

SUSAN RAYMOND, '71

Chronicle of 1871
Susan Raymond

Nov. 1864.

Wednesday 30.

How can I write about what I do, when I do nothing! Here I have spent a whole day, and absolutely done nothing. In the morning the folks went out to look for apartments, leaving Mabel and me alone. I had to amuse Mabel, for she is so very lonely. So I made paper dolls for her, and kept her amused till lunch time. they all came home about that time, bringing good news with them. They had at last got rooms. After dinner we went out to walk, and went into the D...s. They were having Vespers, and we stayed a little while to the service. I am afraid we are going to be disappointed in our lodgings. The entrance is not good. I don't know yet what we shall do. By tomorrow I think it will be decided. I finished a letter to Kathchen to-day. I am

always delighted when I can write another name on the list of "Letters written", and still more when I can write one on the list of those received, but that is not often.

Thursday. Dec. 1.

We are again disappointed. We have had to give up our rooms. The woman was very disobliging, and would not give us the rooms unless we would pay her 30 francs more. We were also not to eat in the parlor, and could only have three beds. The folks are all out again in their weary search.

Friday Dec. 2.

Again it is the same. Mabel and I are at home and waiting for the folks to return to luncheon. Evening. Uncle T. Mother, Jennie, and I, went to the opera this evening. It was the Ballo in Maschera. It might have been stupid if it hadn't been for a pretty little page who spoilt her own part, and made

every one laugh. She was a perfect little beauty. She had a beautiful voice. Saturday. Dec 3.

This evening we went to see some private theatricals, got up by the Americans and English. They played "The Little Demon", and "Poor Pillicoddy." In the former, there was only one good actor, who acted the part of the little demon. He was a boy named Arthur Kelson. There was only one professional actor there, and the only paid one, for all the rest gave their services, as it was for the benefit of some Asylum. This actor, ... Wylie, was speaking (in the play) when a baby out in the audience, cried. That threw him entirely out of his part, & he had to stop! The other man, who was on the stage, said "Oh that's nothing, only a baby!" This other miserable

fellow had to go aside-to laugh! When he came back, he could not remember his part! There's a good actor for you! In the farce, there was one gentleman, Mr Gould, who was a capital actor, and he was only an amateur. Even Father had to go off in fits of laughter. There are to be three more of these entertainments, & perhaps I shall go to another.

Sunday Dec. 4.

This morning, Jennie, Uncle Tooker, and I went into some of the churches. At noon, Uncle went away. We were so sorry to have him go. In the afternoon, we went around to a little house that we had looked at before, and took it. So that's settled.

Monday Dec. 5.

Today I stayed in the house, and read, and packed the trunks, that is

to say, I packed Jennie's for her. This evening, we went around in a carriage to our new home, where we found our new servant, Theresa, waiting for us. Tuesday Dec 6.

We stayed at home and unpacked. What a stupid journal this is! Only getting up, going to bed, eating, drinking, sleeping, reading, & walking! I suppose I shall not have any thing better to say if I go to school, for then it will be nothing but study! Still, although it looks stupid on paper, I am really having a nice time. We have such fun in this darling little house. I wish Uncle Tasker had seen it, so he could tell the folks at home about it. It is very cosy, only the sun won't come into the parlor, and so we sit in the dining room. I haven't

seen Miss Birch since she called on me that day, but no wonder. She goes to school in the morning, and stays till four. She has only one holiday in the week, and that is only half a day, on Wednesday. Saturday, she goes to school all the same! Just fancy it! I don't think I will go there.

Wednesday Dec. 7.

