

"And renew a right spirit within me."

Vassar College. Sept 20, 1866. It is quite degrading to my high and lofty inspirations to be obliged to record them in so small and mean a book as this, but it is the best I can obtain, so it must suffice. With great sorrow I at once confess that I am grievously disappointed in Vassar. Instead of the independent University my imagination pictured, I find a fashionable Boarding-school; and instead of the tall intelligent and enthusiastic young women in blue merino that I fancied, I find a troupe of young girls who wear black chamois and are wholly given up to the tyranny of fashion.

Sept 22. To say the truth my estimation of Vassar fluctuates in quite a remarkable [ellipse?]. I begin to think that in time we shall see a College that will answer our highest expectations. This should I take into consideration, that I am tired of having waited more than one week although having a single class

organized. I will state in brief my objections, and I shall not require myself to enlarge upon them. First then the course of study is very little in advance of that afforded by a common ladies Seminary. By no means unimportant in the estimate I am forming is the multiplicity of petty rules. I so despise the idea that woman are not as competent to take care of themselves as men, that they cannot decide for themselves when to go to bed and when to get up, how much exercise to take, how much to pray and go to church. Still my greatest objection is to the class of girls who come here and to the social and political atmosphere of the place. Tis not correct though to say that I object to the political atmosphere of the place for there is none of any kind. I have barely heard the subject mentioned since I have been here. But in this social atmosphere it does not begin to come up to the standard I had raised. I know of but one girl who declares herself for the rights of women.

Sept. 26. The political status of our pastor has just declared itself, and I am suffering a real ostracism for my negro-worship.

The responsibility of decision in questions of importance is irksome, but the decision that is the result of careful deliberation bears its own reward. The two doubts that have risen in my mind express themselves thus: shall I graduate? and shall I connect myself with a Christian church? The latter I have considered it safer to answer in the affirmative; as to the former, I have today come to the conclusion that I shall not attempt it. I have written to my father a most ingenious letter, imploring the favor of a two years course, but my hopes of success are meager. For my own poor little year then I am to study Latin, Trigonometry, French, Geology and Music. In a school where there is some pretence of being thorough I find how utterly deficient I am in everything of which I pretend to have a smattering. It is a literal fact that I am

the dunce of every class I have entered, But I am determined to study with might and main. It strikes me that this resolution sounds familiar. It may be that I have made it before and it is just possible that it has been broken.

Oct. 3. It is a daily wonder to me how I came to study Geology. I have less taste for it than for any of the other sciences, and I never intended to know more

than enough to enable me to graduate, yet now I am pursuing independent investigations and really getting up some enthusiasm in the subject.

My father writes that I had better not try to graduate | this | but trust to fortune for another year.

Oct. 7. I have been to communion and I have to report the sermon tomorrow. Text Philippians 3-11 "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Nature is full of beauty but there is continuously a sorrowful undertone that breathes decay and death. The question that came unto the wise men

of the olden time was "If a man die shall he live again?" and they answered it as best they might. But that is not the question in our day: such doubts are entirely settled by the revelations of the Christ. We care to ask what that resurrection shall be, a resurrection of life or of eternal death. Not that we would [?] you, O my people; that there are to be two resurrections distinct in point of time.

I have had the pleasure of hearing a lecture from Mrs. Dall* on "Sunshine." The lecture was not particularly original, but I was pleased with the lady and | oh so | glad to have seen her!

Somehow I don't think I have so much to say about myself now that there are no "opposites" to claim attention. I maintain a languishing correspondence with Mr. Russell and that is the extent of my acquaintance. And yet I am not so—what is the masculine of [??orious] ?—as I thought.

I used to picture myself as perfectly happy at Vassar College, but I am obliged to confess

* Possibly Caroline Wells Healey Dall

that my disposition is so thoroughly cross and discontented that I am really far from happy. And yet what advantages do I enjoy!

Oct. 10. Last night I was guilty of impertinence, even insolence, towards the corridor teacher. She was arranging the hours for bathing and she gave me half past four. I had been very quiet all the evening while the others had talked eagerly and finally been satisfied; but just as she was going out I spoke, "Miss Clark, if you need that hour for anyone else you may have it for I shall not use it." "Why, have you a recitation that hour?" "No, but I prefer to bathe in my room, rather than bathe then." "Would half past nine be more convenient?" "Yes." "You may bathe that hour." 'Tis not much, but the girls said my eyes flamed and my cheeks flushed and I looked exceedingly angry. Miss Clark said not another word but stood by the door, still and

pale and only wrote. The | day | night before I had reported the sermon brilliantly, the night before that I had partaken of the holy communion by her side, and now to show myself [passionate?!]

