not come to see me. Effie walked up with me and I walked down to Washington Avenue with her. Then I returned home and found dinner ready. In the evening I studied.

May 16

Thursday Looked rather cloudy, but cleared.

As I walked to school, I stopped to inquire how Emma Codey was, as she has the measles. In the afternoon I stopped again. Then Fannie and I made a little garden of violets. After dinner, as I was getting my lesson Mr Peck and family came to see me.

May 17

Friday. A fine day.

I arose and found it raining. I went to school and afterwards Effie walked home with me, when we got to Mr Draper's gate, we met Emma she told me to go back and ask Effie's mother if she could come and see me so I went and Mrs Mills said yes. I waited for Effie. After we

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got home I dressed and then Eddie came. I told his fortune and then he went for George and Effie and I walked a little way to meet him. he did not come and Effie was very much disappointed. Then we had tea. In the evening we played and sung. They went away at nine.

May 18

Saturday Cloudy in the morning, but cleared.

I arose quite early and after breakfast Julia braided my hair and I went out to get some flowers for my garden, then had lunch. Then got dressed, as Effie and Eddie were coming to take me out riding. They came at three and we had a very pleasant drive came home at seven, then had dinner and read.

May 19

Sunday. A fine day.

I heard a very good sermon, walked home and had dinner then went to SS. and afterwards Julia, Emma and I went to the Dutch Reformed Church. Willie Richardson walked home with us, and then we had tea. I went to church in the evening.

May 20

Monday. A beautiful day

I rode to school, and Effie walked home with me, then I went to see Emma Codey, She was a great deal better. Then went home and practised had dinner and in the evening studied my lesson.

May 21

Tuesday A rainy day

I walked to school and walked home, then as I found Miss Loomis had gone to Anna Provost's I went with Fannie in the garden and dug up some ground which Father had given us, then Eddie Mills wanted to see me I went and talked to him till Miss Loomis came, after

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I had taken my lesson Emma and I walked to the depot with Miss Loomis and received a letter from Papa. In the evening I studied.

May 22.

Wednesday. A rainy day.

I rode to school and when I got there, found I had left my books home, so I had to go back for them. Effie and Eddie walked home with me and staid half an hour. I walked a little way back with them and met Emma, when I remembered leaving my umbrella at Mr Post's, so I walked down for it. Effie went in with me, while Emma and Eddie waited at the church. I got my umbrella and just for fun I put it up and then Effie and I got out our handkerchief and made believe to cry when I saw Mr Wilde on horseback talking to Emma, we ran behind a horse but soon came out then we went home and had tea, and then studied.

May 23

Thursday. A rainy day

I walked to and fro school and practised; then waited for Eddie to come for some flowers which Mamma was going to give to Mrs Mills. he did not come and I went to dinner and afterwards Miss McCombs, Emma, Dell, Fannie, and I took a walk. In the evening I got out my lesson.

May 24

Friday. A pleasant day.

I walked to school and came home at half past one to take my music lesson, when I got home I was called in the dining room to see who was there and found Alex and Fannie, they staid till four o'clock. while they were I introduced Effie to Fannie. Eddie and Effie came to take the flowers and staid till five o'clock.

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then Emma and I walked to the Post Office and got a letter from Papa.

A fine day.

31

32

33

34

The Aspen Tree

Cease thy quivering, Aspen Tree,

Cease from shivering, Aspen Tree!

The summer breeze

Now sleeps in the trees,

With silence at rest,

Like a child on its breast;

Yet still you quiver,
Still you shiver

Is all thy troubling, Aspen Tree,
But strange dissembling, Aspen Tree?
Or do you know
A tale of woe,
That you must still
With horror thrill?
"Ah, still I trouble,
Nor dissemble.

Ah, tell to me, sad Aspen Tree!
Is it the Nightingale's sweet trilling
That thus through all thy leaves is thrilling?
And art thou sad,
Nor ever glad.
Because on the rose.
His love he bestows?
"Ah no! my %oÛ?, curous maiden,
Is with a deeper sadness laden!"

Oh, tell to me, sad Aspen Tree,
What all this secret grief may be!
For I have watched and learned to love thee,
And É would know what thus can move thee!
Thus spake I to the Aspen Tree,
And this the tale it told to me.

Once long ago, was I as gay
As Judah's long, bright summer day;
Without a shiver,
Without a quiver.
Love when the breeze
Long happy glees
Through all the trees.
And a little bird had built her nest
In the deepest green of my leafy breast.

The sun É shone more brightly then,
The earth was [nor] so cold;
For the É walked 'mong sinful view,
And drew them to His field.
And every night,
Ere stars were bright,
My little bird sang free and light;
And all her singing still was ringing
With the sweet tale that pitying Love.
Had come to Earth from Heaven above.

But there came all eve, a mournful eve,
When my little bird came home to grieve;

Sadly she chirped o'er her [nestling] pain.
Hidden away in my leafy hair;
For far [adored] the darksome glen,
She had heard the heavy tramp of men
They were coming to cut a forest tree;
And the said, as they laughed in unhallow'd glee,
That the [Nazaveue's] É it surely should be.
And I could but borrow
A nameless sorrow
A nameless dread
Ah the heavy tread
Of the armed men [adorn] the glen.
Ah! had I but withered and fallen then!

For I was the tree, the innocent tree,
The loving, and yet the accursed tree.
That witnessed the É agony!
I felt the shock of the cruel rail,
I heard that dying, despairing wail!
Ah! can you wonder
That I whose fibres were É assunder
When the É sacred body was torn
By the cruel wail and the cruel horn,
When the É heart was torn with pairs,
And the rail of the Temple, was rent in [twaine],
That I should quiver,
That I should shiver

And the little bird who dwelt with me
When I was a happy greenwood tree,
Though it could [nor] speak,
With its tender beak,
Lo draw the iron wails it strove,
From the É pierced hands glove.
It could nor succeed
In it's loving deed,
But it gained a [meed]
Of É reward; for the sacred blood
That É from the wounded hands of lord,
For need a crimson cross on its little bill,
A cross that is painted on it still.

And I, I too, was glorified;
For the É blessed me ere he died;
Yet I must remember the dread of that day
Forever and aye forever and aye;
And still I quiver,
Still I shiver.

From "The Legends of the Cross" C.W.
Copied, Julie 6, 1872.

Oct 31, 1872. Thursday Evening. Room 44, Vassar College.

It seems strange that I have written in my journal on this date for five years - it seems to be an important day with me. the records of which have been sometimes very sad - but now I can write of happy events. The last year has been very bright - like a picture as I look at it tonight. God has been very kind, very fatherly to me, and has answered the prayer I [made] a year ago, to guide me and, yes, I can say that He has given me more of His %0Û?. I think I love Christ more tonight than I ever did before - may I be able to work that every succeeding year - I don't think I am more righteous, only that I have tried to serve Him, and to love Him better, and that I take more pleasure in it now. Last night I felt so near to Jesus, and tonight too as I made the blessed promise of God to His people "If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the [stalutries] of life, without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall nor die. None of his %0Û? that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him, he hath done that which is [lovelful] and right;

he shall surely live" [side note: Ezekiel, chap. 33. 15 & 16] This summer was quite eventful to me, as it brought me in contact with one who has now by his words and actions declared himself a suitor - a lover - If this was only silly nonsense, I would not dare to write it here, but to me it seems serious, and I [know] it is %0Û? [Pappin], as he is called.

A
true woman's affection is no small gift to ask for, no small thing

É [bastion], and the asking and the giving decide the happiness of two lives. Must I [not] think, must I [not] be [lure] of right, must I not ask God's help in this as in everything else? I will never marry unless I can give my whole love, and until I can be sure I do this, I will not be engaged to anyone. This years finds me a Senior - situated most happily in single rooms in 44 - on 2nd Cor. the "Senior Corridor" as it is called. Only two [share] the [confines] of this little home, Clara Wilson and I - She is a noble, darling girl, one when I can love and respect - "[music fuzzy limbs fawn]", É I laughingly call her and sincerely do. She said last night something so smart that I must rememebr it. not in praise of myself but showing her kind heart. "You are the smartest girl I know, Lilla, and good, just good! I know of no-one whose life I saw so clearly as yours - a bright, happy life - one in which you will do much good", and I prayed, one whose here after will be in Heaven, near Jesus. Grandma is still [spared] to us - É old lady, I wish I was only more É and kind to you - darling precious Mother - still looks after her little flock of girls - which there are many - Adele and Fannie at Miss Buckley's in Tarrytown, I [here]. Emmie is at home, brightening up the dear place with her sweet generous [warp] - "and making music wherever she goes" - Julie at home - industrious as ever devoted to Mrs [Meesore] - God bless us all!

Oct. 31, 1873. Friday Moning. Hastings.

The dear Vassar life is over - and my school days will never come again. That has a mournful ring to it - but it only echoes the louder %0Û? my heart. How truely Goethe has said
"[Goethe quotation in German]"

While at Vassar I looked forward to this date with joyful anticipation - and now that it has come I look back with longing eyes upon the past wish that it were the present.

All old grandmas say that "your school days are your happiest" and I though only twenty, begin to believe them. I am [ever] happy as I hoped to be - perhaps the fault is my own; but whether my own or someone's else, the fact is the [sauce]. My Vassar education while it is my greatest blessing, is my greatest bane. It has made me a better, truer, nobler, woman that I would have been without it - it has opened my eyes to higher things, has enlarged my mind, and purified my heart; and yet when I [brought] [it] me into my home life, it is the "apple

of discord" Sometimes I wish that I had never received it - but I turn and feel that I would nor give it up, for it has made me stronger to go through life. Yet were it not for this education, I would be subjected to less unhappiness at home and would perhaps be engaged to somebody who has given me a true, honest love. It is not Gus Pappin but he whom I have been want to call "[Iso-ih]". Yes I know that if I did not feel how inferior his education was to mine, I could reward his love - but that holds me back and causes me sorrow and suffering.

I do not know how I have won his love - but because I have, I have been called a "[flink]."

I do not know when I have suffered more than I did last night - my heart quivered under the cruel [taunts] that were thrown [around] and it was harder because I knew that they were unjust - for if ever a woman tried to be true and noble toward a lover, I have tried - they little know how many hours I have spent on my knees, pleading with God that He would show me my duty and make my [neatness] perfect in His strength.

I have left it all with Him - and He will lead me. I am glad I can feel that I can go to Him always. I feel secure only when I can [lehrish] - for I can trust Him. May I never lose the love and trust I have for Him now. The year has gone

[by] happily for the most part I said goodbye to 44 sadly, for there I said goodbye to Clara. She was all I could ask for a room mate and friend - oh, my [more] [franzlinbefore] - shall I ever be so happy again as I have been with you? If I could only [hear] from her own dear lips that she had found Christ - if I could only hear her say - "Lord, I believe help thou mine unbelief" - it would make me so happy. Oh, that God would answer my prayers that she might see the light again!

In spite of my troubles and unhappiness I have one great comfort and that is the love of [Emma] Kassau. If ever any one loved me honestly, she does. She was with me this June here at home for a few days, and always thinking [fine]. It is wrong for us to murmur, when I think of her troubles - [at] home and [her] mother. I wish I had a home for my own, so as to have her share it with me. I often thank God that He brought us together, for her love keeps us to live better. If I was only as good and lovely in my character as she believes us to be - I would be thankful. I often wonder why I cling so to this day - this 31st of Oct. It is the anniversary of the day of my entrance to Vassar. and that was the beginning of a new life for me - well I have begun another now - may it be blessed to my good! Oh, dear Heavenly Father, wish Those not make me patient and kind? and may my life be worthy of one of Christ's discuples. Help us to live and act so that I am better in the pearly gates and hear the well done at last.

Oct 31th 1867. Came to Vassar College, was examined, passed and am a student.

Nov 28th 1867

I spent Thanksgiving Day at home, Belle went with me, we came back on Friday morning.

Dec 18th, 1867.

I went home alone, and staid home till Jan 3rd.

Feb 22nd 1868.

I went home, Belle went with me we staid till Monday.

April 8th 1868.

I went home staid a week. Addie Peck came back with me to be a student.

Founder's Day April 29th 1868.

At four o'clock I commenced to dress and at a few minutes past six all the students assembled in the 1st corridor while we were there it began to rain so all our arrangements for going to the lodge were put aside and we had to go to the fourth floor by the side stairs and descend to the second corridor by the main stairway singing the Welcome Song the second corridor was lined with people, Mr Vassar, Miss Lyman and President Raymond standing in the entry, we went again to the fourth floor, took chairs from one of the rooms and hurried to the gallery there [we]

Dec. 2, 1873. In copying this, I find that I have given a very meagre account of my life at Vassar during the first year - Two facts have been recorded - I have not once mentioned any friends who I made - one of whom [Ed. above text in smaller type] procured pretty good seats and after some little delay the exercises began - they were very pleasing and last some two hours or more afterwards there was a collation given in the dining hall. I procured a taste of a [fear] things and there the bell stuck for retiring and I left for my room.

Commencement, June 24th 1868.

June 22nd

During the day I packed and in the evening went to the concert in the Chapel, had to sit in the Gallery -

June 23rd

Shall I ever forgot this day it was indeed a sad one to all the inmates of Vassar College, we had expected to have an entertainment in the afternoon as this was Class Day but "Man proposes, God disposes" we were all in the our rooms when one of the girls came and told us that dear Mr Vassar was dead we were thunder-struck, it seemed impossible, but too true was the report. Our noble Founder, Mr Matthew Vassar was dead, it seemed that the annual meeting of the

Trustee was that day Mr Vassar came to the

I must speak of even now. %oÛ? [Islover] - she was [it] now Mrs. %oÛ? certainly deserved a palce in these pages. for she was

a sister to me during that year and I loved her dearly as I do not yet, though her [Ed. Above text is written smaller in the heading]

meeting and after all other business was over began to read something he had written, he spoke of the future welfare of the College and laid out plans for it, he had almost concluded when his voice sunk lower and lower, his paper drop and, his head fell and Mr Vassar was dead he died of heart disease at ten minutes past twelve, in the Library, of Vassar College. After dinner we went to see him once more, for the last time on earth the exercises of the afternoon were postponed and at four o'clock all the girls assembled in the Chapel and Pres. Raymond related the sad occurence of the morning and started that the exercises of the following day would go on just the same as he knew that of Mr Vassar had know what was to happen such such have been his desire, he said that after examining the paper which he had been reading they found that all that remained of the piece was some concluding remarks among which he said he did not expect to be with them another year, that this was the last meeting he shoud be with them.

June 24th

At ten o'clock all the studentsÛ went in the Chapel and the exercises began a little time

marriage and distant home have done a great deal to lessen the intimacy. Being much older than I. I looked up to her with much respect and found in her a good, kind, and loving sister, as she used [Ed. above text written smaller in the heading]

after, there were twenty five in the graduating class the following had essays, Misses Whitney, Avery, Glover, Rhodes Blackley, Beckwith, Glazier Ely and Miss Stork a poem, at one o'clock we left the Chapel and went to the dining hall had dinner then I went to my room, put on my hat and started for the hall the omni bus did [not] come so 6 took a carriage and got at the depot just in time.

Sept. 17. 1868

Came back to Vassar, went right to Room 19 and found there (3) young ladies in there, told them this was my room this year. After I took off my things I went to a lecture by Prof. Hart, then to dinner and came to my room and felt quite lonely when Nannie Woods came in I was delighted to see her. My roommate is Sallie Peck. I did not like her at first at all, but like her much better now.

April 1st.

How many changes! How time flies! Sallie has gone, how I love her! I hardly knew I thought so much of her till she said she was going. But she will be happier, so I must not murmur.