To-day we made a call. On the Cislans. Then we did a few errands, and spent the rest of the day at home. I wrote to Annie Copp. That's just the way it goes! Nothing interesting to tell about. What do people put in journals I must tell you about our landlord He is a Frenchman, and an old bachelor. His name is Hippolito Jean-veau. Jennie is setting her cap for him, or rather, he is setting his cap for her. He went out yesterday in

the garden, where Jennie & Mabel were walking, and met them - quite by accident, and of course, had to walk along by her side, and talk in the most winning voice, and the sweetest expression he could call up! In the place of his beautiful red handkerchief, he had the most splendid cravat on, and a gorgeous pin. He must have looked gay! I didn't have the pleasure of seeing him, for I very foolishly stayed in the house. I shall always walk in the garden after this. Well, Hippolito invited the girls into the conservatory, and the gardener picked off the only blossoms on the Heliotrope and presented it to Miss Jennie. She, of course, was very much obliged, and admired it exceedingly. That roused the jealousy of poor Hippolito. He looked around in

despair, until at last, one blossom caught his eye; he hastened to pick it; applied it to his own nostril, remarked that it was not very sweet; and presented it with his own fair hand, to Miss Olds. She took it, admired it, and of course, thought it very sweet. Hippolito was consoled, and delighted. I shall keep my eye on Miss Olds. Thursday Dec.8.

This morning we stayed at home, as usual. In the afternoon we went to the library, and each got a book. Jennie got "John Marshmont's Legacy," Mabel "The Black Princess," and I "Agatha's Husband," by Miss Mullock. It is very nice. I finished it last night.

Friday Dec.9.

Went to the other library at which we had a subscription. We got Machiavelli's "History of Florence," Vasari's "Lives of the

Painters," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," by Kingsley, and Holiday House for Mabel to read.
Saturday. 10.

This morning Father and Jennie went to the railway station to meet Mrs Olds, but she did not come in that train. So this afternoon they went out again, and I with them. On our way, we stopped at a pionofoite establishment, and hired a piano. It is coming home Monday. At the railway station we had to get tickets, for the privilege of waiting there for Mrs Olds! When the train came, Mrs Olds was there, and we all got into a carriage and rode home. If Nelson gets through with his studies, he will perhaps come here to go with us to Paris. In two weeks or less it will be Christmas. How we shall miss all our friends then! I am afraid we won't have

much of a Christmas. Sunday. 11.

This morning Father & Mother went to the American Chapel. In the afternoon I went to Mr. MacDugals Church. It is so funny. They all stand up during prayers, and the hymns are so queer. Monday

Dec. 12.

Our piano came home to-day. It is very pretty. It is a Paris piano. I spent most of the time practising. This afternoon I was in the parlor with Jennie, when we had an earthquake!!

Really, we had an earthquake!! The house shook all over. That man in Paris predicted it. He predicted the flood, which has taken place with a vengeance! He says too that at Venice there will be a flood,

and the houses will be turned upside down, so the lower story will be up in the air! I guess we won't go to Venice.
Tuesday 13. Today I have nothing to do but practice and read.

Wednesday 14.

I declare, this is wretched! Rain! Rain! Rain!!! I have got such a cold that I feel quite miserable This evening Father read "Enoch Arden." It is beautiful, and said to be the best thing that Tennyson has written.

Thursday 15.

Nothing new. Read-write-practise!

Friday 16.

I might as well leave out this week, for it is so interesting that I fear it will take up too much of your time to read it. For a wonder, it rains to-day! We have had such lovely weather all the week!

Saturday 17. For a wonder, it doesn't

rain to-day. I must stay at home this morning, but in the afternoon Mother and I are going to see Mrs McDougall who is going with us to the School of the Deacons. Afternoon. When we got to the school, Mrs. McDougall asked for the sister "who speaks English." We were shown into a parlor up stairs, and in a room directly opposite, we heard the girls singing. It sounded very prettily. Presently the sister came in. She was dressed in a dark blue dress and apron, no hoops, and she wore a very deep collar, and a little close white muslin cap. I mention this because it is a regular uniform. It was settled that May & I should go to school from nine till twelve, to commence Monday. Sunday 18. We went to the American Chapel this morning, and in the afternoon

called on the Birch's. Clara was not at home. After our call, we went to the McDougall's church.

Monday 19.