I sought her with the intension of apologizing but I could not find her at the time and afterwards it was too late. I have recovered my equanimity now, but I was very miserable at the time and I have fallen irretrievably in her estimation. Qui importe?

I really love the French lady, Mde de Griffin. She is so good and motherly and I

find I like such people occasionally. She encourages me to enter the highest class in German, and I shall make one more attempt with Prof. Knapp.

Dec. 3. The young lady who addresses you is nineteen years of age. She feels that she is very aged, a very ancient maiden indeed, quite too old for the frivolities of life. Will every additional year bring such a burden with it? I just hate this

monster Time that passes over me, and I struggle fiercely against him but in vain. What I learn | in |with patience to let him further upon me these wrinkles, these grey hairs.

Dec 17. I passed a brilliant examination in Mental Philosophy Saturday night (15). Miss Clark said "very satisfactory" and told some other girls it was "splendid" and "better than the class who were studying it could write." Ergo, I am guilty of a sudden passion towards Miss Clark. She kept me two hours and a half, all alone, and took me quite through the book. Then she said something about my first composition—something complimentary, of course, and she kissed me. Twas not the first time but now my heart jumped up to my mouth and my kiss was warm. It is impossible at this late day to win her affection, but I can worship her at a distance. This

little success, be it known, was very needful for my self-love. For it can no longer be denied that I am the personification of stupidity in each and every class I enter. And this through the languages and the mathematics I have been wont to regard as my strong points. O that I could arouse in myself the ambition to exceed the world around me!

Jan. 4, 1867. A pleasant vacation of two weeks and a return to college duties. I am so fortunate as to be here in season, thanks to this Miss Glazier. Fortunate for it is rumored that condign punishment will be inflicted upon those who have delayed their arrival. Miss Evans greeted me kindly and Miss Liggett.

Monday, Jan 7. Prof Farrar has a large and enthusiastic Bible class, and yesterday he had the temerity to ridicule the efficiency of prayer. That is a startling sentence is it not? He placed it upon this ground God is infinitely good; it is

blasphemous to say that man can influence him to be better, to do better. Prayer for the heathen, he would say, has no effect; prayer for our| selves | friends, if any, simply that of mind acting upon mind; prayer for ourselves is placing ourselves under the influence of God's Spirit.

8. All day Sunday I studied the question, and what time I had Monday. My thoughts were really deep and logical but I shall not attempt to carry out the train of argument here. I seem to have arrived at this solution. We speak of | ou | man's exertion as the cause of his being successful in business, but was it not the fore-ordination of God? Either God had decreed or he had not that that man should be successful. But if he had decreed it that man's exertion could not have been the

same, and if he had not decreed it do you mean to say that that man changed the immutable purpose of God.

9. I would have said something about the miraculous manner in which I obtained this result. I thought of it as I went to sleep and I wished I might see Mr. Sherman to talk it over with him. I dreamed that he sent me a piece of paper on which was written what I have given above. Of course I look upon it as a mere dream and figment of the brain, only I would gladly know if Mr. S. was thinking of me—praying for me—at the time.

Feb. 3. Alas! For the rarity of Christian virtue under the sun! This I know, that all suspicion of virtuous conduct is far enough removed from me, although Wayland lies in my drawer, and I read the Testament daily in the different tongues. I wonder if it is any loss to live the life of a hypocrite? If is a fact that I am day my day losing the little respect I once had for truth and purity, and with the deterioration of my ideals, my conduct must also fall.

I am heartlessly selfish. I am light and irreverent. I am immodest and utterly indifferent to every good motive. I do not know that this confession is to do me any good, for I have no intention of reforming.

Feb. 24. My father's finances are in an alarming condition, and I am not sure how I can justify myself for appropriating | to myself | so large a proportion of them. O this miserable, miserable state of uncertainty! I see before me a time when woman shall vote and have the consequent means of support, but at the present moment I know not how that support is to be obtained. I find I am acquiring a growing respect for the West as a land of freedom. I believe that the time will come when [N?? Harbour ?] will admit women to its privileges.