April 4th Sunday

Sallie has been sick, just out of bed this morning. The girls are all good and kind to her

to call herself. [Even] if I never see her again I shall always remember her with love, and thank her sincerely for the knidness she showed to the little girl who was just beginning to learnÛ some of life's lessons. [Ed. Above text smaller in the heading]

[Fair] Moses took her up some flowers. I believe she would give her life for Sallie if it was needful. Last night we had a meeting of the Students' Association, Pres. Raymond talked to us and then he was asked to remain, he consented, then there was a very strong discussion concerning Founder's Day What spiteful things the girls said, they might as well have had a regular fight, at last the [true] for the entertainment on Founder's Day was appointed from 3 P.M. till 7 PM. there is to be no [collation] I believe though it is hard to tell. I thought the Spring had come but now it has begun to snow. Oh! dear! Oh! dear. Lillie Thomas.

Founder's Day April 29th 1869.

As this was the first Founder's Day since the death of Mr Vassar, it was settled that the exercises should be different therefore it was determined by the committee that there should be a poem (by Miss Taylor) Music, Eulogy by Miss Whitney (Class of '68) and hymn by Choral class. The exercises began at three, ended at seven. At a little past three we all assembled in the Chapel. (I was in the gallery) and the exercises began. The poem was beautiful Miss Witney delivered the Eulogy very well. Prof. Roberts said he never heard a woman speak as well I don't believe he could have

surpassed it. We were in the Chapel for two hours and then we descended to the dining hall some of us girls stationed ourselves near a table on which was plenty of ice cream, of which we had as much as we wished. One orange found its way to my pocket very strangely and some other things

I must write here a circumstance which I want to remember - my first meeting with Clara. I was in the corridor with Belle when a lady came up to me and said - "Won't you please give me a kiss?" My childish ideas [Ed. Above is smaller text in the heading]

found their way to my mouth. I then walked up and down the corridor with some of the girls and talked of the entertainments. Some of the old students were here it seemed so pleasant to see them again; among them were Annie Gregory and [Nattie] [Broom]. At ten I retired to my room and there Founder's Day April 29th 1869 - ended. May 3rd 1869. Monday.

Dear! Dear!! Who would have thought a few days ago that I had to leave this dear little room. I did not for one. But to day just before dinner The messenger-girl came to me said that Miss Lyman wished to see me in her parlor. I went trying to think for what she wished to see me. When I got there she said, "My dear, I am going to change your room." After a while she told me she wished to put me on the third floor in the north east corner room with Miss Brace, the girls all say she is a sweet girl but I do not know her and can not tell and therefore feel badly about changing. So might Miss Lyman send me a little note "Dear Lilla, Miss Braislin will do all she can to make you happy and I should like you to get settled as soon as you can." Annie and Florence are coming in here, tomorrow. I am going to Miss Lyman to ask her if I could go in Sallie's room. O! that she would let me. I am so afraid she will not, I suppose I must try to be contented but it is hard.

of propriety were quite shocked, but that kiss was the beginning of something sweeter - something which, I hope, will [line] us our hearts for ever. My "sister Clara" is now married and living in Boston with her husband and two little ones.

June 20th 1869. Last evening we invited a few of our friends to 49 - to enjoy with us a little of use on the last Saturday night of this College year. The morning of that day we spent in arranging the room with flowers etc. The young ladies here honored me by appointing me usher and so with my wand and programmes I received the visitor and placed them in their seats. About eight o'clock we began our tableaux. They lasted for an hour and then we passed around strawberries. I think every one enjoyed the evening I did for one. Kate Howard and [Nannie] Brayton were my company.

Spt. 22, 1869. Wednesday.

Here I am again "Old College home." I room with Emma Kasson, the fourth floor, south, number 83. We have a parlor and bed-room together. It seems like a little house. A Miss Duck has the other bed room. but like a good girl, does not [come] much in the parlor. So Emma and I are all alone most of the time. Our parlor is one of the prettiest in the College, and we feel very [fond] of it indeed. It is a square home A [den] in the north west corner leads into the hall, another door in the west sides of É into the bedroom. On the left side of this door is a group of pictures, are larger, three small. In the south west corner is the É É É which are rustic frames, pictures and vases filled with fresh liners. On the south side of room is a group of three large pictures

under the centre one is a basket on a which stands a vase of of flowers. Under the basket is Emma's little desk on which is a set of beautiful [my], which is trimmed around the basket. On the east side is the large window over which are É the pretty É curtains, On the window sill are pots of flowers. Under the window is a trunk came it with É. On such side of windows is É. On the north is a group of É. [an], large, [threw] small. In the north east corner in the table covered with pretty cloth. In the south east corner is a pretty easy chair. Altogether our room is lovely. A bright carpet of É É covers the floor. Emma and I are both Freshmen and study Latin, French and Algebra. I read Virgil now and like it. Emma and I love each other very much and are happy together. A good many old girls are back this year . and a good many not back I am going to study hard this year and be a good student.

Oct. 31, 1867.

Today I came to Vassar College

Oct 31, 1868.

Today I am home, sick. Day before yesterday %0Û? darling Papa had a stroke of Paralysis. It affected his left side. It is very hard to see him so helpless.

Oct. 31, 1869. Today I am back at the College. Two weeks ago last night, Willie Richardson came at nine o'clock to take me home. He said that Papa was worse and that Mother wished me home. I left the College immediately we reached Poughkeepsie at ten o'clock. Until eleven o'clock we remained at the Morgan House. Then we walked to the depot and to our disappointment there discovered that the train at 11.55 was only a freight train. We were obliged to wait until 2.07 in the depot. We reached Dobb's Ferry at nearly five o'clock. Joseph was not there; but in twenty minutes he came. When we reached home, it was nearly six. Then they told me that Papa had died at twenty minutes of four. Yes, it was too true. God had taken him home two weeks ago today. Papa, Papa, what can I do without you!! But I must not murmur at God's will. Dear Father is now far from suffering. He left a message for me, his little daughter. He said, "tell Lillie to live near to Jesus and meet me in Heaven," then presently he added, "I know the dear child will." May God help me to do this! Poor little Emma Kasson is sick and was obliged to go home before and returned. She is now in Geneva, or will be there very soon. I have a new room-mate, a Miss [Calls].

She is very pleasant, and I think I shall like her ever so much. The girls are all very kind to me. This year I am a Freshman. I wonder where I will be a year from today.

Oct. 31, 1870.

Sitting in the single room, [a], in parlor 26, in Vassar College, for the fourth time since I have been here, I begin to write in my journal the records of another year ending today.

Three years ago today I came to Vassar, and here I am yet, enjoying the same privileges in knowledge, strength, and health.

God has been very good to me during the year, has given me dear, good friends, and more of his love than ever, so it seems to me. Yes, I am still at Vassar studying in the Sophomore Class, a Class of which I am proud to be a member. [Minnie] Monroe, our beloved president, is with me in this parlor, and I find that I love her more every day, dear Minnie! I hope that she loves me! I have found a very sweet little friend in Lizzie Dyckman, a new scholar, about two months younger than I. Emmie Griffeth and Adelaide Steel are still my good, old friends Carrie Clapp is as motherly as ever and will still persist in calling me her "little girl." I see a good deal of Minnie Chapman now, a lovely girl and [are] who can win the heart of any-one and especially the heard of Lillie Thomas. Nellie Ells still retains her prettiness and sweetness, and will always have a warm share of my love. Belle Heath has left a vacuum behind her which can not be filled by any one else. But enough for the year is looking it over. I find more causes to say in heartfelt tones "God be thanked for his mercy, and goodness

Oct. 31, 1871.

Still at Vassar - in my Junior year. The circumstances by which I am surrounded this year, are very pleasant. I have the single room "b" on the 1st South in 17; having Miss [Hopon] in the room adjoining mine and Emmie Griffiths and Nannie Brayton as parlor-mates. My studies are very interesting and instructive. German, Geology, and Whately's Rhetoric. This year I see very little of Adelaide Skeel, but I like her still, although we do not know each other so well as formerly. Carrie Clapp is not here this year, but teaching in Brooklyn. Blanche Wilder has again joined her class-mates, who give her a most hearty welcome. To-day I received the engagement cards of Belle Heath and Dr. von %0Û?. Belle is still in Germany, but will probably return next spring. I can not close the records of another year, without writing something of the love of God to me. I earnestly strive to serve my Master, and, learn of Him. May God help me, and may it not be said of my labors, "nothing but leaves". Dear Papa said to me once. "Watch and pray," and his words have made a deep impression upon me. May I never forget them! May God keep me during this coming year, guide my for-steps, and direct my actions!

Nov. 28, 1869. Sunday.

To-day is my sixteenth birthday! It is a beautiful day and the girls all try to make it pleasant for me. Marnie has given

me some beautiful flowers. Dear child! It was so kind for her to think of me. I have only known her for five or six weeks, and yet I have learned to love her very dearly. I went to walk with Carrie Clapp. She was very sweet indeed. Belle Heath gave me a pretty little book. I really believe Belle loves me. I hope so, for I love her very much. Mamma did not forget her little daughter away at school. She sent me a box and each of the family contributed something to it. Miss Swayze wrote me a sweet birth-day note, and she came to see me besides. It was her birth-day also. I wonder how old she is! Although the day has been very pleasant; yet every thing can not be all sunshine. There is a shadow to every-thing, I think. A very dark shadow has been cast over my birthday and over my life now. A year ago to-day, I had a loving and loved Father on earth. Now he has gone to Heaven. Little did I know a year ago, that God would take him away so soon from me. About six weeks ago darling Papa died. But he has gone to his House to be with

Jesus, and I must not wish him back.

Dec. 10, 1869. Friday.

A week ago to day I saw Clara Glover or now Mrs Ginn. She has changed a good deal, grown to look older, but just as lovely as ever. I was so glad to see her. But she was so busy seeing people all the day, that I only saw her for about ten minutes. How I longed to fold her in my arms. To-day I received a tiny package through the mail. On opening it, I discovered it to be a lovely little %0Û? from Clara. 'Twas for my birthday. How sweet in her to remember me. This evening

the entertainment of the Society was held. I had no [envy] away, but had a pretty good time. Marnie Skillings looked lovely, her two brothers were here and one of them brought her a bouquet. It was a lovely one and when I said goodnight to Marnie, what did the naughty little thing do, but give it to me. But I don't think she is naughty a bit. She is a dear, sweet child and I love her dearly.

Feb. 13, 1870. SUNDAY Morning.

How the time flies! 1869 has gone and 1870 has come. I fear I am no better than I was a year ago; but, yes, I think I am just a little. I am trying to conquer some of my faults. I hope I will succeed; but it is very hard. Examinations are over. I succeeded nicely, for which I am very glad. Every thing goes on as usual, and the only thing which cheers me [now] and, is the thought of going home. How sweet that [word] sounds! What would I do without a home! I am studying Livy now, and I find it quite hard. Geometry, I am sure I will like. Last Thursday Miss Lyman came up to Miss [Duete's] room - where I was with [Iuskie]. She (Miss Lyman) scolded me for laughing so loud. I felt really ashamed of myself, so the next morning I went to Miss Lyman and apologized for my conduct. She was lovely.

March 6th, 1870. Sunday Afternoon.

Oh dear, I feel forlorn! Why I don't know. I don't feel like going to see any body so I think I'll spend a half hour before tea with my dear old journal, to whom I tell ever so many things which I could not to people. Another little quarrel with Marnie! Dear me, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. She does act so queer to me some times. I know she is tired of me; she shows it in every [word] she says and every thing she does. Well I knew she would some-times see me in a dearer light and then leave me. Really it is hard to know who to believe. I did think once that she would always love me. I loved her more than I did any one else here at one time, but I do not now, although I love her dearly. I fear if she goes on being so cool all the love I ever had for her will take wings; but no, I am not like that, I hope. I can not love people and then forget them very soon after. I wonder if I am acting wrong, whether I should go to her and try and "make up". I am a little proud and then Marnie thinks I'll do it I guess I'll show her I can be cool too. My conscience keeps asking me if that would be right, and I'll tell you

old journal, what I think. My answer is that I know it is not right, but, dear me, I can't always do right, can you? Belle, bless her is going to try to be peace-maker; but I imagine that Marnie will be more angry than ever at me for telling Belle. I don't care. I wanted to tell some-body, and besides Belle had some-thing to do with it. I think. She has gone to see Marnie now and I hear them talking out in the corridor as they pass by my door. Dear me! I wish that I was good, but I [ain't] and wishing will do no good. Darling little Miss Swayze came to see me last night, and said that she would come again to-day. I do think she is so lovely. I love her better than any one else here. I am so glad the other saw her when she was here on Washington's Birth-day. By the [bye] was't Mamma sweet come then and bring the liitle ones.

Dear Mother how I love her and how much she does for me. I am so anxious to see Belle. How lovely Miss Lyman is in Bible class! She says so much about influence I wonder if I have any influence

over my friends, and if I have %0Û? when, in particular. Would that little Emma Kasson was here with me now. Dear little girl, how I love her! When I think of it, I love ever so many people, and I love each one ever so much. I think my heart must be very big. That's the reason I'm so wicked. I suppose my heart is so big, that a great deal of wickedness can enter there in. The supper bell is ringing so good-bye dear old journal. I'll come again soon, perhaps.

Wednesday Morning March 16th, 1870.

Just ten days ago since I last saw you, old journal; now don't complain, for I'm here. Well, so you want to know what I've been doing; nothing, except going around the house barking like a little dog, or rather a big one. Yesterday I was sick, Are you sorry? To-day as I can't talk, I am going to unite, and that is the only reason that you see me here. Well, I went on a sleigh ride, a week ago last night and then I [marbled]. I know it was wrong.

but couldn't help it. [You] needn't scold, it won't do a bit of good. Miss Denis can testify to that fact. So you want to know who she is. well, it's my corridor teacher and, (now don't you tell) I don't like her very much, although she's very kind, I suppose. It's the coldest day you ever saw, and I am freezing by way of variety. It's all over with Marnie Skillings, she don't speak to me now. Rather fickle, as I thought. I don't like her nearly as much as I used to. [Connie] Clapp came to see me on Sunday; I thought I'd tell you, because she has not been here for ages. Geo. %0Û? is going to address us on Founder's Day. I feel terribly harem-sarem this morning don't suppose I've spelt that word right; but never mind you understand. Phew! how the mind blows, just like the mischief Don't find fault with my %0Û?, if you please; I'm

rather touchy on that point. Now, good-bye. I'll come again; and I hope you will be more amiable.

Friday Afternoon, March 18th, 1870.

Well I did not expect to see you so soon old journal. Where do you suppose I am? I know that you can't guess so I'll tell you; in the Infirmary. I've never been here before, and I would

not have come now, if I could have helped myself. But [Mr.] Avery said I'd better, as my cough would bot be cured very quick if I went around the house. I have only seen one of the girls here, there are four besdies myself, I believe. I am real tired, and think I'll go to sleep so I'll bid you au revoir for the present.

Sunday. March 20, 1870.

Well, I'm better this morning.

Monday March. 28th, 1870.

Dear me, I don't see why I can't go out; I belive that Dr. Avery wants to keep me in here forever. This last week I have been here, and never studied a bit. All I did from morning till night was to change compresses, sleep, order meals, take powders, and talk to the Measles through the key-hole. Friday morning Marnie Whitney came back, I am so glad that she's here, for I should be awfully lonesome without her. She is a dear little thing, and I've learned to love her already. Saturday evening Miss Jameson came here; this morning Miss Peck made the sixth in the %0Û?. I used to like her, but she

has changed so much that my affections have changed also. I hope I'll get my books to-day, for I so

much to make up in my studies.

Monday, May 9th, 1870.

After staying in the Infirmary, I left College for home where I stayed until vacation was over. I came back on the 18th of April feeling ever so much better. Every thing went on as usual until Founders' Day about which I will try to say some things.

Founder's Day came round as usual on the 29th of April of course, we were excused from all duties and had the day to ourselves. I passed the morning in studying, the afternoon in reading and serving. At five we had tea and immediately after I dressed, %0Û? a black and white striped silk, trimmed with satin and lace. it was very pretty indeed.

I had expected Marie Lappin to come, but was disappointed by not seeing her, or any one else I knew. At half past seven

we went to the Chapel. I procured a new good seat near the platform. Then every-thing went on as in the programme. The address was grand, noble, and so was Mr Curtiss. I think that he is a "man" with a strong mind and soul. I wish all men were like him in his %0Ú?. After Chapel services Nannie, Emma and I went to dining room, there we managed to get a few mouthfuls

and there slip out. Emma and I promenaded until the bell struck 11 1/2 then went in haste to our rooms. Good little girls!
May 25, 1870.