Today we commenced to go to school Mother & Jennie went with us. After they went away, we were taken into a room full of little children, from eight to twelve years old. There, I was shown a seat between two girls, one German, and one English. Mabel was taken into another room. The little girls were all talking and studying out loud, and they made such a racket that I could hardly think. I sat still and heard them recite two lessons History & Arithmetic. Then we had "Recreation," during which I was questioned in a most patronizing manner by those children. "What was my name?." and "Did I like to go to

school?" I almost expected them to pat me on the head and call me a "little dear!" The meaning of all this was that I didn't know much French, and had to be in the room with the youngest scholars. I suppose they felt their superiority over me, because they could jabber & chatter away like parrots. The older girls too patronized me. The two daughters of the vice consul, Helta and Florence de Karayan, made friends with me at once, & there was one girl, with beautiful hair falling down her back in long braids, who came rushing into the room, asked me a great many questions, and was off again in a flash, before I had time to collect my wits & answer her. She is an American, and very pretty. Her name is May Morgan "Recreation" lasted fifteen minutes, and

then they had another lesson. The scholars then had recess from twelve until one, and went home at four, but Mabel & I went home at twelve. Mother came for us. Young ladies, and children are not allowed to go out alone, not even to school. The sisters' names are, Soeur Ida, Rosa, Anna, Louisa, Victorie, & Augusta. My teacher's name is Victorie. Soeur Anna is the youngest and the prettiest. The lessons are all in French, and they all speak it together.

"At any time of life a great affection is a great happiness; the spirit comes to take refuge in it entirely."
Eugenie de Guerin.

"There is more power and beauty in the well-kept secret of one's self and one's thoughts, than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one."
Maurice de Guerin.

"Noble thought produces
Noble ends and uses,
Noble hopes are part of Hope, wherever she may be.
Noble thought enhances
Life and all it's chances.
And noble self, is noble song--All this I learn from thee!"
Robert Buchanan.
"To David in Heaven."

"Much I make as make the others.
Better much another man
Makes than I, but much more over,
Make I which not other can."

Friedrich Ruckert.

"Who is the man, by force or skill,
Can stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend upon it
And if she won't, she won't, & there's an end on't!"

From a pillow created in Canterbury.

"Where you can give, give freely. There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers."

"This above all- To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the
day, thou canst not then be false to
any man."

Hamlet.

"Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye and face;
No, nor for my constant heart
For these may change, and turn to ill,
And thus true love may sever.
But love me on, and know not why,
To hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever."
From "Wives and daughters."

"Many a learned man is like the cashier of a banker; he has the key to much money, but the money does not belong to him."

"Sentimental people stir their feelings till they foam, and then think they have full, over-flowing hearts, but it is only air."

"Poverty is a sand-bank; riches a rock, in the sea of life. The fortunate ... between. From poverty our own strength may protect us; from riches, only the grace of God."

"The secret of all power consists in this; to know that others are still more cowardly than we."

"There is nothing new under the sun. Our statesmen of today who use such strange measures to suppress the demands of the age, are only imitating the French clergy of the middle ages who once, to prevent a famine, ordered a three-day fast."

From B...

Prophecy for Class of '71.

A prophecy, a prophecy! How can one write a prophecy, who has neither the clairvoyant's far-seeing eye, nor the astrologer's all-heavenly, piercing gaze? This riddle can be solved only by a compromise between the Past and Present, a joining of these two great forces for the realization, or rather, idealization, of the third and most interesting to us - the grand and open Future of probabilities - Possibilities may be the more fitting word, but not the more satisfactory, therefore say we again, "Probabilities." Is it better, by a long preamble, to excite still further the evident consuming anxiety for a glimpse into the marvellous "To be"; or immediately to relieve from the thralldom of suspense, that at peace may

be the seekers for the light of the new morning? This problem we will now proceed to answer.

(Blair) The first is one whom we shall see no more in these halls, who leaves to become a Happyer creature, doing good to the benighted of this world, our ... herald to China - A stately ship leaves the port, bearing missionaries twain to the Eastern Empire. Methinks, even now the people wave their handkerchiefs to the departing ship - even now is heard the last farewell.