Apr. 5. A vacation crowns our labors. I am enjoying it much, but the burden of a duty hangs over me. I have engaged to contend for the honor of reading an essay upon the stage at the celebration of Founder's Day.

May 23. The history of said essay is simply this. My laziness gained the victory over me, and I actually had the temerity, incredible as it may seem, to hand in my ancient "Antiquity." Fortune favored me, and because I did not copy it, it was rejected. The program was afterwards published in all the N.Y. Papers, and I think I can have a faint idea of the disgrace I should now be in had I appeared as the reader of an old composition. As it is now I am to write an essay for the closing exhibition of the Society. It is not yet commenced, and I have a sure presentiment that it will be a failure, for I have written nothing good for two years. It was something of an honor to have

my friend "Antiquity" chosen for Miss Clinton's Essay, which took its place, was a masterpiece.

Sept. 18. Shall I commence with a little review? My essay, entitled Cosmos, was considered a success, but I knew full well that it was far inferior to the

impassioned eloquence that flowed from my lips of yore. Vassar came to an end therewith. At home I labored at clothes, and during the summer I made a visit of three weeks at Portsmouth. I would that I had written of those weeks, but 'tis too late now. Suffice it to say that Frankie formed the chief source of our enjoyment, and that Jessie Williams made her debut in a large party which we favored with our presence, not particularly to the gratification of any one as it would appear. I have now

entered the "sphere" of school-marm. I am favorably impressed with the appearance of my school, but I have not yet commenced my classes. Edith Clark sympathizes with Martha. Jesus was a man after all, and men always require to be waited on. It was certainly most self-denying in Martha to bustle about and get tea while Mary enjoyed the visit of the Master. It is to be suspected that if he had not had a pretty good supper after all, he would have been inclined to be cross. Well put, Edith Clark! Miss Backus places implicit confidences in special providences and hopes we shall be able to persuade Viola to go to church. She is very pleasant and friendly and a great talker. Tomorrow furnishes a trial of my powers as a teacher.

Sept. 22. My educational talents have been tested and have proved themselves satisfactory, to myself at least. I am surprised to find that I am so good a teacher, and more than surprised to find that I really enjoy the work. I know not whether it is owing to the natural buoyancy of youth, or to the success of my morning's labor, that I feel so charmed with myself every day at two. I am glad I am young and strong and over flowing with exuberant feelings and poetic fancies. I am glad too that my year's labor looks attractive and not burdensome. Miss Backus and myself have arranged to make the year profitable. We are to read German diligently, and improve our time as school-mistresses should. I am to give Flora music lessons, and I am to commence a course of reading with Viola. Hurrah, for a gay old winter!

Nov. 9. I have never before had so much leisure time to dispose of. After two, I have nothing to do but amuse myself. I ought, of course, to have accomplished very much in these two months that have passed, but truth compels me to say that I have been abominably idle. I read Anacreon a little, a volume of French occasionally, Schiller a good deal, and now and then a little English. Then I practice an hour every day and take my customary exercise, but I have not regular habits, and consequently do not make the progress that I should. Next week I propose to take up a thorough course of Latin, varied only by English reading. — As to school matters, I have had moments of despondency, | but | and I am led to think that if I had the whole charge of a troublesome school, I should not be able to govern it.

April 16, 1868. The Utica project came to an end at the Christmas Holydays. It is not necessary to recount here the causes of these things. Suffice it to say that Miss Backus and myself parted, not on the best of terms, and that she did not even give me a recommendation. So we dismiss the subject. In February I made a visit in Brooklyn. My aunt [Cather's?] family is perfectly charming, and I could not have enjoyed myself more. Last week I spent in Thompsonville, and now I am quietly at home with a prospect of some ennui. In May I intended to go to Boston and to Augusta, and for September, as usual I have Vassar in view. For the present I read Schiller and work problems in Trigonometry. I should have said that Mary Hall made me a visit of a few days in March. As for the domestic relations, they are at present enjoying the calm that succeeds a storm.