This morning our subject in Bible Class was "Self Denial." I am going to try this week to acquire that virtue. May God help me. Nellie and Duckie are both angry with me. I am going to speak to them both to-night if I can summon up courage enough.

May 16, 1870. Monday

I had quite a scene last night - but was very, very glad to find that my suspicions in regard to Nellie were entirely ungrounded. I believe her wholly. I am certain that she feels very badly, and I fear does not love me as much as formerly - but I hope that all is right now. Will wonders never cease? Yesterday on hearing that Mamie was sick, I sent her my love and word that I was sorry. Those little words did a great deal for me, for this morning she called me to her and thanked me for them. I asked her to come to my room, as

I had some-thing for her. She came and gave her a little bouquet I had gathered for her yesterday, but which I had had no chance of sending to her. She was pleased, and I think that the little flowers will tell her all that is necessary to reconcile us to each other again. I am very glad for I really love her ever so much. I am so glad that we are friends once more.

May 23, 1870. Monday

This week I am going to try and keep my silent times. I truly want to be better, but it is hard.

May 29, 1870.

Last night we had our last Freshman Sociable this year. The exercise opened by a very comical representations of an organ. Then the History of our "to be illustrious" class was read. After that Blanche Wilder, our procter, recited a beautiful poem on "Witchery". Then we were carried far into the sealed future and saw our fates before us. Mine is marriage, alas! Then we sat around the room, eating oranges. 'Twas ease, if not elegance. Altogether

the evening passed delightfully. I hope that the next three weeks will pass very quickly, as I am longing for the rest and quiet at home.

Tuesday, July 19th, 1870.

At last after all my longing I am home. My examinations passed with success in all but Geometry in which I was so frightened that I did not do justice to myself. On Saturday the 18th of June I said Blanche Wilder studied the fourth book of Geometry as we were both sick when the class had it. Monday also we employed likewise, and on Tuesday morning we were examined and both got along nicely. Monday we had a concert, but when 'twas half over I came out. Tuesday morning while dressing for gymnastics, Emma Kasson came in, how glad I was to see her! For the afternoon we went to the Class Day exercises, they were splendid. after they were over Emma left. There was an address the the [sic] Philalthean Society in the evening which I did not attend. Wednesday Emma came out again and at nearly ten I went with my class to the Chapel. It was a wise dress trimmed with flutings and black velvet. It was lovely. Belle Hall

graduated. After all was over I went but with the others and finally discovered my Uncle John in the crowd. I was ever so glad to see him. He soon left then. Emma and I wandered around the rest of the day. That evening I made up with Lizzie Houghton. How silly school-girls are to quarrel! My pictures came in the afternoon, and I gave all but four away there. Thursday morning Em and I spent our time in various ways, and at two o'clock we started for home. After a tiresome ride in the cars for five and half hours Hastings was reached. Emma received a warm welcome from Mother and the children, and Grandma. Saturday Em and Julie came home from New Brunswick. For two weeks Emma made this her home. I wonder what she truly thought. I love her dearly. Uncle John wrote me something very funny not long ago. He said that he showed my pictures to a gentleman who on seeing it exclaimed, "Why, that is Billy's girl", "Billy

who?" asked Jude. "Why, Billy Bowen who is dead in love with her." "Then you know the lady do you?" said Uncle - "Certainly, it is Miss Lilla Thomas"

I have since found that B.B. lives in Hastings. I'm sure I don't know him. Strange that he fell in line with me. I now expect to go to [Shandaken] the 1st August with Uncle John and Alma. If there are no rooms there I cannot not go. In that case, I shall go with Gus. Thomas to Trenton. It has been awfully dull here since my arrival - hope 'twill improve. Wonder where I'll be when I write in here again.

Our Valley Home

Tuesday, August 2nd, 1870. "Valley of Shandaken"

On Saturday last, I left Hastings for New York. I found Julie waiting for me at the depot and then we went shopping for a while, after which we went to 230 East 32nd St. Auntie and Alma welcomed me very kindly, and made the day pass very pleasantly. About half past five Uncle John came home. I was delighted to see him, for I love him very dearly. Sunday morning Alma and I went to Madison Ave. Church where we heard Mr. Elder and some beautiful music which thrilled me through and through. The afternoon was spent mostly with Uncle John, he teased [sic]

almost all of the time about "Billy [Benen]" and Mr. Everit, a gentleman who was to accompany us on our trip. In the evening Alma and I retired very early and soon were folded in the arms of Morpheus. But in the night I awoke and puzzled my brains about "Billy [Benen]" finally I made up my mind who it was and resolved to ask Uncle the next day. Monday morning we were up bright and early and at quarter past seven we left in a carriage for the depot. After putting us in a drawing room car, Uncle looked around for Mr. Everit, at the last moment he appeared. My first impression was that he was decidedly tall and not at all handsome. After a very pleasant ride of three hours we reached Rhinebeck where we took the Ferry for [Rondant], which we reached at 11.30. There we had our lunch, which we ate in the primitive style. After waiting an hour we took the train to [Phienicia]. When we arrived there we found New O'Neil, the proprietor who drove us through grand mountain scenery to a pretty white cottage. The hostess and several boarders welcomed us at the door. After washing we went in to a plain, country, supper, after which we played croquet, then

had singing, and then went to our rooms some distances from the house in which we board. Alma and I room directly opposite the gentlemen. A bright red carpet covers the floor, neat papering on the wall, and green shades hang from the windows. Two or three chairs, an old fashioned bed, on which is spread a gay quilt, a small table wash-stand, completes the furniture. Alma and I laughed until we cried almost Monday night, first, she spilt the shoe polish, then [lose] her pill and every-thing I said was laughed at. We did not get to sleep until eleven o'clock I guess. Fair.

Wednesday, August 3rd, 1870.

Yesterday morning we were up with the larks and when dressed walked to the other house for breakfast, which was at seven. That ordeal over, Alma and I went home and arranged our room neatly then wrote to Mother and played croquet and then we %Û went for a %Û over the hills. I gathered some mosses, and the rest picked black-berries. We came down

just in time for dinner. After that was oer we went home, and the gentlemen came in our room, and the afternoon was spent quite agreeably

in reading, talking, etc. At four we sent the gentle man out as we wished to dress. I wore white %Û and lavender Alma her white pique and [blue]. Then we walked to supper, and afterwards had croquet. Alma and Mr. Hatfield, an old %Û thought I cheated once, and I did not know I had done [many] until some time afterwards. It married me all night long and this morning I made an apology to Mr. Hatfield. After croquet we went next door, and had a sing, then to bed.

Tuesday Fair.

This morning we took our usual walk to breakfast, and then came immediately here and wrote letters, I wrote a note to Aunt [Emmie]. While writing the old stage went by, what a concern it is!

I like Mr. Everit much better than at first, he improves our acquaintance. He is very tall, fair complexion, beautiful blue eyes, light brown hair, light mustache and side wiskers, and what is best all, very gentlemanly. I think he likes Alma and me pretty well. (I have found out who B.B. is.) W.B.F.

What a goose I am! Uncle John and Mr. Everit think that I was angry because they teased me about my journal. I wasn't at all. But I was very much afraid that Mr. E. would see it, because I had written something in it about him. I did not really think that either of them would intentionally look in it, but feared that they might catch a glimpse. Uncle threw it out of the corridor to Mr. E. and he ran around the house. I ran after him, and chased him back again up stairs. Presently after they had teased me as much as they liked, they gave me my journal. Then Uncle John shook hands and kissed me for fun and asked me to forgive him. Of course I assented. Then Mr. Everit asked me and I said "yes", but would not shake hands with him, simply because a fit of obstinancy came upon me. I know that he thinks I am very silly, but I don't care. I was not going to have him think that he had made me give up my way. But I will shake hands with him the next time I see him I guess. I'll take back the pencil scratch on the opposite page, as I think that he is gentlemanly, very. Alma has gone to the [Havilands], so I guess I'll dress, "as I've nothing else to do." "Funny and freely?" "Yes, [ma'am]."

Thursday Morning, August 4, 1870.

Yesterday afternoon while Alma was out, I dressed and then wrote. About half past four we walked to the other house, and had three games of croquet, after which we went in to supper. Then we sat on the piazza and talked until the children came for us to go to the barn where they were going to have a romp. We went and staid to have a romp. We went and staid there until nine o'clock, partaking in all the games. Then after a short sing in the house, we came home, and sat in our room until ten when the good nights were said and we each went to rest. This morning we had intended taking a long ride, but the rain interfered with our plans. I felt really sick this morning, but am much better now. Wrote a long letter to Mamma, then read some magazines. In the afternoon Alma and I took a snooze, and Mr. Everit and Uncle John went to Phoenicia. When walking over to tea, we met Mr. E. who said that Uncle John had received a telegram which made it necessary that he should go to New York that evening on business. Alma had a good cry. In the evening we went to the [Havilands], and played author and

sang.

Saturday Afternoon.

Yesterday morning we went to the Havilands, and found them out under the pines. We played Authors and then went to Mr. O'Neil's. In the afternoon we went on a pleasant ride to Pine Hill about nine miles from here - stopped at the Shandaken P.[C]. and there found a letter for me from Emmie. Mr. Everit almost fainted on the way, and alarmed Alma and me very much. In the evening we staid at Mr. O'Neil's until nine o'clock talking I found out that Mr. E. is twenty-six. At ten we retired for the night.

Sunday.

Yesterday I was sick all day long. In the afternoon Uncle John came home, I was ever so glad to see him again. I went to Mr. O'Neil's and had a cup of tea in the sitting room. Went home about eight and then Uncle John became vexed at Alma because she had disobeyed him. I tried to soothe it over between them and finally succeeded. Went to bed early.

Tuesday 9, 1870.

Sunday morning we breakfasted a little later than usual, and then I read a little while with Mr. Everit. Afterwards I wrote until dinner, then after that meal I wrote and talked until four then dressed in my white swiss and lavender

ribbons. After supper we came home early and talked until two. Fine.

Monday morning two carriage loads one containing Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Emma Hatfield, Miss Mary Haviland and Mr. O'Neil. the other containing Uncle, Alma, Mr. Everit, I, and Willie O'Neil, as driver, left here for a day among the mountains. We drove three miles, and then were obliged to wait some time at a country store. While waiting Alma and I were weighed, and during the operation a man came along with a team and said, "I'll take the heaviest pulled Uncle persisted in declaring that I was the one and the man saying he would call for me on his return drove on. I created a great deal of fun by trying a small stone on my É age went finger with this piece of string. I wore the string all day. Mr. Everit kindly tied it with a lover's knot in order to have the effect still better and Finally we started off over hill and dale through some of the grandest scenery I ever saw. After riding some miles we reached a place where a clear, cool spring gave us refreshing drink and a shady nook just above the spring on the side of the mountain invited us to partake of its quiet.

We all nestled cosily together, and then the basket, the most important thing at picnics was brought before our admiring gaze and open mouths. Biscuits, mutton sandwiches, apples raw, and apples baked, cake and some clear sparkling water appeased our appetites and we all felt muchly refreshed. Then we again started on our ride. In a short time we reached the village of West Kill. We stopped at the hotel and created quite a sensation in our picnic dresses. Soon we discovered a large ball-room where we had many a merry game of tag. Finally the heat oppressive, we started out to find some shady spot under the trees where we could spend a little while with the "Authors" A short walk brought us to a little white church. Between the church and grave-yard we sat down and played. 'Twas the only thing that marred my pleasure during the day, for sitting there, I could see the graves, and the whole scene and even the game reminded me so much of him who now is sleeping under the daisies that it was with difficulty that I could keep back my tears. I was sad for an hour or two

Rec. Nov. 7. 1869. Sunday cleanse

Vassar. Sunday %0Û?

Dear Lillie,

I asked you last night, What made %0Û? [on] so good? Now, my dear, tell me the answer please. [You] dont seem to have

to try very hard and yet you always do right. Can you believe it? I try to do right I meet with poor success and get discouraged but then I ask help and try again Last night I was wondering if what you wanted to tell me in the note for the Christmas vacation was that 3 5 5 Lillie I 'm afraid you will laugh at this stuff and note how a decidedly stupid child Lillie I hope you won't say any thing to Lizzie abt. this (?). I am

going to stop right here for I never know when to stop when I get a talking of myself in connection with this subject if you don't like what I've said just forget it. and in future I will try and be as gay as possible all the time. %0Û? off. Marnie Remember your promise to destroy this.

August. 1870.

Shandaken.

Ulster [leo].

New York.

Lilla

afterwards, so much so that Mr. Everit perceived it and inquired the cause, the only answer I could give him was that I was "blue." After the game was over I with the others went to a little red school, house opposite, where some little country lasses and laddies were learning their A-B-C's, etc. The desks were of an ancient kind, as in fact was the whole house. One little Sarah fell desperately in love with Mr. Everit, and a certain George seemed very conscious of my numerous charms for he was reproved many times for inattention. The school ma'am was a lady of twenty-six or seven, rather pretty and very polite. While hearing two young damsels reading in silvery tones, the carriage was announced and we left, probably much to the sorrow of all, especially Sarah and George. We came home the same road. stopping here and there for water or berries and at five our ride was finished for we were home. After dressing we walked to supper after which we played croquet for a while and then came home. After our usual pleasant chat in "the ladies' room" we retired. Fine.

This morning we rose, all feeling rather sleepy. Breakfast over we played five games of croquet of which Mr. E. and I beat three. Then came to the house and wrote ever since. At one we went to dinner after which we played four games of croquet Mr. Everit and I beat three. Then came home and Uncle read aloud until suppertime. After supper we went to

the croquet ground, but as it looked like rain, we did not remain, but came directly home. The evening was spent in our room in the twilight. The thunderstorm came on and every now and then the lightening would burst in our room and I truly don't know what to think of Mr. Everit, some-times I like him, and sometimes I don't. He has called me "Lill" twice, and then apologized. Funny is all I can say.

Wednesday August 10, 1870.

This morning after breakfast we had a long talk about tableaux. We are to have them Saturday evening and I am to appear as Cinderella in two scenes, Mr. E. as prince. Then appear thrice as "Faith at the cross". I finally talked my head sick and came home and where we found Uncle John writing. Mr. Everit is reading and I am trying to kill time and [heat] by scribbling my journal. Mr. Everit is real naughty, teasing me all the time. I keep scolding him, but it does not good. Dear me! I've nothing to do till dinner

Friday Morning.

After dinner on Wednesday I played croquet. We had a very exciting discussion there which ended in making us all very sober. Then Alma and I went in our room and read until four when we bathed and dressed. The evening we spent in the barn, where we were entertained by a Magie [Lantern]. When the usual chat in our room followed and we retired for the night.

Yesterday we went to breakfast through rain and after breakfast we sat on the piazza till Eleven when Uncle and I came home. I read and Uncle wrote. After dinner Alma and I came home and undressed, lounged around in our room for an hour or so when we dressed. I wore my white linen dress, black silk overskirt swiss bow and black ribbons, hair braided, was told by the gents that I looked pretty. Flattery! Then as it began raining Alma and I went to the house and sent an umbrella and I wrote the note to Mr.E. for fun "Mr. Everit, Miss Alma and your humble servant send you an umbrella untended to protect your tender head from the rain, and our "[studying]." Yours etc., [Lilla] Thomas Uncle said he kissed it, how absurd! I asked %oÛ? for it in the evening and when I had it, threatened to [tear] it, made him a

little provoked at me. Finally gave it to him torn just a little. We all practised gymnastics and then had a sing. Came home and talked a while in our room. Rather unpleasant.

This morning we had quite an exciting time at the house after breakfast. An organ grinder came along and gave us sweet music (!) for fifty cents. I had a good dance with Alma and Mrs Baldwin, %oÛ? made me feel as gay as a lark. Then I went

in the barn and gave some directions about the cross for Faith. Afterwards the gents brought us some candy in which we found some %oÛ?. Mr. E. and I had quite a flirtation with the verses I found one very apropos and gave it to him. "You have my esteem, if %oÛ? that you can live And frankly dear sir, tis all I can give." Then we came to the house where I wrote a letter to Mother and then wrote in this. 'Tis almost time for dinner. Saturday - After dinner yesterday we played croquet and then I carried the cross home where I covered it with white muslin. Dressed for supper and there played croquet, after which we had a short rehearsal in the barn and then a sing, then Alma and I came home and braided each other's hair. Went to bed about half past eleven.

Thy beauty won my heart,
By its unstudied grace;
There is no show of art
On thy sweet radiant face.

We were up very early this morning and over at the house long before breakfast. After breakfast I trimmed my cross with evergreens and flowers. It looked beautiful, but the two gents almost spoiled it by teasing me. Then Lizzie H and I had a chat under the arbor. After that I sat on the stoop with Uncle John and Mr. Everit. Played croquet till dinner. After dinner went to the %oÛ?, where the camp meetings are held. Then we returned to the house where we talked until now, when Alma and I were obliged to send Mr. E. out of our room as we wanted to dress.

Then I dressed in my Cinderella dress, before dressing for supper. Took down my hair and then went for supper, after which I made a very pretty wreath of myrtle and white and red flowers. Then gathered my things together and took them to the barn. The first scene I could not see as I had to dress for Cinderella. The second tableaux I was standing by a table

which was covered with kitchen utensils, holding a cup and spoon in my hands. I tried to look very pensive, but fear I did not succeed. My sisters dressed for the ball were standing opposite me. I had on a dark calico dress, with a plain white collar my hair bound in a net. After the first part I hastened to dress for the second

past. My dress was exchanged for one of lilac, over which was thrown an over skirt of white lace. I wore a white waist a lilac belt, a sash from one side across to the opposite shoulder where it was tied in a simple bow. My hair fell in waves over my neck, and a pretty wreath rested on my head. I sat in the middle of the stage, one shoe lying at my side, and one foot shoeless held my prince, who was trying on the glass slipper. Mr. Everit looked very handsome a black velvet cap, trimmed with red and gold, was gauntly set on one side of his head. He knelt at my side on his knee and I was looking at him quite anxiously. I held a white fan and a pretty bouquet in my hands. My sisters were looking at me very anxiously and indignantly. The whole scene was splendid. They clapped us out again. We changed it a little. This time the slipper was on my foot and the prince stood at my side looking down upon me in a very loving way. I reciprocated the glance, my head a little on one side. The prettiest compliment I received upon Cinderella was from little Ida Baldwin. She passed by me as I was going into the audience and said, "I don't think that Cinderella could have looked any prettier than you did, Miss Lillie."

I went among the audience in my Cinderella dress and received quite a number of compliments. There were quite a number of tableaux before Faith. When 'twas time for that I went into the dressing room, and threw a couple of white sheets around me, leaving my right arm bare. My hair hung around my shoulders loosely, and I wore no ornament whatever. The rose of white, wreathed with flowers, stood at the right of the stage. the background was of black and the lights were quite dim. The first scene was represented by me standing before the cross my hands clasped (down) and head drooping. In the second scene I knelt, my hands clasped looking upwards. In the third scene I stood up clinging to the cross. Before and between the scenes Lizzie played and sang "Rock of Ages". And when the last scene took place the words "Simply to thy cross I cling" were sung and indeed the whole tableau was very impressive. They said it was the best of all. After 'twas over, I went into the dressing room and had not been there a minute before Mr. Everit came in to congratulate me upon my success. He said that it could not have been done better. One more tableau was shone and then we left, as it rained our walk was rather unpleasant, but nevertheless we reached home safely. Alma and I went directly to bed as we were very tired. Altogether we had a very pleasant evening. They were obliged to postpone some of the tableaux as it was getting too late for any more

Programme of Tableaux.

1. May Pole, All of the children - very pretty - Two scenes.
2. Cinderella - Lilla T. Sisters - Alma and Co. Prince, Mr. Everit " "
3. Village Doctor - Willie Baldwin - Delia. Good - One scene.
4. The Pudding - All the children - Miss Hatfield. Two scenes.
5. The Greek Girl - Tellie - Queen, Mary Haviland " "
6. The Magic Cake - All the children - Mr. Baldwin " "
7. Six month before and after - Alma and Clarence, Ida - Good " "
9. Boston Tea Party - Mrs O'Neil, Misses Hatfield, Haviland, and E Hatfield, Baldwin " "
10. Cutting the Curls. Clarence and Ida. " "
11. Blind Fiddler. Charles Clarence. children Good " "
12. The Opera Bonnet Alma and Clarence Good " "
13. Faith - Lilla Thomas. Three scenes
14. Sleeping Beauty - Alma and Mr. Everit. Two "
15. Playing School. 16 Children at Play - 17. Old Lang Syne.

Monday evening - Yesterday morning after breakfast we sat on the piazza in Mr O'Neil's house and talked for a long time, then we went to our house where Mr. E and I had a long chat in our room. Then we walked over to dinner after which I sat down and then went to the barn, where Uncle John and Mr Everit were I had a nice long talk in which Mr E. said that if I came here next summer he would. Then I dressed in my white dress and lavender ribbons. After supper we

had a real good sing and then we escorted ever so many of the folks to see our rooms - then went with the Haviland's and sang came home and had our usual chat. This morning after breakfast we played a game - such fun! How I laughed! Then we came here where Alma and I packed our trunks, all but a little. dressed in our suits and walked down to the croquet ground where we had several games. Then to dinner we went and afterwards talked on the piazza - then cracked and ate butternuts had more croquet, more supper. After supper I ran around with a stick Clarence gave me getting people to write their names upon it. Then Miss Emma and I came home fixed something for Mr. E

Wednesday evening -

I was too tired on Monday night to finish writing, so I will commence when I left off. About a week ago Mr. Everit expressed a wish to have a lock of my hair. I of course refused to gratify him. But I resolved to have a good joke so the next morning I went into the barn and asked one of the boys to get a horse hair for me. He gave me one about the colour of my hair which I put away in a good place until future use.

Monday I conjured up the following, -

You said that you wanted a lock of hair,
So this I É with the hope that with care
You'll tenderly guard it but please do not dare
To show or to lose it for then. O beware!

So Monday evening Emma Hatfield and I went to our sleeping room and I copied the above neatly on a piece of paper and tied it with blue ribbon. I made it fit in a little box I had about an inch square. Then I put in the hair tied É ton sides by blue ribbon as it was very É. The box was covered up and their wrapped in a piece of white paper, that also was tied by blue ribbon. Then I put fourteen wrappings around it, the two last of which were white. Mr. E's direction was on the outside. Then we went back to the house and É in the parlor. Finally I turned to Emma Hatfiled and said, "Lets make a

Dutch bed." "Exactly what I was thinking of" So we went off with Clarence as a beau. When we reached the house, we resolved to let Clarence make the bed. He did and then one sheet under the bed. Then we returned to the house and found them ready to stash. As Alma was quite sick, they left her at the house and we went home alone. I was obliged to sit up until late, but did not hear any thing from the gents room. In the morning we were up light and early and took our last walk to Mr. O'Neil's, where we had our breakfast. Afterwards we found a carriage waiting to take us down to the depot. We left the place with many regrets, as we had been so happy there. We were weighed at Phoenicia and each of us had gained four pounds, I weighing 103.

We were in plenty of time for the car, and after we had gotten in who should pop in, but Charlie and Clarence I sent a message to Emma Hatfield. Then Mr. Everit and Alma seated themselves opposite me and Uncle and soon we were off. But the train went so slow that we lost the Jerry boat and had to wait sometime. When it did come it was too late for the train at Rhinebeck. We had to wait in the depot at " for four hours. Most of the time Alma and I slept and then we took the train for Poughkeepsie we had a good supper and at 6.05 we started for New York.

Mr. Everit and I sat together and had quite a pleasant chat Poor Alma was real sick on the train - but as we took a carriage at the depot, she reached home with out much trouble. I gave Mr. Everit the package at the carriage door and with a "God bless you," he left us. He told me that he thought that I was a very agreeable, very sensible, and very scrupulous young lady". I know that he likes me but I would like to know just how much. I think that he is very pleasing indeed and like him very much. Uncle says that we have changed hearts but he has [not] mine and I do not think that I have his. We reached Aunties's at half past ten. She was very glad to see us. Julie and I lay awake until after two, talking. This morning I was late for breakfast but humbly made an apology which was accepted. I went down town with Julie, made an appointment with Dr Clarke and then had some pictures taken. Came home and wrote to Emma Hatfield. Then dined. After dinner I went to sleep for an hour or so, then at three I left Auntie's for the depot. Julie went with me, Reached home safely. Found Mr. Martin at home. Saw Emma Codey in the evening and wrote in this. Altogether I have had a lovely visit away this summer. How good bye, Shandaken, till I come again.

August 28, 1870.

Mother, Grandma, Julie and the children have just gone to church. I am at home, where a bad head-ache keeps me. Very little has happened since my return. Every-thing has gone on as usual. Last week Fred Thomas was here quite a while. I believe that the boy is dead in love with me. Everyone speaks of it. And I - well - I won't express my opinion, 'tis nothing very favorable. In the afternoon [I] What a long, long day this has been! I suppose because I did not go to church. Next Saturday Uncle John and Mr. Everit are coming up in the [4-15] from New York. How glad I shall be to see them especially Uncle John. Bless his dear heart. Now I must go down stairs and see about supper.

September 6, 1870. Tuesday.

On Wednesday the 24th of August I went to Dr. Clarke according to my appointment, I spend three hours with him on Wednesday and four on Thursday. Took Fannie with me and staid all night at Carrie [Bunault]. On the next Tuesday I went out shopping in New York with Mamma, met George L B in the [car] (the first time this summer). On Thursday I was invited to take tea and spend the evening at Anna Mallisou's in company with Mr.

Post's old school. I went about half past five, wore my black and white striped silk white swiss overskirt trimmed with black velvet. I had a very pleasant evening. Saturday morning before I was wholly dressed the door bell rang and George L B. was announced and asked for me. Phew! how I flew around. He wanted to take me out rowing. I did not want to go but Mother wanted me to. so I had to take down my curls and put up my braids the best way I could, and go down. At first I excused myself on the ground of having too much to do as I expected company, but Mother urged it and said that she would do every-thing so at last I consented. We walked down the short way and about nine o'clock were on the water. We floated about for four hours, chatting in a dreamy sort of a way. it was so quiet that it made us both a little dreamy. About one o'clock we came home I with a bad head-ache and a very red face. found Amanda Burault and her niece here. They left in the afternoon. I lay down a little while and then dressed [wore] my white [nausook] and lavender ribbons. But the effect of flowers, curls etc could not and would not hide my blushes, caused by the sun looking at me so much. Well, at five or a little after, the carriage containing Julie (who had gone to N.Y the day before) Mr. Everit and Uncle John drove in our place. Mother, the children and I were on the

piazza. Mr. Everit appeared a little embarrassed at first, but it soon wore off. The gentlemen went immediately to their room and had a refreshing wash. Then supper was announced and we all filed in. Mr. Everit sat between Julie and me "a rose between two thorns". Uncle directly opposite me on the right side of Mother. Supper over, we walked to the croquet ground "en masse" and in arms. The two thorns and the rose fought against Emmie, Mamma and Uncle John. After a very exciting game the former party known as the Prussians marched majestically to the house, bearing their honors with all due humility and propriety. Then we had prayers and then some singing. After the children went up stairs some fruit was passed around and then Mr. Everit and I by some chance were left alone in the front parlor I spoke to him of the lack of hair which I'd given him and told him that 'twas not mine as his note had made me infer he thought. He said that he knew it was not natural, but had deceived me on purpose. We had quite a little chat there on several subjects. At half past ten we retired, first cautioning Mr. Everit to name the bed posts. The next morning we were all up before eight and down stairs in a short while enjoying the beautiful sunshine and quiet of Sunday morning. I adorned Mr. Everit's

-Mr. Everit looked at Julie's bed-post in the morning-

coat by a lovely little bouquet for which he was very grateful. We had a very pleasant time at breakfast, after which we went on the back piazza for a good while. Then we dressed for church. Julie Adele, Mr. Everit and I walked. The same party walked home again. After dinner the children, Grandma, and Julie went to Sunday School. Mother and Emmie went to sleep, so Mr. Everit and I were left alone on the piazza. We had a very pleasant time together until they came home. Then we all gathered on the piazza and Uncle and Mr. Everit teased me about my journal, promising me a beautiful new journal if I let them see the contents of my present one. Of course I refused. Well they teased me until supper time and after that Mr. Everit and I with the others had a nice talk until they told us to get ready for church. Mr. E. and I walked down together and Emmie, and Julie. Uncle and Mr. E. sat up in the choir. They said that the singing was splendid. Julie, Mr. Everit and I had a lovely walk home by moon light. Then we all sat in the parlor until after eleven, eating fruit and talking. Finally we came to the conclusion that 'twas getting late, so off we started up stairs.

Monday morning we rose to find ourselves blessed by another beautiful day. A good breakfast put us all in good humor and after the gentlemen had read the daily papers, we all started for croquet. Took the same sides as before and again the Prussians beat the French. two times out of three. The games were very exciting and took up a good deal of time. When we entered the house we were all quite tired, and had just about time enough to get rested before dinner was ready. After dinner we wandered around for a little while, discussing a few tableaux for the evening. As Mr Everit was [desirous] of having Faith, he made a cross and Mother covered it. At three o'clock we had the carriage come to the door and Mr. Everit, Uncle John and I got in, ready for a drive. We took the road to Tarrytown, as the [vein] was best in that direction. When we came to the village Joseph asked if we would drive through it. After demurring a little while, we decided to do so, so we turned westwards. Driving along we saw a Photograph Gallery in front of us. I exclaimed. "There, [gentlemen]

now's the time to have your pictures taken!" Much to my surprise Uncle John said. "Yes, let us see if we can." So Joseph drove to it, and Uncle ran up to see if they took [gerro-types]. On receiving an affirmative answer, he came to tell us to go up and have a group taken. We all went up feeling full of fun and merriment. We were obliged to wait a little while as others were in there. When we did go in, we were very much undecided as to what position we would assume. Finally we were arranged very nicely. I stood just back of the gents who were sitting down one on each side of me. My hand was resting on Uncle's shoulder. We were obliged to sit five times. Each of us came away, with an excellent group. I had on my white %oÛ? lavender ribbons, but took off all of them except my sash as they take white. After a fast ride through Tarrytown, Dobbs Ferry, and Hastings we reached home. I surprised them all by the pictures. After tea, we prepared for a few tableaux. The first one was the "Artist's Dream. Uncle John reclined in an easy chair, sleeping, an easel before him on which rested a picture. I, on a chair was hovering

over him, dressed in white drapery, in one hand holding a wreath above Uncle's head. With the other hand, pointing to the words "Excelsior" at a little distance from me. I had my hair down and [rings] on my shoulder. The next tableaux was Faith. It was almost the same as before, except the drapery. Mr. Everit said that it was more beautiful then before. "perfect." Then they had Em and Mr. E. in "Six months before and after and Past, Present and Future (Em). At the last Em dressed up the children as young ladies. It was so cunning. Then Em and I dressed as Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs [Wyckoff]. It was real fun for us all. After a little while we retired, as it was very late.
Thursday. Sept. 8, 1870.

Tuesday was as lonely a day I have had this summer. I rode to the depot with the gentlemen, and here left them as I had to go to Miss [Lynt's] I found her sick and therefore was obliged to come away. The rest of the day was spent at home, all felt blue missed the gentlemen very much, I in particular. How much every-one enjoyed their visit. I hope that they were pleased as well.