My finances are in anything but a flourishing condition. My stock in trade amounts

to nine cents, and with that my desires are illimitable. I want of all things a book-case. My library is now quite extensive, but it is almost useless from the difficulty of finding a book | from | in the heaps that strew my closet floor. My pretensions to authorship are dying out. I am engaged upon the translation of "Des Mädchens Klage" but it is doubtful if it is ever finished.

May 24. My visit to Boston is given up and I am still quietly at home. Teaching has failed and the question now is, what profession shall I choose among the infinite number open to women?

July 28. "Des Mädchens Klage" appeared in the poet's corner of the Courant and the world went on as usual. A month ago I went to Wilbraham to visit

Abbie [Speer]. Mr. Russel was there with his [trick], and Belle Morgan from far off Colorado. Dr. Cooke was very gracious and we made a very pleasant call upon Mrs. C and Mollie. Since then we have had a visit from Frankie and Harris. [?] Joseph and Henry had already made their appearance. I am completely tired of existence. Early in the season I devoted myself to Botany with enthusiasm and collected about one hundred and fifty specimens. For the last month I have read every day two pages of Caesar. I have also taken an occasional interest in bugs, and passed safely through a brief mania for stamps. But now I am tired to death of it all. I think what I want most is a good novel.

My prospects for the fall are quite brilliant. I have not yet ventured to put the Vassar project to the test of a decision, but my aunts M. and L. both invite me to spend the winter with them. Then I have a prospect of a school in Newburgh or in Augusta, besides the untried resources of [Mr. Shumerhorn]. This no longer affords me any amusement. I must go to sleep.

Aug. 7. I like not to know that other people read books. I would have the sacred thoughts of the great dead for myself alone.

Sept. 20. Behold me once more at Vassar. Only a week ago my Auntie announced her liberal intention toward me, and in a very short time my trousseau was completed and I on my way. I have a pleasant room, with Miss Norris, whom I used to despise, for a roommate Miss Lacey & Miss Case are also with us, and Miss Guillon, a new student from the Sandwich Islands. Miss Lyman received me very graciously and the girls were glad to see me.

Now that I am about to be very busy, I have a great occursion of correspondents. Ich glaube ich muss [dausch?] ein bisschen schreiben. Aber ich habe kein Woerterbuch, ich kann es nicht tun. Frau [Mary Raymond Shummary ?] hat mir eben geschrieben, auf Belle Morgan und Mary Hall, und mirabile dictu, Herr Sherman hat zu Mary Hall geschrieben und sie gefragt, ob sie mich ueberbringen wollte, dass ich mit ihm correspond wuerde. This is rather too bad. I think I must return to my native tongue. Ich habe es erlaubt, und nun erwarte ich einen Brief. Fraeulein [R – ?] ist reizend. Sie hat mich angefragt bei ihr am Tisch zu sitzen und das wuerde ich sehr gern tun. Ich gehe nun nach der Bibliothek. Es gibt da viele neue Buecher, deutsche und franzoesische, aber so gut mein englisch. Au revoir, dann, mein liebes Buch, or as [Ka –?] says [Olly wolly?].

21. I have | already | distinguished myself in Astronomy today.

24. Ditto. I was one of four to make no mistake in extraction logarithms and one of two to work another little thing, the other girl being one | old | who has studied astronomy before and is now in both classes. I do intend to work hard this year.

Oct. 3. That same girl is the mistress of my affections. Carrie Davis is her name, and she has inspired me with a passion that reminds me of the days when this tough old heart of mine was young and tender.

Mr. S. has written. He is established as physician and surgeon in Westfield. By the way, it has just flashed across me that he is now Dr. Sherman. I should never have thought of addressing him so. It appears remarkable to me that a young man of education, reading and some talent, should write so very

incorrectly. I am ashamed to have his letters pass through the hands of my corridor teacher, and the outside is perfection compared with the contents.

Oct. 15. This has been a most successful day to me. I completed an original demonstration in Physics, which to be sure did not appear before the class but which gained the approbation of my room-mate, Fanny Case. Then in Astronomy I also had the pleasure of working out an original demonstration of the sextant which was "very gratifying" to Miss Mitchell. Again in Greek, I met with most brilliant success. I believe I have not yet announced my Grecian arrangements. I am reading Sophocles' Antigone, and I recite entirely alone to Professor Robert. The Professor is young and quite learned, and Greek is his fort  . He has traveled in Greece, he is an original thinker, and he likes to talk, so the recitations become intensely interesting.