It is just as I thought about Mr. Everit. They did not like him much at first but after the restraint wore off, he won their [likings]. (I was going to say hearts, but thought best to change it.) Uncle John is the same as ever, and kept the house alive by his fun. I like Mr. Everit better than ever, and I know that he likes me, told Uncle John that I was "very winning" Peut etre! but I don't think I'm "winning" his heart. Wonder how much he thinks of Alma. said that she was a very sweet girl. Em said last evening that [June] and Mr. Everit were her favorites. While at Shandaken I described Mr. Everit in a letter, and spoke of his whiskers, as an "attempt at side-whiskers". Uncle John saw the letter and one day before we told Mr. Everit. When he came up here, his side whiskers had disappeared, wonder whether he did it on my account. I forgot to mention that on Monday evening we had a tableau, called "Grand-ma reading her Bible" gotten up to please Gramd-ma. Em ran up and kissed her, then the rest followed, all except Mr. Everit. Uncle said "[But], go up". Of course he declined. Then G. said. "I shall feel offended", so up he ran and kissed her quick as a flash. Had we

laughed, and how we clapped! Yesterday I wrote to Uncle John, told him how lonely we all were. Grand-ma took it down to New York yesterday afternoon. A week from tomorrow I go back.

Thursday Evening.

Grandma has returned. she says that Alma says that she is dead in love with Mr. Everit, and that while I'm at school, she

is going to have a good time flirting with him. I wonder whether she will get him. I'm afraid that I've lost my heart, and that it has been given to my "Brother" I often ask myself whether I do love him, but truly do not know. I dreamed of him last night, dreamed of him this afternoon. Some times dream of him when wide awake. But I'm only a little school girl, not quite seventeen. But then girls of seventeen can love as much and strongly as any-one else. 'Tis well I'm going back to Vassar. then I shall get over this foolish dream. of love? I am perfectly certain that he likes me. and I think that he admires me to a certain extent. and probably I'll never know how much. Lillie Lillie how silly! But it is [human] life. n'est ce-pas?

When coming from [Randont] in the ferry-boat some-thing was said about adopting Mr E. as my brother. I said "Yes, I have three sisters at home", when you come up you can choose". "Do you include yourself, Miss Lillie?" "Oh, no!" Then I'll not accept the proposition, unless you include yourself." We had a good deal of fun in Rhinebeck depot about it. I said that I wanted him for a [brother] and whereupon he said. "Isn't their something better than a brother?" When he came to Hastings we mentioned it again and he again asked me to include myself, saying that he could not be a brother to all of us. I never talked so to a gentleman before in my life. If he does not mean all that he says, he's one of the biggest flirts that I ever knew. He says that he never flatters. I'm going to write him to Vassar on the 11th of December. Philaethian evening, if I can. Now I must go and prepare for church. May God ever guide me.

Two and half years later. March 9, 1873.

I see a little clearer now [with] that mysterious thing which is called the heart. no love there for you, Mr. E. I was only sixteen then "Lillie, Lille, how silly!"

Saturday Morning. Sept. 10. 1870.

Yesterday morning I rode to Dobbs Ferry to the dressmaker's. found a letter at P.[O]. from Uncle John. in which he said. "When do you return to Vassar? and must Everit and I not see you again before you resume your studies?" I wrote back immediately saying that if they desired to see me, they could come up on Thursday night and return on Friday afternoon. I hope that they will come but fear that their business will prevent. Yesterday aft. Mr. and Mrs [Meeson] and daughter came up, by invite, to take tea. After supper we played croquet a little while and then returned to the house. "Faith at the cross" was gotten up for them, but they did not seem to appreciate it to any extent. About half past eight Eugene and Eddie came in and made me a pleasant call, remaining until ten o'clock. Then I retired.

Thursday Morning. Sept. 15, 1870.

This week I received a letter (from Uncle John) in which he said that he would be unable to come up, and that Mr. Everit was afraid to come alone. Poor little fellow! I suppose he thought he might fall down without Uncle John by his side. To-morrow I return to Vassar. This evening Julie goes to a grand party at Gussie Mattison's. Mr. Wilde has returned from Europe.

Friday Evening. Sept 23, 1870. Vassar. College.

A week ago to-day I returned to the College met Emmie Griffith at the door. came to 26 but found that Miss Stanton was the only one here. Saturday I unpacked and made the acquaintance of Lizzie Dyckman, Belle's friend. She is a dear little thing two months younger than I, pretty and very loveable. We were together all of the time nearly, and became very well acquainted, so much so as to drop the formal Miss and substitute Lizzie and Lillie. On Tuesday I began my studies, Trigonometry, English Literature, and [Mineralogy]. Minnie Monroe, Kate [Lovel] and %Ū? the Fishers came on

Tuesday. I like them all very much. To-day Marnie Brayton was here for a short time but returned this afternoon, as her health will not permit er to remain Lizzie Dykeman [sic] spoke to me of a Miss [Avery] who wished an introduction to me. We met and parted, but I often see her on the lake the ninth period, both boating. To-day I asked her to visit me this evening, but she quietly informed me that she was going over to dance to-night but that there was plenty of time, three months. [Cest] [rai]! I'll remember. I miss Belle very much indeed. Today I heard from Emmie and Uncle John. Nice, long letters 'Twas such a treat.

Monday Evening Sept. 26, 1870. In Silent Time

I am trying with the help of God to be a better girl this year, to live more for Jesus Christ than I have done, and to take

up the cross and follow in the foot steps of my blessed Master. Since i have been here I have kept my silent times regularly. Last evening I took part in the prayer meeting, and I could feel that Jesus helped me. I was so happy to think that I had done that little for Jesus, for it was very hard for me to do as it is the first time in two years since I prayed aloud here. I know that my Heavenly Father cares just as much for those little things as for greater, and I think that He loves me better for it. May God's hand keep me ever in the straight and narrow road, and may He help me to overcome all difficulties which may arise in my path-way. This week I am going to try to overcome selfishness for I fear that that is a great fault of mine. May God help me.

Oct 15th 1870. 'Tis a year tomorrow since God took darling Papa from me. Oh, that I could have

him back for my sake not for his own. A year of sorrow to me has passed. A year of joy and happiness in Heaven to Papa. I fear I am losing my interest in Silent Times now. I do not want to, [but] I'll pray to God to help me. 'Tis Sunday evening, the close of a very sad day to me.

"A Father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow" Dear Father, help me.

Sunday, Jan. 8, 1871. Vassar. College.

To-day I've been looking over the contents of my journal, and many times my laughter has arisen at the childish way I expressed my thoughts when I first began this book, many times I have been amused at the foolishness with which these leaves are filled. How many pleasant thoughts are connected with the past and sad ones too. How many golden opportunities have been lost! Well, [sic] vita est. Another year has been laid away in his grave, and a new year has been born. "Tempus fugit" and fast too. What have I done during the year 1870 which has done anyone any good, I can not think of a single thing. Oh! Lillie Thomas, it is time to be doing, and so act that 1871 will not render a record so worthless. What am I? only a poor insignificant creature, tempted as all men are tempted and weak, having no strength in myself, but still I trust I am one of the vines in the vineyard of our Saviour, and he will have strength enough for both. "Just as I am, without [me] [plea]"

But that Thy blood was shed for me!

O Lamb of God, I come!"

I have been home for two weeks and came back on last Wednesday. I had a delightful time during my vacation, had gentlemen callers every day, went to one party at Aunt [Annie's], and the rest of the time was at home. Met Mr Fickers again, and think that he is smart, and very funny, scarcely know what to make of him. Saw Willie a good many times, Eddie Mills once, who is becoming quite a young man, flourishes side whiskers to an alarming extent. Met Mr [Kerry] Loder for the second time, and like him exceedingly. "Very smart" is my opinion of him. Saw Eugene Hoppock only to [bow] to and chat in the depot. Caught a passing glimpse of Mr Hilde on platform of depot in New York, but he did not see me, although he was on the same train. Very much disappointed because I did not see Uncle John, but saw Aunt Emmie. Alma was at Hastings two or three days at Christmas time. Vassar College is more forlorn and lonely than ever. I don't want to stay here, I don't think. Good-night.

March, 10, 1871. Friday Evening in Silent Time.

Still at Vassar of course. Examinations have come and gone since I last wrote in here, and now I am looking forward with great pleasure to the vacation, three weeks from to-day. What a blessing the rest is, I do not know how I could live here without them.

March 11, 1871. The Silent Time bell rang before I could finish my writing, and I was obliged to go to Chapter Delta. After coming back I wrote a little while and then read aloud to Tina from "David Copperfield". I am studying German, French, Botany and Geology this term, and also have Elocution, Essays, one in four weeks, and every week on Tuesday we meet Prof Backus in room D where he reads to us from authors, as a ... of [our] Literature. Although I like it here, I am very anxious for my course to close, as I want to be home when I can be of some use to Mother. In two years however I hope to say goodbye to Alma Mater and then give myself up to house. For the present I must be content and work here faithfully.

July 2nd, Sunday. Home.

It is almost four months since I last wrote in here and ... I have left the cares and labors of the Vassar life and I have come to the quiet and rest of my home life in Hastings. Since March 11th I have been at home twice. In April on

vacation of ten days.

when I saw a great deal of "H.E.F." I went away not expecting to see him again, but the concert, gotten up by Emmie, brought me home.

Marie Tappin, her mother, Alice and Charlie were here and James [T] came for one night.

Mr. Everit, Uncle F.C. and Aunt [Annie] and Belle H. were other visitors. The concert went off delightfully, and we had a merry time at home. I was obliged to return on Monday, thus denying myself the great pleasure of a moonlight which I had been invited by Harry ... and Willie [Richardson].

The work at Vassar went on until Thursday, 15 of June, when examinations took the floor and continued until Friday night. Sunday the Baccalaureate [Sermon] was given by the President. On Monday evening we had a concert where I acted as an usher in the chapel. After the exercises I saw dear Clara and her husband.

Tuesday was also a busy day. Class Day exercises and Phil. being the principle things. Wednesday morning Commencement at which I was again an usher. After it was over, came home.

Received from Emma Kasson, Founder's Day, April 29, 1870.

Classic Clover Leaves!

Gathered at Vassar College om the spring of 1870.

"Our Sunbean"

One day into a chamber dark
A sunbeam chanced to stray;
It played in all the corners,
And chased all clouds away.

It kissed the pretty flowers
Which on the carpet lay,
And danced in many numbers
Throughout the livelong day

But soon as the sun was sinking
And the earth in gray was drest.
The sunbeam grew tired of playing.
And sought a place of rest.

It flitted round the corners.
Till it into a cradle ran.
And rested on our baby's face.
Our golden headed [Fan].

So the sunbeam staid with baby,
And like it she seemed to grow.
So we named her, "little sunbeam",
For like it, she banished woe.

Often is our sunbeam hidden
By a darksome little cloud,
Then all Nature seems to mourn,
And the heavens cry aloud.

May God bless our little sunbeam,
And keep every cloud away
And may His love, like the sunbeam,
With her, in her whole life, stay.
A Flower from Father's Grave.
'Tis only a little flower,
Which has blossomed and has died
But which has not lost its flower.
Though its life be cast aside.

Far away in a lonely graveyard,
It began its peaceful life.
Over the head of one who calmly
Passed from sorrow and from strife

Gently he passed through death dark river,
Fearing not the angry tide,
For the gentle saviour led him
Jesus Christ was still his guide.

As the flower from the darkness
Of the cold earth comes above,
So may he rise, freed from trouble
Into the sunlight of God's love.

May I follow in the footsteps
Of the dear one gone before
That like he when death doth take me
I may go in Heaven's door.

[text obscured by object]

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"Sixty minutes every day"

"The shades of night were falling fast
As round the College quickly passed
A girl who plods her weary way
Because she heard the President say
"Sixty minutes every day."

Her brow was sad, her eyes below
Were red and swollen as with woe;
But in her ear still sadly sung
The accents of that awful tongue
"Sixty minutes every day."

From the window gleamed the light
The cosy rooms all warm and bright
She thought it very hard to bear
That she must be in open air
Sixty minutes every day.

"Come in" her room-mate called, "and rest
They weary head upon this breast"
A tear stood in her mild, blue eye
But still she answered with a sign
"Sixty minutes every day"

Over

She thought of the morning oft repeated
When in the Chapel all were seated,
Of men with dogs, who prowling round
Were very likely to be found
In her "sixty minutes every day"

So trembling, thinking, on she went
Till all the vital force was spent
And choked by evening's damp and dew
She fell, still faintly moaning too
"Sixty minutes every day"

She, by Thomas on his round
Half buried in the mud was found
And as he took her in his grasp
She raised her head and gave a gasp
"Sixty minutes every day"

Thus, in the twilight-cold and gray
Lifeless, but beautiful she lay.
She died a martyr to the cause
Trying to keep those awful laws
"Sixty minutes every day"

[L] [D]
Jan. 27th, 1869.

1867. + 1868.

In room A on Monday evening
Gather we both great and small
Waiting, waiting for the coming
Of the lovely old grey shawl.

Presently we hear our angel
Trotting, trotting, through the hall
Later still we see her coming
Underneath the old grey shawl.

After she is stiffly seated,
Still clinging to the dear old shawl
She opens her book with many a flourish
And the roll begins to call

All in line A have said [their] perfect
Those in line B are just the same
One in line C, who says she's lacking
Is thought by the rest to be dreadfully lame

On she comes to the Keystone corner
Where in the dignity and silence
Sit we seven girls of honor,
Who with a voice to make the dead
Shout Perfect!!
One of the seven
E.L.

L B, C. B, D. H, A.M, M. [H], M. C and E.L.

"Our Jubilee!"

Hark! I hear our Angel coming,
Oh! girls, please do stop your humming.
In one minute more she will beat the door;

Cora, take that stem-fan off the floor
Agnes you're almost starved to death,
I never heard of the like on earth,
At any rate I'm not afraid of one.
Truly girls, these oysters are done.
Hurry [Lide], turn down that light,
Let's make it just as dark as night;
Mae, please hand those crackers over;
Let's have a song. "The jolly old [drover]!"
Edith and Dora, to the closet my loves,
Shut the door tight and coo like two doves
Surely "Pending" can't find you there.
Well, I must say, you're a pretty pair.
These pickled oysters are really first rate
Mary, take care you'll get a knock on your [pate]
"I'm almost smothered" from the closet Ede says
Kate, there's some black on the end of your [nes]
Lide and Mac are running a race,
So far they've kept pretty well apace.
At length Lide says "O, Mac, let's stop."
Mac gives answer "No ne'er a what?"
Dora says "[Mall], let's go for water."
So through the dark corridor we must patter
But we're terribly afraid of meeting "Pen"
For she's just as cross as any old hen

Girls, old "Pen" has gone to bed,
Now for some noise to turn her head
In a little while she'll come shuffling out,
TO make a [scatterment] round about

At half past twelve we make a grand rush,
With bed-clothes under our arms and a "hush"
On every lips, till through the long hall
We reach Ede's room without any call
Without any call from our special aversion,
So end we our midnight excursion
And allow me to inform you my very dear friend
That to the jokes of this night there'll ne'er be an end

Spring Vacation M.W.W.
... April, 1868

Rock Me To Sleep

Backward, turn backward, O Time,
in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the [echoless] shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of [striving] for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
[Haply] will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never here after to make or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
Florence [Perry]

True

The fair, frail blooms which loved the sun

Grew faint at touch of cold,
And, chilled and pale, feel one by one
Dead in the dust and mould.

But here, where down the dim, wet walks
The [sere] leaves whirl and beat,
One rose looks through the bare brown stalks,
And charms the air with sweet.

As one brave heart, when all the truth
On earth seems dead or lost,
Still keeps the faith and fire of youth,
And smiles in spite of frost.

Ah, through the friends I once held dear
Are far, or false, or flown,
I need not grieve, for you are here,
My hope, my love, my own!

Florence Perry

White Violets.

Beautiful being, so pure, and bright,
How came you into this world of light?
Did God in His mercy, send you here.
The hearts of all who sorrow to cheer?

Did He, in His wondrous goodness, make
Sweet spirits your tiny forms to take,
That they with a lowly, humble mind
Might teach a lesson to all mankind?

A lesson of gentleness, and love
Taught first by Jesus who dwells above,
Who came to this world of pain and sin
The sould of all the guilty to win.

I hear your answer break through the air,
"It is God who holds us in His care,
'Tis He who gives us power to tell
Of Him who doeth all things well."

Written as a composition for Miss Clarke, May 17th, 1870. Vassar College.
By one of the girls.

The Maiden Refusal.
(answer to Love's Chidings)
1st
I have another,
I'll think of you as a brother,
Go home and court some other,

And think no more of me.

Chorus

For I've no feeling

[To] see thee kneeling,

Thy love revealing

Day after day.

2nd

Then must we sever,

Yes, parted for ever,

And just endeavor

To think no more of me

Chorus

For I've no feeling, etc.

3rd

Now don't feel badly,

Don't go and act madly

Soon you won't feel sadly,

And you'll think no more of me

Chorus,

For I've no feeling

To see thee kneeling

Thy love revealing

Day after day.

Composed

July, 1870.

Dedicated to James [Schureman] [Nevius] [Dewarest],
by the composer,

Sarah Lilla Thomas Aug. 7, 1871.

1.

My friend ..., you are now in disgrace.

For Emmie and I will not look at your face,

And so, we have turned it around to the glass

And never a look do we give as we pass.

2.

For your promises, I'll give never a cent,

... [am] very sure you said not what you [meant].

Where you said that on Monday we surely would know.

Whether or not that box we gave was a "go"

3.

In patience we waited till this mornings mail

And when no word came, we both sent up a wail

Because [men] n'e'er stand [firm] when put to a test,

And least of all men does "... [Demarest]."

4.

I vowed in my mind that I'd never more trust,

Anything precious of a mortal of dust;

Or believe what even say when a promise they make

No, not when they do it for my very own sake.

5.

[Em] declared she was mad, and she flew around so,

That into the house I direct-ly did go,

I advise you quite soon, some atonement to make

For if you do't do it, a scolding you'll take.
(over

6.
Well, here is a lesson, and from it you'll learn,
That its wrong for young men for the truth to
For by their not keeping a promise, they lose,
Oft-times chocolate cake and a juice of good [news].

Ode to a horsepost by house.
August 17, 1871.
O horsepost! may old [time] soon bring
Someone here, who with a shrug,
May tie his horse and there go in;
I do not think 'twould be a sin.

[terms],

From [Mand]
"She is coming, my [son], my [sweet],
Were it [ever] so [easy] a [tread].
My heart would ... and beat
Were it [earth] in ... country [lid];
My dust would [have] her [any] [beat]
Had I [lain] for a century dead
Would start and tremble under her [feet],
And ... in purple and red.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate
She is coming, my [love], my dear;
She is coming my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near she is near;"
And the white rose weeps "She is late;"
The "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

....

Copied March 22. /69 by,
E.[H].[K].

Founder's Day
April 29th 1869.
Louise Taylor
Long and weary days
Expectant stood the gaunt, brown trees,
Waiting with eager, outstretched arms
The kisses of the sun and summer breeze.

Long and starless nights
Dreaming of holding, golden rare and warm

The coy sweet sunshine and beneath her smile
A cloud of foliage wreathing each gray form.

Dreaming; waking then
They feel the cold, sad raindrops slow
And measured, trickle down their twigs
Upon the patient waiting earth, below.

Now their dream has come;
A tender green clothes earth and tree,
A rose-flush quivers o'er the hills,
And birds are wild with melody.

Ere a mouth has gone
A shower of bloom will drown the earth;
And humming bees and perfume rare
Will float, where all was blight and dearth.

Ask for eagerly
To what is tending all this bloom?
Go for your answer to the fields.
When golden harvest time has come.

In a sunny space
Are sheaves of yellow wheat and rye
Upon the orchard's wind swayed grass
A heap of ruddy apples lie.

Everywhere is seen
The [frill] results of blossoming;
The promise of May fulfilled.
The rich fruition of the spring.

God gave our Earth a soul, but all unconscious
[Sped] the world its busy, restless way.
Knowing not, a bud from heaven's meadows
On her own unconscious bosom lay.
None could read the mystic meaning.
Hidden, railed within the childish face;
Or the unknown path of life, before him
In its future windings, dared to trace.

But God loved him and his tender spirit
Grew beneath his watchful Father's smile,
In his wisdom, in his humble trusting wisdom
Trying not, in vain, to reconcile
God's fair love and life's dim, weary meaning;
What he could not, might not understand,
Left he meekly, with his own life-problem.
In his loving Father's soloing hand.

Our Earth loved him and when earnest Manhood
Saw his careless boyhood days depart,

Over

Vassar College Nov. 28. 69

Sunday Evening.

My dear Lillie.

Sixteen years (I think you told me this was your sixteenth birthday, or was it the fifteenth?) have passed since first you saw the light and now you are fast approaching woman-hood, and will soon be called upon to assume its cares and responsibilities.

There is work for you to do in the world, Lille, as life-work, be it longer or shorter, and now is thhe time to [fit] yourself for service.

to buckle on your armor, and gain knowledge, strength and wisdom, to act nobly the part which may be assigned you by our Master.

It is sweet to know that he careth for us, and will direct our every step, is it not?

Keep very close to Him, Dear one, sit at his feet with your eyes fixed upon his lovely face, and learn of Him; place your hand in His, and ever follow Him, then shall each returning birthday find your heart more pure, and your steps nearer Heaven.

I wish you Darling many, many happy birthdays and will now bid you Good Night as it is half past ten o'clock.

Yours very %oÛ?

Minnie C. Swayze.

Showered upon him gladly, golden treasures

Sleeping far within her loving heart.

But he shed his bounty fully, freely

At his Father's earnest, loving call,

'Tis the blossoms shed their precious fragrance,

For the joy, the benefit of all.

Full his heart and free his hand was ever,

None, in sorrow, plead to him in vain.

Questioned of his wide and ample giving,

Answered he in gentle love again,

"Richly hath my Heavenly Father given,

Freely, gladly, will I do the same."

And from out the hearts of poor and lowly.

Praises sprung, at mention of his name.

Did he hear us annd our sister pleading

For the bread our starving spirits craved?

His great heart o'erflowed with love and pity.

By his bounty we are nourished, saved.

Something now of earthly joy and sweetness

With his Father's still, fond smile is blent.

Rounded into rich and full completeness

Stands his life, a living monument

Only one short year ago and gladly

Gathered we in many a happy throng,

Something of our love to tell our Founder.

Something of our joy in word and song

Then his dear loved face was here among us,

And it beamed with thankfulness and pride
At the earnest words and thoughtful faces
Meeting, greeting him on every side.

But today our words of praise and homage
Quiver [there] a mist of shining tears,
Fall with sadder, tenderer power and meaning
Than in other bright departed years.
Where is he whom we have loved to honor?
Ah! our weary hearts grow faint and chill;
We have watched and waited for his coming.
His accustomed seat is vacant still.

For his Father called him and the summons
Found him busy, faithful at his post;
And his last expiring breath was given
To the cause which e'en his life had cost.
As the last few words of love and blessing
Fluttered from this faint and heaving brest,
God, in the his most tender, loving mercy
Led him, bore him, to eternal rest.

Do we mourn him? Ah! our joyous voices
Sink to gentle sadness at his name;
But we would not in our pain and sorrow
Keep on earth what holy angels claim
Yes, his earthly work was noble, glorious,
But how poor, how weak is mortal praise;
Only now in God's spotless heaven
Full fruition crowns his earthly days.
Over

To-day we speak with hushed low tones that quiver
For God has been among us and with gentle hand
He led across [this] Death's dim silent river
The eldest, noblest, gentlest of our band.

It may be leaving heavens golden meadows
To reach the fair skies of our busy, earthly home
The other, good before, leaned thro' the shadows
And beckoning, whispered softly.
"Brother, come."

We knew not how we loved him, till his spirit.
Weary of busy, wordly cares went home to rest;
We felt the summons, he alone could hear it.
Could enter in the mansions of the blest.

Closed is his life with all its happy meaning
Quiet now, forever, his feeble, failing breath
A sheaf of wheat, ripe, ready for the gleaming.

He waited only for the Reaper, Death

God gave us talents, leaves and blossoms
Of kindly words and loving deeds,
Germings of intellect, and buds of soul thought,
And precious seeds
Of beauty, gracefulness and rhythm;
Deep in our hearts, they buried lie;
Ours in the power, their hidden richness
To glorify.

How thrive these germs within your bosom?
Them are you feeding, all these years.
With sunshine of God's smile and the warm dew-drops
Of heart-felt tears?
Or does a secret, hidden evil,
The busy gnawing worm of care
Destroy the germ of noble action
So brave and fair.

Does disappointment's mildew wither
The fair, young leaves you watched for hours?
And sorrow's blight bend slowly earth-ward
The pure young flowers?
Pray to the Gardener of our spirits
That you may shed, in life's dark night,
Upon the waiting hearts around you
Perfume and light.

And when you pass to Heaven's summer,
When Earth's fair spring in on the wane,
O! may you hear a fair, full gleaming
Over

Of golden grain.
Clusters of rosy fruit, and dim rich purple,
Laden with fragrance faint and sweet;
With earnest faces, lay them meekly, humbly
At the Master's feet.

Louise Taylor
Founder's Day. April 29th 1869.

"Weary."
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Father. I'm weary, yes, weary of life,
Weary of working throughout the long strife,
Weary of walking the rough, stony way,
Weary of watching for the dawn of day.

Weary of waiting the end of the fight.

Weary of counting the hours of the night,
Weary of striving to do what is right,
Weary of failures, of power and might.

Still Thou hast promised the weary and weak,
A rest from all labor, if Thee they seek.
Help me, O Father, my crosses to bear
Until Thou dost give me a crown to wear.

Dec. 24, 1871.

May 25, 1872 In the little graveyard in the College grounds.

"The hillsides glow in sunshine,
The vales spread green below,
The grass waves round us softly,
As shadows come and go;
The last sweet apple-blossoms
Shed o'er your hair their snow.
As sweet as these pure blossoms.
My Lilla, be your days,
And not so brief - yet when you fall,
May poets sing your praise."
Clara W.

The hillsides glow in sunshine
The vale spread green below
The grass waves around us softly
As shadows come and go,
The last sweet apple blossoms
Shed o'er your their snow.

As sweet as these pure blossoms.
My Lilla, be your days,
And not so brief - yet when you fall,
May poets sing your praise.

March Wednesday, 13 1872.
Sweet Lilla, I said [to] you %oÛ?
But an hour or two ago
But the heart [would] [be] harder than mine
Could persist in [ans'wing] you so.

I say, you're a spoiled Lilla-Elf,
A naughty and mischeivous child,
-But- I vow I can't drive from myslef
The aproach of you countenance [wild].

Thursday, 14

[So], have your own way, Lilla dear
Though you take my sad heart from my breast,
To give it will cost me a tear,
But "Lo, night we'll [dreams] o'er the [past],"

March Friday, 15 1872

Saturday, 16

May 25 -
Saturday.

Miss Thomas
Room 17.
Kindness Miss [Laud].

This is not Lilla Thomas
W.E. [Dew] (1904)

Sonnet 145. Shakespeare.

"Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said, 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet,
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
'I hate,' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'"

Sonnet 99.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee."

Copied, November 25, 1872.

(1) Alas, the utter emptiness
What life has it to give?
O, shall it God's own fire oppress,
Soul, wilt though slightly live?

(3) The silence thronged gloriously
With beauty how divine!
God's glory passing unto thee
All heaven becoming thine.

(2) Thyself amid the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright One near,
Thyself alone with Him.

(4) The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing -
The mingling with Almightyness
The dwelling by Life's Spring!

(5) Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch
Soul, be but inly bright!
All outer things must smile, must catch
Thy strong, transcendent light.

(6) Near Thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine;
Soul, whom the soul has glorified,
Is not all glory thine?

Sunday Evening. May 14, 1871.

Two months have passed since I last took up to this dear, old journal to write in it, and [worn] on this quite Sunday evening as I feel just like saying something to my old friend, I take this opportunity. I have been home since I wrote in this book last, on our vacation of ten days, and a happy time I had with all the dear ones. I saw a great deal of Mr. [Ficken], and think as formerly he is very sweet. I do not know what to think of some of his speeches, they were rather significant, but then he is only a boy in years, though a man in size and intellect, I was going to say. He is very grateful for every kind look almost, and seems to take a peculiar pleasure in rewarding persons for being polite to him by giving them things. Two days before I came away he told me that as I had been so very kind to him, he wanted and was going to make me something, which would express what he could not say. Well, he does not yet know the ways of the world. The Sunday before I came away, Belle [Halt] was with us, and %oÛ? [Everit] came up Sunday morning and remained till

Monday. From what he said to me I should [infer] that he came up because I was home, but Julie and Grandma did not seem inclined to think so.

It is near the close of another College year, and although I hope to come back next year, I may

not be able to come. It is five years ago today since I took upon myself the name of Christ, since I was acknowledged as one of his children by baptism. Looking back over the field behind me, I see few hills, most of the way is through

flowery gardens and smooth paths; one rugged mountain I climbed by the help of my Guide who ever watches over my footsteps. Father, I thank thee for thy kindness! Help me in my future pathway over all the stones places, and make me thankful for all the flowers that I gather by the wayside.

Sunday, July 2d. 1871.

Laboring under a delusion that I had not written in here since March 11. I continued my journal from that point, and did not discover any mistake until turning over the leave I saw the date "May 14, 1871."

Well, it does not matter where I write, it is all in here just the same. Several little things which I omitted then I would like to write here. I saw Belle at the concert, and on leaving bade her a final good-bye. Since then she has sailed for Europe, the 17 of June. Mr. [Ficken] on parting gave me the autograph and photograph of Samuel B. Morse. I saw Clara before I left College and she requested me to [make] her a

visit the summer. I want very much to go and think that I will go in company with Mr. [Messou]. I have been at home two weeks next Wednesday, and am beginning to get very much rest. I have seen Emma Codey since my return. She is now visiting [Emmie] Mattison, and will come to our house on Wednesday. On her return home I shall probably go with her. Last Tuesday I went to Marie Tappin's and remained with her all night. In %0Û? evening, she, her brother James and I

went to Central Park and took a row on the lake. It was perfect [fairy] land in the moonlight, and I enjoyed myself exceedingly.

We or rather they have been [sharing] a very exciting time with Mr. Austin in the church. He has acted very improperly for a [dean] and S.S. superintendent. Today the teachers met, and sent him resolutions to the effect that he must resign his position of a superintendent. He was not in S.S., so that I hope that every thing is quiet in that respect. How I wish that Emma Kassour was with me now, as she was a year ago!

Thursday, Aug. 3, 1871.

Since I last wrote in here, there has been quite a deal of %0Û? in Hastings. On the 13th of July I went on a picnic to Rockland lake in company with Emmie F. and Emma Codey who was then visiting me. I met a stranger there a Mr. Herbert, and he was so pleasant as out that he deserves some mention in this journal. I hope I may meet him again. On the next Saturday Emma C. and I were invited on another picnic, but were obliged to decline as we were on that day going to South Orange. We went and I remained there a week, when I came home. On my way from New York in the cars, I met a very handsome gent. We had what might be called a silent flirtation. I wish that I knew where he was going, and who he was. "Si fata [sinant]" I shall see him again, I hope. I have seen George L B, Eugene Hoppock and almost all of the boys around here. And I have also met Mr. Wilde after an absence of almost two years. I was rather dignified, as I am now

Wednesday, June 21. Came home

Thursday " 22. no callers

Friday " 23. Mrs. Hall; Annie [U]

Saturday " 24. no callers

Sunday " 25 .

Monday. " 26. Mrs. [Isaics] and [I. Nic.]

Tuesday. " 27. New York

Wednesday " 28. " Aunt K. v [Lena]

Thursday " 29. " and Willie R.

Friday " 30 Went to Annie's. Uncle [J].

Saturday July 1. Emma C. Effie and Eddie Mr. and Mrs. [Nieisbre]

Sunday " 2.