Oct. 16. From the heights of prosperity to the depths of adversity! I have the misfortune to hold the office of critic in my society, and tonight occurred my inaugural address. It was hastily written, poorly read, and a most stupid production on the whole. The office is exceedingly disagreeable.

Oct. 17. Me miserable! I had set my heart on a long walk today, and I awake to find it raining. Carrie Davis was to have been my companion. She is a strange girl. Her face, when in repose, is perhaps the most nondescript in the College, and yet she is exceedingly witty and never speaks without causing bursts of laughter.

Evening. By a rare chance it happened that I walked with her after all, for a few moments just before tea. She gave me her good wishes and I answered as awkwardly as possible.

Again a letter from S. He writes in an unusually cheerful mood, and he seems inclined to write quite frequently.

I am so unfortunate as to be appointed to write for the paper, which is hereafter to be published every two months.

Oct. 24. Lizzie Coffin and myself attempted to take an observation of Venus this morning, but owing to a mistake of Miss Mitchell's the star passed too soon for us. It is very nearly two weeks since we have had a clear sky at nine o'clock. The damp weather has apparently had a bad effect upon the health of the college. A low form of typhoid fever is raging, and one of our class, Miss Skeel, is tonight in a

very critical condition.

Oct. 31. Mr. S. certainly writes very interesting letters and they are also somewhat frequent. Est-ce que je l'aime? Pas le moindie du monde, et la vie me paraît terrible en sa compagnie. Cependant je commence déjà à être très vielle, je n'ai pas assez de beauté pour [qu'ondenravât ?] sur mes charmes, et les hommes sont rares. Que faire?

Je suis aujourd'hui en désespoir. Il me faut pas recompte ici les circonstances, mais je suis encore une fois guilty d'un gross insult à une maitresse. Mes esperances pour la Il sont pardon.

Nov. 30. I had quite forgotten that I had a journal. I have at last a week of "silent hour" in my own room, and when I have nothing else to do, I may take a few moments with my journal. The great event with me is that my eyes are on the point of giving out. This pains me too much at this moment for me to continue with impunity.

I find that I have not even recorded my promotion in Astronomy. I do not understand to this day how it happened, but the fact is that I find myself at present alone with Miss Davis and Miss Parsons, the past graduates.

Dec. 1. Could anyone believe that today I complete my twenty-first year? Ah! The miseries of growing old.

Dec. 2. I certainly am happier here then I was two years ago. I think I am better- natured. I have much pleasanter room-mates for one thing.

Dec. 30. The second year at a school is much better than the first. I begin to be treated with some consideration. Miss Mitchell has been exceedingly complimentary to me of late. She does not hesitate to bring my name forward as the Valedictorian of my class. We have a vacation at present, but I am so tired of describing its points of interest in my letters that I shall pass them by in silence here. My amatory correspondence appears to be somewhat on the wane. Perhaps it is gathering strength for a final outburst.

Jan.10. Wonderful! I went yesterday to Professor Farrar for a moment of the pendulum at the twenty minutes bell, and came away at the beginning of the seventh period, which being interpreted means a stay of two hours, including the dinner hour. Professors seem to take

special delight in discoursing to me on the subject of religion. I was somewhat affected but not quite brought over to a system of virtuous conduct.

April 10, 1869. Grant our president: and | upon | within the same week, the world also listened to my inaugural address, for be it known that I hold at present the honorable office of President of Chapter Beta*. I "shrewdly suspect" that I was not born to fill the Presidential chair. My dignity is not overwhelming, and my success is not what might have been anticipated.

There is nothing more foolish than to write a journal, except the very act and fact of being such a foolish, stupid person.

Aug. 18. Again a teacher. I have come on a hair brained expedition to this

village of Hollidaysburg, and I would give all the world had I been sufficiently in possession of my senses to have staid away. I graduated at Vassar with some success, paid a little visit to my friends at Wilbraham, spent a weeks at Portsmouth and devoted the rest of the summer to ceaseless sewing. Monday, the ninth day of August, I came home from Portsmouth.

* The Beta Chapter of the Vassar College Philalethean Society

At Springfield I met Dr. Sherman & promised to be his wife. The next | Saturday | Friday he came to my home and succeeded in winning the good opinion of my large circle of friends & admirers.