Monday " 3. Mrs

Tuesday " 4. Mr and Mrs Messou. Annie. Mr [Hal]

Wednesday " 5. Annie [Mat.] and E. Coday

Thursday " 6 Emma Codey.

Friday " 7. Lea. Annie. Effie. Eddie and E
" Went out to tea. Mr Messou.
Saturday " 8 Mr Wilde and J.B. called
Sunday " 9
Monday " 10 Went to tea at Effie
Tuesday " 11 Went to Effie for E.
Wednesday " 12 Emma came - E+E.

Thursday 13 Picnic Rockland Lake
Friday 14 George B. Eddie W. Will S. went to Annie's Isabelle's
Saturday 15 went to S. Orange. Remained a week
Saturday 22nd Returned home,
Sunday 23 - [Willie] R. Home
Monday 24
Tuesday 25. Went to Isabel
Wednesday 26 É out
Thursday 27 Church in eve
Friday 28 Called S. Palou and É I.
Saturday 29 Called -
Sunday 30 D.R. Church
Monday 31. [Jim] D. E. [Ufills] and Mrs Is. Mr É and Louie Paton
Tuesday Aug 1 = É me to Palisades
Wednesday Aug 2 - Jim D - Mrs Cooper
Thursday Aug 3 Riding - Church in evening.
Friday Aug 4 No visitors.
Saturday Aug 5 - No visitors.
Sunday Aug 6. [Soukers] church A.M. Episcopal " P.M.
Monday Aug 7 Fannie Ryder. Mr Hall.
Tuesday. Aug 8. Mrs. Richardson

Wednesday, Aug 9. Uncle Ches and M. Mr. [Lorton] George [Le] B.
Thursday, Aug 10. Effie and Eddie. Mr. Wilde. John and [Lour] Le Boultellier.
Friday, Aug 11. Mrs [Lamtou] and D. Draper.
Saturday, Aug 12. Went to Mrs. Richardsons [Mill] came home with %oÛ?
Sunday, Aug 13. Mr. Messou
Monday, Aug 14. Mrs [Kenkum]
Tuesday, Aug 15. Mr Messour went to Effie Mrs. Bradloey and Mr [Halls]
Wednesday, Aug 16. Mr. Messou
Thursday, Aug 17. Mrs Richardson church calling. Mrs Upton. Went out
Friday, Aug 18. Miss [Kervau]. D. Draper
Saturday, Aug 19. Mrs. Hall and K.
Sunday, Aug 20.
Monday, Aug 21. Mary. Le. B.
Tuesday, Aug 22. Mr. Messou and Julie
Wednesday, Aug 23. Fred Thomas
Thursday, Aug 24. Church
Friday, Aug 25. Mr Messou
Saturday, Aug 26. Mrs. Reek, Annie and [M] R
Sunday, Aug 27.
Monday, Aug 28. Mr. Love and wife. Mrs Taylor
Tuesday, Aug 29. Mr. Messou
Wednesday, Aug 30.

Thursday, Aug 31. [Some]. Misses [UI]

Thursday Sep. 1. Rode out. Miss [Lynh]. Mrs [Sayton] Mrs. É [E.]M. É É evening Mrs. Isaics.

Saturday Sep 2. Fred Thomas. Mr. É

Sunday. Sep. 3. Fred Thomas.

Monday Sep 4 Miss Lynh's. R Effie and Eddie [Luqueer]

Tues. Sep 5. Went to Miss Lynh's

Wed. Sep. 6. Mr. Smith Mrs. Hall. Effie

Thurs. Sep 7. Mr. Fuller and Miss. [Prayenn]

Fri. Sep. 8. Mr. [Isaics], Liz. [Gard] Went [to] [Whoru's]

Sat. Sep. 9. Went to Mrs. R. Mr. [S'an]

Sun. Sep. 10

Mon. Sep. 11 Lizzie Le. B. Depot, and Mrs Meeson.

Tues. Sep. 12. Miss Lynh's. [Ulhoru]. Mrs. Isaacs

Wed. Sep. 13 no callers

Thurs. Sep. 14 Mrs Meeson, Prayer meeting and fair

Fri. Sep 15 Miss Ulhoru and sister

Sat. Sep 16 Jennie Halliday.

Sun. Sep 17 Mr. Liudes. W.H.R.

Mon. Sep 18 Mrs. Kenkuw. Millie R.

Tues. Sep. 19 Mrs. Provost E and M. He. B. Annie and Gussie W. Isabel N. Mr. Lawtors and wife - Mr and Mrs É And Anne

Wed. Sep 20. Mr. Hall - Evening at [Uhlhore]

Thurs. Sep 21. Susy Palore - went out calling - Jennie went away.

Fri. Sep. 22 Came back to Vassar.

Sat. Sep 23 Vassar College.

not a little girl as I was when he first knew me. Some things were said alluding to the past; but it was not [of] much account. How I wish I could have devined his thoughts when he met me for the first time last Monday Evening. Jim Demarest came up last Monday evening in order to attend a picnic which Em had gotten up. He remained until about an hour ago when Em and I went with him to the depot. I like "Jim" ever so much, he is so "jolly". We rowed over to the Palisades last Tuesday morning, and after climbing up the mountain, rested on the rocks until half past five. There were twenty-seven in the party. Every one enjoyed the picnic %Ű?

I can not go to Boston this summer and am very much disappointed that I can not see Clara. She expects me to come. Well, [Patiener].

Aug. 20, 1871. Sunday afternoon.

I have just come from Sunday School, where I have been endeavoring to show to some little bright girls the straight and narrow faith, and to tell them of the [tome] of Jesus. Now I wish that through God I might be the means of leading them to the Saviour.

How useless I am "[Ye] shall know them by their fruits." ah! where is the fruit of my Christian life? The answer comes [home]. May my future life be not so bare a record.

I wonder whether everybody thinks that I am a noisy, good-for-nothing little girl. Nobody knows! ah, nobody knows of what I think, and what I do.

I wish that I knew who that was [I] [went] in the [cans]. Maybe I may meet him one of these days. Mr. Everit and Uncle John are to be [invited] here next Sunday. I hope that they will come. Jim Demarest may also come here next month, before I go back to Vassar.

How I wish that Mr. Wilde would come here and take Em and me out riding or rowing. I wish I knew what he thinks of me now. I know I have changed in two years. Dear me! what times we had together three or four years ago. Croquet, riding, visiting, etc. Those were good old times. Now, old friend, goodbye for the present.

Aug. 29, 1871. Tuesday evening.

To you, dear journal, I must tell everything, and now I am going to relate something very amusing; "love at first sight", perhaps. This morning I went into the kitchen to get the beans to shell for dinner, grumbling a little to think that I had to do it all alone. Mary (the girl) said that she would tell me something to help me, and on my asking told me that a young gent wanted an introduction to me, thought I was pretty, etc. After much questioning I discovered that Dr. Hasbrook's brother or brother-in-law had seen me several times this summer when out riding, and liked my appearance very much! This morning he met Joseph at "Dorland's" and asked who I was, describing me at the same time. He said that he wanted an introduction, but did not know how to obtain it. Joseph told him that he had better get acquainted with some of my gentlemen friends, and have one of them give an introduction. What a laugh I had, poor fellow, he would be disappointed if he knew me better. I can scarcely recall his looks. About two weeks ago we had new horse-posts put up, but as yet no one has christened them. One is mine, and the [or]

other is Em's. Dell is to go back to Vassar with me if she can pass her examinations. I shall have to change my room, as it is single, and leave Nannie, Emmie, and Miss [Nepsou]. Two years more!

Now, goodnight, treasured pages.

Monday morning. September 4, 1871.

On Saturday Fred Thomas came up here from New York, and with a very little coaxing was induced to remain until this morning. He startled me on Saturday with the announcement that a young man in Wall Street had asked him to obtain my picture for him. Of course my curiosity was immediately aroused, and after a series of questions I discovered that the young man, who is about twenty, had seen me out on our place, while he was on the road, and my appearance, as Fred said "struck his eye." He described me to Fred who told my name; but the naughty boy did not inquire what was the name of the youth. However he has promised to write to me, and let me know.

Two in a week! Really I must be getting celebrated! Well I will let you know the result as soon as possible.

By the by I met "Dr. Hasbrook" out driving the other day. I was driving the horses

and Mother and Emmie were laughing at me very much. When he passed me he showed his teeth very plainly. I wonder whether I shall ever meet him!

Friday evening. Sept 15, 1871.

Lately I have written in my journal about once a week, and to day, or rather to-night, I %oÛ? to the dear old friend as a %oÛ?

of consolation.

Everyone seems to have the blues tonight or rather Mother has them, because she has a cold, and her influence is felt on all of us. The rain patters on the shed in the most dismal manner, and the sound is so monotonous, especially if one one feels dull.

The two Miss [Uhlhoru] came to spend the day with me and I enjoyed their stay very much, although their going made the rest of the day duller than it would have been had they not come. They are full of fun, I wish I knew them better.

I am very much dissatisfied with myself; I am so selfish, and thoughtless. I do nothing for my Master that is really doing. Going to church and prayer-meeting does not seem like doing it does not cost any sacrifices or effort.

But I must not look at myself but to Christ, in whom we are made perfect. There are many things I can do for Jesus and many ways in which I may be like Him.

I. Be contented. VII. Be not hasty.

II. Be self denying. VIII. Be watchful.

III. Be kind to others. IX. Be [prayerful].

IV. Be cheerful. X. Be patient.

V. Be considerate. XI. "Judge not."

VI. Be truthful. XII. "Love one another."

If I only was all this. I have just had an opportunity to try No III. and I did not fail this time. May I look to God for help.

"My help cometh from the Lord." One Sunday more at home, and then the routine of College life begins again. Poor Jim has had chills and fever since he was here, but has recovered [now]. What a comfort it is to have these pages to write in. I can confide every thought and then I feel so relieved.

Goodnight now, dear journal, perhaps when I next write in here, I shall be in my "Alma Mater"

Sunday evening, Sept. 24, 1871.

The "perhaps" has become a reality, and I am back in "Alma Mater" On Friday morning Mother, Adele and I

took the earliest train for Poughkeepsie, and arrived here at ten o'clock. Taking the omnibus we soon reached the College, which seemed to be overflowing with new students. Adele's examinations began immediately and were not finished until after dinner, where the decision came from the President that they could not receive Adele, as her average was below the standard. Poor Mother was very much disappointed, and her countenance assumed a most woe-begone expression. The professors were very kind in examining Adele. They made every allowance for her ... and confusion, and asserted to a second examination in Geography and History. "It is all for the best", and suppose as Prof [Ortore] said to Mother, I felt very sorry for poor little Adele, as the mortification of going home must have been very great. But I must finish this to-morrow, as the retiring bell has rung.

Mother and Adele left College soon after dinner on Friday, but not before Miss Braislin had met Mother. After they left,

I went to my room, and found myself the first one arrived. Maggie Townsend was with me part of the afternoon, and the rest I spent with Miss Platt.

In the evening, Emmie and Nannie came and made me feel much more cheerful. The next day we unpacked and arranged our rooms. In the evening we were surprised by a new student making her appearance in room "a". [She] is to play for gymnastics, but not to take any studies. On Sunday we attended service in the Chapel. In the evening we went to prayer meeting, where several of us were introduced to Miss Terry, the new lady principal.

This year I take Whately's Rhetoric, Geology, and German.

"But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His son, [cleanses] us from all sin."

terrible sneeze, and the report was so loud that the halls rang with the echo. Poor Miss Bobb was so shocked [that's] at my audacity that she came in here to ask me if I couldn't sneeze a little less loud in future. I laughed so that I couldn't stand up straight, and so did all of us.

Saturday Evening, Silent Time. Oct 21, 1871.

All day long I have been working hard and now feel decidedly like taking some rest. Saturday has gone, and as usual very little has been accomplished. Before it escapes my memory, I must record in these pages a little episode in my quiet life. In July 1871. Mr Ficken called at our house, but as I was going away to South Orange, I did not see him for more than half an hour. During that time he mentioned having seen an article in Scribner's Monthly for August about Vassar College. I said that I had heard about it and was quite anxious to see it. of course he immediately offered to send it to me. I thanked him and no more was said on the subject. All August I waited for the magazine but it came not, so on the last day of August I went to New York, and while there I bought a Scribner's for myself, which after reading I sent to Mr. Ficken. I heard nothing more of it until I came back to Vassar, when a letter was handed me from the young man, which I found to be four pages long, thanking me for my kindness in

sending him the magazine. The letter made me laugh often. In it he asked me to let him know whether he could visit the College or not, and see me. I've ... by a letter telling him that some day I would invite him to an entertainment. I ended my missive by the expression, "Hoping to see you during the Christmas Holidays. Sunday after I received a letter of [five] pages in which he asked when my Holidays began. I answered his question by ... a very formal note. I know that I shall see him in the vacation and shall have a good deal of fun with him, I guess. Vassar life is as usual. quiet but plodding. essays. study. work all the time. But rest will one day come. Good-night, dear, dear old journal. what would I

do without you!

Nov. 28, 1871. Tuesday morning.

Eighteen today! Another year has fled and another year has been added to my life. What have I done this year for my Master?

The record is blank. oh, that my life in future may be more acceptable unto God! I want to do some good in the world. I want that my life here should be more than fruitless. May the dear Father help me to lead a better, nobler, and more unselfish life this year than ever before. It does not seem like my birthday; at home it is so different. But this is one of the little crosses which I must bear patiently for my Master's sake, remembering how much greater was the one he bore for me. May God bless me and watch over me this year, for his dear Son's sake!

Dec. 17, 1871. Sunday afternoon.

Several things I want to write in here and as I fear that I shall have no good opportunity at home. I shall do it this afternoon. The afternoon of my birthday I received from Emma and [Marnie] a box of candy. Soon after Grace came flying in to say that I had a trunk in the express. As we were anxious to get it to my room, we moved it ourselves from the [office] on a truck. With eager hands we unfastened the lid, and before our admiring gaze appeared [we] ... brown packages, which we immediately proceeded to unroll. A large turkey, two pumpkin pies, celery, wine jelly, cake, apples, nuts, raisins, dates. Nannie received a box on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning we gave a "spree". It was in Miss [Hopson's] and my bed-rooms. parlor tables, covered with a long table cloth. All the dishes we needed we had from the steward's department. There were sixteen girls altogether. Harrie and [Swinburne], Maggie Townsend, Adelaide Steel, Minnie Payword Miss [Hopson], Miss Swift, Miss Noble, Minnie [Monroe], Miss Stoddard, Marnie Brayton, Blanche Wilder Jamie [Talmadge], Emmie Griffith, Grace Jewett. We had three courses, and at the last motto, papers. The papers we made into bouquets and put them in our heads, we resolved to wear them to dinner in the afternoon. After the girls went we dressed and at half past four went into the dining room. Nineteen Juniors sat at one table together. Towards the close of the meal, we

drank eight toasts. "The Faculty" to which Sarah [Dana] responded. "The Press," replied to by Adelaide, "Absent Friends" by [Cinnie]. "The President of United States" by Minnie Monroe, "Man" by Blanche. Woman by Maggie. "Old Folks at Home" by Emmie, and lastly "Our Class of '73" replied to by Nellie [Aiscocks]. We left the dining hall together, and soon after went to the Chapel where the Pres. read to us for over an hour from Dickens. Then we again went to the dining-room, where we had cream and cake. Thus ended the festivities of our Thanksgiving at Vassar. The next evening Emmie, [Hannie] and I went to tea at Minnie Monroe's.

All this week I had had a very bad cough. Quite a number of lectures were devliered by Misses Braislin Colby and [Cailiff]. Tuesday ... morning Miss Colby called me to her, and said that she felt it her duty to go to Miss Terry and tell her about my cough. I implored her not to do so but she persisted. A few hours after she came to my room, and said that she had been to Miss Terry who said that I must go to Dr. [Avery] that day. I went and her ladyship was exceedingly haughty, refused to give me any medicine because I had not come before (at first) and said that the best thing for me to do was to go home and stay there until I recovered. I went to my room and had a good cry as I did not want to go home. I told Miss Colby what she had said, and I think that she went

to Miss Terry as the next day I was sent for to go to Miss Terry study. I was there until dinner time, and after dinner for more than half an hour. She talked to me for a long time, and finally said that I must go home that afternoon. I told her that my cough was better, she said that Dr. Avery was not in College, but that she would see the President. In the meantime I must go to my room and make my preparations to leave. I did so, and when I was ready Miss Terry again sent for me. I went and she told me that the President had said that I might remain at least until tomorrow. She would see Dr. Avery, and ask her advice. The next day she sent for me and asked me how I was, much better was my answer. After some questions she said that I need not leave College as my cough was better, but that I must be careful of myself, etc.

I never had quite so much excitement in one week in Vassar College. On Wednesday we go home. I hope that I shall see Mr. Wilde while I am there, he ought to take me out skating. I sent Him an invitation for Philalethean entertainment, but received regrets, bad boy!

January,
1872.

Monday evening, Jan, 8, 1872.

On the 20th of December, a bright but cold Wednesday afternoon, about one hundred and fifty girls left Vassar at eleven o'clock and journeyed towards the Poughkeepsie depot in all sorts of conveyances. Blanche, Fannie, Emmie, Nannie, and I started in a sleigh, and after having undergone all sorts of fears and imaginary upsets, reached the depot in a half frozen state. A special train had been chartered for us, and at half-past twelve, we started in high glee. I went as far as Yonkers, where I left the girls, and then waited in the depot for the up train. In fifteen minutes it came and gathering up myself and bundles I stepped in, and in ten minutes found myself at Hatings, dear to me in spite of its numerous [Lager-hier] shops and "Young [Taurany]". Emmie and Fannie were waiting for me in the sleigh, and very kindly consented to take me home. Mamma was in the city when I reached home, but came at five o'clock. I flew about all that day in a sort of dream, first in one place then in another; being downstairs and upstairs at the same minute, it seemed. The first few days of my vacation, I spent very quietly, surrounded on all sides by an atmosphere of delightful mystery. "Hide and go seek" was played, figuratively speaking, in every corner of the house.

Christmas morning all ate our breakfast in a great excitement and then a few moments of ignorance, a glare of light, a glitter of gold. Emmie was as pleased as I, and all day long we wandered around the house rejoicing in our new possessions. Tuesday afternoon we (Julie and I, went to church and dressed the

two Christmas for the Sunday-School children. We did not go home to supper but remained there until ten o'clock that evening. Just before the exercises began, I was sitting in the gallery when Marie Tappin came walking up the stairs, much to our surprise. Of course I was very glad to see her and enjoyed the evening very much. After a few preliminary exercises, the ... were lighter and then, Santa Claus came running in ... staid but fifteen minutes and then ran out. The character was well represented by a German young man. It was, an entire surprise to the children. The presents were then distributed, and after a good hymn, we went home. Wednesday Marie Tappin went home and then I made a few calls, one to dear little Mrs. Mason. What a lovely woman she is, she makes you love her dearly. I am sure that she loves me, but not as much as I do her.

The next morning I prepared to leave home for a couple of days, and in the afternoon I started for New York. I reached the depot at quarter past two, and went directly to Marie Tappin's; but not being able to get in I went to Aunt Jennie's where I remained a couple of hours, and then returned to Marie. This time my ring was heard, and then I went in. Marie was out, but came home soon after my arrival. In the evening we went to a festival at St. Thomas's Church. The next morning I went to call on Nannie, but did not find her in. Then I went to Aunt Emmie's, who was delighted to see me, and

as she was feeling rather low-spirited I remained a good while and endeavored to cheer her up. Uncle John, she said, was in miserable health and her fears for him were very great. On my way back to Marie's I stopped at Aunt Jennie. Frank Brown was there, and they all wanted me to go over with him and [Eric] so a little party at Aunt Annie in Jersey City. After considering the subject for some time, I said "yes" and at half past three I left Marie's to be gone until the next morning. Eric and I went to Aunt Louisa's for tea, and at eight o'clock went with the girls to Aunt Annie's. They were all surprised but pleased to see me. I enjoyed myself very much, with one drawback. Charlie ... did not take me to supper, as he did last time, but then that was not very serious. We remained at Aunt Louisa's all night, and in the morning returned to the city, reaching there at half past eleven. I found Adele at Aunt Jennie, and took her to ... with me. About fifteen minutes after I entered the house, the bell rang, and a call for Miss Lilla Thomas. I responded, and going to the parlor found Belle Halt there, just returned from her trip to Europe. I was very glad to see her, while she was there Mamma came in. Before Belle left, we made her promise to come to Hastings on Tuesday. I said good-bye to Marie at three o'clock and after a little shopping we all went again to Aunt Jennie. When we came out, I had decided to come there New Year's morning and receive calls with Eric. As we were going down the stone steps

which were very icy. Mamma lost her balance and fell from top to bottom. I was afraid that she was badly hurt, for it was a dangerous fall, and almost fell myself in trying to get to her. While helping her up, I looked up and saw "Mr Ficken" We were equally astonished at seeing one another and after a few hurried words, in which I told him that I was coming down Monday, and he told me that he was going to Hastings Tuesday, Mamma Adele and I took our departure. Home was reached about six o'clock. The evening I spent in talking and preparing for New Year's Day. Early Monday morning, at the unromantic hour of five o'clock, I rose and dressed. All my paraphernalia was put in a satchel and off I started for the half past seven train. Julie went to the depot with me and saw me safely on the cars. I reached New York at a little past eight, and in a little while reached Aunt Jennie's. They were dressing for breakfast, and I went down with them. Eric and I soon finished our ... and hastened up the stairs to dress for the day. I wore my white swiss pink sash and corals my hair was curled and tied back with pink ribbon and adorned with two or three rose-buds. In comparison with Eric, I was "sweet simplicity, as she wore a light blue silk under an overdress of white organdie very much trimmed with lace. We were all down in the parlor at twelve o'clock. Soon the callers began to come. I knew some of the gentlemen

and therefore it was much pleasanter for me. About three Mr. Ficken called and soon after George ... and Mr. Gallagher. Mother had seen George Saturday and had asked him to call upon me. Mr. Ficken went away and then came back again, but he soon left to call on a young lady nearby. Again he came and this time remained until late in the evening. Just before dinner, a man called who was really drunk, he acted very rudely and was much too familiar with everyone. He asked me to give him a flower and made me pin it on his coat. I felt that to touch him was lowering myself almost, and felt very much relieved when he took his departure, which was not however before he had taken another glass of wine. Why can not men be men, and have some control over themselves! And why can not women be women, and refuse to offer that to a person, which they know is hurtful to him! "O ...! O ..." But this is a digression. I must go back a little. We went down to dinner and while there Fred Thomas called. Auntie sent for him to come down stairs. He was quite surprised to see me, remained all the evening. After dinner I remained in the parlor for some time but as no one came in when I knew I went in the library and talked to Fred and Mr. Ficken, were there almost all the evening. I think Aunt Jennie was a little provoked both at myself and Mr Ficken,

for she acted rather funny when we came out.

Evie and I went to our room at twelve and after I had packed my bag, I went to bed and to sleep as I felt very tired. The next morning we rose at half past seven, but did not get down stairs until half-past eight. Mr. Ficken came for me while I was at breakfast. I flew around and after saying good-bye to all, we left the house in a great hurry. After getting out of the car we walked very fast, and thereby succeeded in reaching the depot in time. The carriage was at the depot at Hastings to meet us and soon home was reached. At two o'clock Frank Brown came and at five Mr. Ficken and I went to the depot for Belle Hart. She came and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Messou and Annie came up. We had ever so nice a time. Frank and Mr. F. slept in the green room and Belle and I in the next room. We heard Mr. F. talking for ever so long. The next morning I told him so, and he immediately asked if I had heard what he said. Mr. F. left in the half past seven train with Adele, who went back to Tarrytown. Frank went at two, and I went at three o'clock. Vassar was reached at six. The girls came back in the evening. Since then I have been studying hard, and my vacation seems like a dream. My dear old journal is almost ended, it has gone with me everywhere for almost six years, being the confidante of my joys and sorrows, my thoughts and my wishes.

Friday evening, May 8 1872

It is almost four months since I have written in this journal, and during that time so much has happened that I fear I shall not be able to write an account of all the events ... the few pages which are left here. The remaining part of January was spent in Vassar, preparations for the coming examinations occupied the most of my time, and towards the last of the reviews, our excitement was intense. After the midnight oil might have been seen burning in our apartments. However our suspense was finally ended and after examinations, our hearts were once again free and happy. Until the last of March nothing unusual happened, once in a while a concert or lecture would vary the quiet routine of ... work, but this was soon over, and quietly we worked on. Our minds however were full of interest in contemplating a trip which Prof. Orton had painted to us in colors of the brightest hues. It was to be taken in the April vacation. I obtained

permission from mother to go much to my delight. Wednesday the 27th of March, our vacation began, and I reached home about half past three. Marie Tappin and Alice came from New York about that time, and therefore all of us together made considerable chatter, especially myself. That evening Fannie had a little birthday party, about twenty-four children were present. I was amusing to see them entertain each other. I enjoyed it as much as they. The next day Marie was with us, and we managed to have quite a lively time together. Friday Mamma and I went to town accompanied by Marie. The day was spent in shopping. Saturday and Sunday I spent at home. Early Monday morning I started for New York. Mamma went with me and waited

in the depot until the girls came. Dear Mother it was so kind in her to give me this pleasure, how good I should be to repay her. After Mamma left me, Marie Tappin came in and remained with me until the party left she gave me her card to send to a gentleman friend of hers in Scranton, to whom she had written that I was coming. Almost all of the girls went to Central Park, where we visited the Museum especially the Department of Natural History. After wandering around here for a couple of hours we took the cars for Liberty Street Ferry. This crossed, we entered the train on the New Jersey side a special car having been provided for us. The others soon came and our party was complete twenty four girls besides Prof. Orton's wife. When comfortably settled we refreshed ourselves with a lunch which we had brought from our homes a ... of about four hours brought us to Bethlehem a quaint old Moravian town. Two omnibuses took us to the Sun Hotel, where we were shown our rooms. Grace Jewell was the sharer of my room we both kept our tempers quite well, considering that generally we disagree quite often. A warm supper put us in very good spirits, and we were all ready for some fun with the parlor. Most of the girls were well acquainted with one another and therefore there was no restraint. On entering the parlor, we found some of the boarders there, some ladies and a few young men. When the girls began to dance, these young striplings had the boldness to present themselves as partners, they were refused. One of them paid a great deal of attention to Miss Wilson, a very pleasant charming young lady in our party. That evening I spoke to Miss Pomeroy for the first time in my life. It certainly was not the last, for I have seen a great deal of her since then. The occurrences of the evening were quite amusing, and even after we retired we had considerable laughter over a serenade given on a very

melancholy guitar by a young man with a melancholy voice, who sang very melancholy songs such as "Home sweet home" and "Come, ye disconsolate" or some thing of like nature. The next morning a terrible gong awakened our slumber, and dressing ourselves in gymnastic suits we went down to breakfast at quite an early hour. As soon as possible after this meal, we formed our procession and started for a day's sightseeing. One of the servants, thinking we were from some distant clime no doubt observed that their dresses was ... short for this place" I suppose there ... others of the same opinion, judging from the ... we ... started at. Our walk led us through the old moravia cemetery. It was so odd, and the graves were of the same size the males one side, the females, the other, and the tombstones consisted of simple marble slabs laid flat on the grave. From here we went to the ... works. We were all conducted to the office of the manager, a very small room, but we succeeded in crowding in. Mr. Webster was very kind and made all necessary explanations showing us specimens at the same time. He said that their chemist Charlie would take us to thru the works and requested one of our numbers to call him ... the speaking trumpet. Miss Lupton in ... "Charlie" etc." several times. Finally Charlie made his appearance and a young man about twenty one or two. He was very sensible, very polite, and succeeded in ... the affections of each individual member of the party, alas since our return we have discovered that Charlie is engaged! Leaving the fire works we departed in carriage to the University, a magnificent building of grey stone. Here we were welcomed by the ... Professors and a few seniors, one Festino Barokado devoted himself to Blanche Wilder. After having peeped into every room, climbed to the tower, and satisfied our curiosity, we bade farewell to these kind friends, and journeyed on towards the ... Here we remained for about two hours and then quite wearied we returned to the hotel. Dinner was immediately served us and the packing our bags we left Bethlehem by the 5:30 train en route for ... Chunk. This place we reached in the evening, and here had supper; after a quiet evening in the parlor we retired. Grace and I had delightful rooms on the front. In the morning the view from our window was grand. Just after we danced the little Lehigh river opposite the Bear Mountain toward up and on all sides of us the mountains were bated in the golden sunlight. Breakfast early and at nine o'clock we began to start for a day in the mountains. We went up ...

..., and then along the gravity road. We reach the mines finally and then saw our first glimpse of miner's life such confusion, one could hardly be heard for the sound of the donkeys and ... was the all prevailing one. We scrambled

about for fossils, and after finding a few specimens returned to our cars. We stopped on our way down at Summit Hill where then is a time which has been burning for twelve years. Our hotel was reached at four o'clock and after a good rest, dinner was served in style to twenty six very hungry peoples. Evening was passed quietly. In the morning most of the girls climbed to Prospect Rock but I and a few others were too worried and so we chose a more quiet occupation visited the little Chapel and heard the organist play upon the organ. After dinner, our party left for Wilkesbarre. Our accomadations here were best we had we remianed here only for the night, and then on Friday at eight o'clock left for Scranton. On reaching the hotel, I mailed my card to Mr Sturgis, and soon was gratified by being presented to him by Prof. Orton. He went with us all the day. We first visited the Blast furnace and then a mine at Inf Slope where we found a few specimens. We did not go in here either, but waited until the afternoon. We had dinner at two and had to dress in gymnastic suits right after. We were to be ready at quarter of three, but as there were four in our room we were not ready in time and therefore the rest went without us. We were obliged to run through the streets I unfortunately fell down in crossing from one block to another on the next block was Mr. Sturgis. He asked me if that was the kind of gymnastics we practised at V.? I was so ashamed. He was very kind however, and washed my hands for me when I got in the car. We went to the coal mines and this time went in down the shaft into the darkness, provided each one with little candles. I procured two very nice specimens down here, and when I went back to the hotel Mr. S gave me five more. In the evening we went to the rolling mill. a Mr. Scranton took me around. In the morning Mr. S. came to say goodbye. After I was in the train he sent a boy with 2 packages for me one a specimen, the other a bag of peanuts. We reached N.Y. in the afternoon. In the cars from N.Y. to Hastings. I met Mamma Em I've married at home until Tuesday, when I came back to Vassar life.

Sunday, May 12. 1872.

Six years ago tomorrow since I first began my journal. Then I was twelve years old. Now, eighteen. Am I the same Lilla Thomas, oe have I changed, either for better or worse? God only knows how hard I've tried to improve, to grow more Christ like, and He knows how much I've failed. My eyes are full of tears as I write, and why? Six years ago this Sunday I was baptized, and a dear father stood watching the scene, a dear father welcomed me with my pastor into our little church. Easily, how easily. I can take myself back to that day. Dead father sat in his old accustomed seat. His gray head bowed and his heart thanking God for His wonderful love and mercy. Almost three years ago, He went from us into the better world. Oh the yearning will come, I can not keep it back, the longing to see the dear face, to hear my father again call me, his dear daughter. May I ever remember the last words he said to me when he was in health. "Watch and pray". Little did I know then how soon the summons for him was to come. Thank God, that he was from ... watching. My Vassar life has done much for me in every respect. I have formed many warm loving friends here, whom I can never forget. May god keep me very near to Him during the rest of my life, and if I live six years longer, may I be able to feel that I have done some good. As yet the record is very ... Oh, dear Heavenly Father, teach me what to do help me to live very very near to Jesus, and may the ... of my life ... "watch and pray". Amen.

Rock III
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