Sunday Aug. 29. A letter which has upon me a curious effect. Part of the answer.

Sunday March 13, 1870. The answer was written in some other place than here, and I have forgotten now the whole subject. A long, quiet, snowy Sunday reminds me that I have a journal, and I brush once more the dust from its pages. Can one believe that six months have passed since I have opened this book? Nothing convinces me so forcibly that I am growing old as the fact that time has come to seem so very short. One change the last half-year has wrought that is perhaps worthy of record. I have some to be no longer dissatisfied with my moral condition, I lament no more my depravity and I promise myself no further amend. In fact, I seem to myself to be a pretty good sort of a fellow

on the whole. Externally my life has been of the usual quiet nature. I passed a four weeks vacation partly at the house of Carrie Davis in New York, (just home from Europe house in Fifth-Avenue) and partly at home. Dr. S. was with me ten days, and we made a little visit in Westfield. My room-mate this term is Miss Hite, and my surroundings are exceedingly pleasant. I teach five hours and devote the rest of my time to my private studies. I have just been put in possession of \$ 150 worth of chemicals and apparatus, and I am content to sacrifice even the beauty of my hands to the desire of finding out something new. I take music lessons to very little advantage, and devote myself for the rest to Analytics.

Has the name of my fair one, or as | my | [Heiler?] suggests, my dusky one, appeared in these pages? Let that name be written then in my fairest hand, Hattie Oliver she calls herself, and I have loved her passing well. C'est bien etranges, sans doute, que toujours quand j'ai aime, je ne suis pas été aimée

en retour. Quelque fois oui-je, Elle de la modestie, et j'ai cacheté ma passion, mais il y a un mois j'ai écrit à mon [??] et elle m'écrire par pas un mot de réponse. Elle est belle comme un ange, elle s'[??] à pavor, et ses yeux me font perdue le coeur. Je devant dire qu'elle est de depart depuis ce terme, et je n'ai plus d'espoir à la revoir.

1er Mai. Elle s'est épousie! Son mari s'appelle Sam Lynn et il est un religious, ce qu' on appelle "fast," populaire et bien intelligent. Il a [??] une livre intitulee Living Thoughts que je n'ai pas encore vue.

The [??] languish and dress-making becomes attractive.

Aug. 13. Why consider severe punishments for violation of moral law as the work

of a cruel Ruler, when we find no cruelty in the invariable penalties affixed to the violation of physical law? Hot iron will certainly burn, though it be touched inadvertently. May it not be that the law by which vice entails suffering is simply a law of nature?

14. Jennie grows very beautiful. Beauty is surely the only desirable quality in a woman. A résumé? I left It. a week before the end of this year, summoned by Dr. S. After a few days in Millbury, I returned to my usual position in this interesting family. Botany and Analytics have furnished me some amusement, but for the most part I have been abominably lazy. So eat and sleep and grow fat is the only thing that I am persistent in. Let me not forget to say that a little note of mine was successful with the Nation.

Apr. 21. 1871. Six months not uneventful. March 16 – March 26, dies nefasti.

Sept. 28, 1871. Washington, Pa., has the felicity of numbering me among its inhabitants. My position with Mrs. Hanna is far from enviable, but I shall still study contentment. H. had come to be very pleasant to me, but

five hundred a year is more potent with a poor teacher than three hundred and fifty. Moreover money is especially desirable to me this year, because next year I propose to be a pupil under Prof. [C??] or Prof. [P??], as the fates may decide.

But I came here to write of my beloved. At a concert, when the evening was half over and I looked idly upon the admirer, I became conscious of two eyes, magnificent as of old, warm and eager, waiting for recognition. Breathless I leaned forward, bowed, and there darkness fell upon me, for she had turned away. The sensation of that moment! All my person trembled, I was cold and faint and then the hot blood rushed tumultuously through my veins.

I was literally "all kind of smiling round the lips and teary round the lashes" Fortunately the singing had again commenced, for I could not have concealed my emotion. Of what the singer sang I was utterly oblivious. The glad sense of the presence of my only one filled my soul and left room for nothing else. And yet I believed that I had outgrown my love for her. I had heard that she was coming to town, and I had borne it calmly; but once I saw her, to feel the magnetism of her beauty, was all that was wanted to rivet again my chains. This passion is beyond my control, and it is very real. The eyes that enthrall me – how shall I describe them? The face has grown somewhat thin, and the color has gone. The eyes are burning fires that send forth scorching rays | of | all-powerful upon my poor heart.

But they are indescribable. Coming out, her friends gathered round her. At last my time came, She kissed me warmly, drew me to her a little – she is taller than I am – and said she would come and see me. She has not been here, and she has left town. It is like her – she would never come. All night, half waking and half sleeping, my aching arms were out-stretched to find her. I drew the pillow close and tried to think it was her lovely form. All day I waited. At every ringing of the bell my heart jumped into my mouth, but all in vain. She did not come, and she has gone. Was ever fair lady-love so cruel? Is she happy with her husband? She is pale and thin. Is it best to [???] Mr. Lafferty?

Nov. 14. The fates are very good to me. This little town of Washington contains

a man who ranks among the first ten or twelve mathematicians in the country, and this man | comes | devotes two evenings in the week to Me. Not only is he a fine mathematician; he is also an enthusiast. He is such a man as one reads of in books but such a man as I have never known before. He leaves his family to poverty and dirt, while he absorbs himself in quaternions. He walks the streets unconscious of his dearest friend. He takes a class in French and presently he forgets its existence. But take him on a difficult problem and he is inspired, his eyes glow, and the whole man is transformed. Is it a Socrates? Then will I be his most devoted disciple. He shall teach me to make the worse appear the better reason and I will follow his [??] to the bitter end. Cambridge and St. Louis

retreat into the distance and my place of residence for the next ten years is Washington.

Dec. 1. The one pleasure that the fates might have given my birthday – an evening with Prof [Von?] – has been denied me. He has failed to come for the first time. He is said to be forgetful.

A thanksgiving yesterday made pleasant by [??] College professors.

Dec 2. Mein Geburtstagsgeschenk ist heute [??] [??] gekommen. Mein Herr Professor hat gesagt, dass ich (fuer?) in Mathematik besser als alle die die [??] [??] [??] [??] anderen [??] [??] gemacht habe. Ich danke Ihnen, mein Professor.

Dec. 31. Shall one [moralize?], or shall one be historical?

Miss [??] [??] appears to me to be a very charming young lady. She is pretty, her manners are excellent, and she is sensible, the highest praise one can give a woman.

It [??] me that my [??] remains faithful. Well may [Mrs?] [??] [??] [??] [??] [??] in her company.

Jan. 28, 1872. Miss Gaylord has been enrapturing me with an account of the west. She is from Sioux City and early in the year a woman was here who has a school in Little Rock and who knows intimately Professors' wives in that city. Strange coincidences! But Miss Gaylord enchants me with the west, and she has almost induced me to accept the invitation of Miss Mitchell and go to San Francisco for my summer trip.

Sunday evening is the most miserable time of all the week. The burdens of the morrow look impossible to be borne. Teaching I hate with a perfect hatred. I have been urging Mrs. Hanna to let me reduce my time, but she does not look favorably on the proposition. I shall not be able to endure it another year. [??] or Maine even is preferable to this "horrid bore."

March 1. For what reason am I watched this night? Tennyson is said to have found relief for his sorrows by [??] [in memoriam]. Let me forget mine by analyzing [??] [??]. Prof. [Vose?] has been here, a common source of happiness unallayed. For the past week I have worked hard and I had tonight several little results that I was very much pleased with. Two of them proved incorrect and the others received no mark of approbation. [??] is a sufficient cause for woe.

15. Happiness comes rarely, but when it comes it is passing sweet. A pleasant letter from Hollidaysburg has put me in good humor with the world. Is it the old, old story again? Warum sollte er sich die Muehe geben, mir schoene Briefe zu schreiben, wenn er mich nicht liebt? Wie schoen die Liebe! Then Prof. [Vose?] was more than usually angelic. What it is to be a man of genius! I look upon this man with ever increasing wonder. Again, Friday evening is of all moments the happiest, because it looks forward to a Saturday in which work is light, and to a long Sunday of repose. Blessings on him who first invented Sunday!

16. Twelve years ago! How short seem the years compared with the twelve that are coming! One disbelieves at heart the moralist when one is young, but at last comes a day when the truth of his sermon makes itself felt. Time is a [???], a [???].

All this long morning I sat in the sun and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the coming Spring. Her feet are yet only on the tops of the mountains, but her voice is through all the valleys. We know that she has never yet deceived us, and we believe that she will come at last, though she is very coy, and she lingers almost beyond the enduring of our patience.

This evening I have spent at the library listening to an intelligent man, Dr. LeMoynes. He was one of the first of the antislavery agitators. In 1833 the movement was [???], and [???] owed to it his [???].

Thirty-nine cents or a shilling is the cost of books that you import yourself. Fifty cents is the lowest price of the importing houses.

17. [???GERMAN???)

23. Have we then come to the back of the North Pole? This day has been one long storm of snow and wind. Will the Spring come never?

Who can tell one what are the good things of life? When by hard work one gets money, the price of happiness, how shall one buy happiness most cheaply? Is it with travel or dress or study that one can drive the best bargain?

29. This wonderful man leaves one sometimes in a state of exaltation and sometimes a state of depression. It depends for one thing on the temperature of the room. Tonight it was hot.

The renown of having been educated at Vassar College has secured for me many pleasures. Last evening Mrs. Wills asked me to come over to her house to meet Mr. Wills, a lawyer from Washington, and a man intelligent in the extreme. He marks an era, for he is the first living Comtist that I have seen. Sarah Sweeny was the only other one invited, and to us he directed his conversation. The most striking point in that part of his faith which he expounded to us was that God is a progressive being,

that he makes successive experiments and improves by degrees. Comte divides the world's age into three periods. The first is the imagination age, it gives us theology – next the union of reason with imagination – metaphysics – at length the

reign of pure reason – that is science.

April 19. This fullness of life in every nerve and fiber! This warm, tumultuous blood that answers to every note of its master! These beautiful days of spring – shall one not sing a hymn of praise that life and feeling are still our own?

June 9. A little problem of mine in quaternions has received the honor of publication in the London Educational Journal. To illustrate the forgetfulness of my professor he has the paper and he neglects to gratify me by the sight of it. How is it possible to forgive him?

July 16. At last I have done an unwomanly thing. I have violated the sanctities of my sphere. Although my school days are over, I have devoted myself to study this whole summer vacation I intended to give to quaternions and Professor Vose, but today I receive an intimation from Harry that filial obligations require my presence at home. I shall go soon, two weeks longer of happiness and I shall be at the service of my papa. Meantime I find myself ganz bequem in diesem Orte. Frau [Ha- ?] hat mich aus dem Seminar fortgejagt um [M-?] und [K-?] willen, und ich habe mir ein kleines Zimmer in der Stadt erlangt. The family is respectable and honest but not altogether good tempered. Children are doubtless born to quarrel. I have daily cause to lament the extravagance and wastefulness of the poor. What is it then, "to better one's condition"? I thought

a family to save, to work hard, to accumulate for the future, or to give itself up to present enjoyment? And how shall it find enjoyment, present or future? Shall it cultivate its tastes or its appetites? Would this mother fulfill more perfectly her duties if she read Homer for an hour every day, if she gave her son for dinner potatoes and a lesson in Italian instead of greasy cakes and pies; if she dressed her daughter in calico clean and neatly made up, and sent her to | school until she was beauty | college? Of one thing I am convinced, that a scrupulous cleanliness is the first essential to a life of refinement, that it is the chief distinction between the brutish man and the gentleman.

Feb. 24, 1873. Georgie and I were in the midst of a theological discussion. Georgie said in a manner that showed he had long been thinking of it: "Kitty, now I just like to know how God made his own self. Can you tell me that?" I was obliged to confess my inability. "Don't you wish you could get on an eagle and fly up and see?"

He wanted to exchange birth-days with Katy so he said "I'll give you my July and you give me your Maple."

Apr. 27. From | No | October to January, Mathematical courses at Harvard University. Not as profitable as they might have been, as they were not followed by an examination. Very little of the enthusiasm with which I once read the higher mathematics, partly on account of the desultory family life which surrounded me. I have to regret that I did not spend my money in paying for my board in Cambridge. A pleasant month of pleasure-seeking afterwards, and then home, to use up what was left of my eyes on the columns of the N.Y. Herald. I now spend my time lamenting past indiscretions and committing fresh ones. Have applied for a second degree at

Vassar.