(Keip) Through greek roots, latin synonyms, sixty minutes a day, and three years college drill, we can safely say that this maiden, ... in ancient love, will never forsake the path of learning, but ever dipping deeper in the fountain

of knowledge, Keep Reedy.

(Hileman) Once thy happiness was complete, but soon was

Yet again was it restored, tho' not to the same state. No, another picture has taken its place beneath thy pillow, and now is the song "I'm Waning away, Jean, I'm Waning." In future days we see her Waning - the laurel wreath of fame rejected, lying at her side all forsaken, all awarded to her fine 'Ed.'

(Hiscox) Alas! Another is it our sad duty to chronicle as among the missing, soon to be. These summer evenings glorious, will see her still receiving calls by candle light - again Juliet's sweet tones in the balcony are heard, the dim light of the "candles of the sky"

proving sufficient for her, for him the start of earth, her sparkling eyes, will brighten all below.

(Esty) Alack! What do the Fates tell us! Can such mischief be wrought by celestial minds? A faithless youth, a careless maid - For their rashness dearly paid; but, thanks to good sense, peace is again restored, and again is verified the adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth." "Two friends can ne'er be friends - When towards one the feeling tends." Kuckuck, Kuckuck!

(Garnsey) What strange combinations are found, at times! Is it not strange that the luckless Maria Stuart should still find (2 admirers) (1 romantic) in this ...? Even so it is, however, and still sees the Future Lady Stuart and

a great English Novelist's namesake cosily picnicking through life, discussing the coming article on the worthy "Union", clear to both these royal personages.

(Slocum) What means this Kingly dwelling? Is't palace, is't court? Nay, my friend, 'tis the "corner store", a ten story marble building, the whole sale depot of "Raisins, Nuts, Apples, Boots and Shoes, Fish and Dry Goods" proclaimed by the "Sign of the Cod" Opposite we see a palatial, high stoop, brown stone front; in every window flowers bloom, on every table herbaria. A love for Nature is every where shown, from basement to garret. Further on rears its stately outline the grand university which Josiah has endowed, with noble mind.

(Bowker) A reader of character now comes. O give us for once the power to discover her secret! We await the revelation! It comes! 1st test: Hardness - 2nd test luster and diapheneity. The diapheneity of some people is surprising! They vary from transparency to opaqueness. Some are so clear that you can see right through them; others allow you to think them translucent, but it is only the edges that transmit light - subtranslucent! Again there are some entirely opaque; nothing can be done with such! 3rd test: solubility. Well, ah, well, vinegar is the most powerful acid, represented by ... or ..., and those who withstand this are of the highest degree of hardness, 10. a true jewel in the world - It has again left us, but

To her it ever will remain [four lines in

German] Musician of Bergen waits, waits longingly for his "brightest eyes" coming - The impelling power of the grand organ, the coming physician, ... - and she, in shimmer of satin of pearls, is standing by his side, a blooming, blushing bride.

(Rochester) In future dim we see the Gates of happiness waiting to receive her. E'en now they are ajar, and she is destined e'er to be the treasurer of his heart, unless her mind does chafe, and she resolves to be the treasurer of her own alone. But looking deep into the clear late of destiny we see her sitting by the well-spread

table, giving a slightly candle lecture to her husband. It seems that he differs from her in his favorite candidate at the coming election, and she is striving to convert him to her side of the question. Since woman's weapon has always been her tongue, so we suppose, will it continue to be, but no less her tongue than her perfect, polished all-convincing rhetoric. However, if this last fails, the next view will be dissolving, so to speak. We see her nailing up a barrel fast with a Cooper's skill, and that is the last to be seen of her own, her sweet, her darling Will.

(Mitchell) We see a stage, we see an orchestra, we see a multitude of up-turned fans, all waiting in their homage to one who stands before them - all hearts,

all minds, all purposes for once agreeing in love and admiration for this "singer sweet of minstrelsy." Now, look! a slender form, a dark, kindling eye - but hark! hear the sweet sounds, can it be from earth? The voice trembles with pathos, grows confident and hopeful, and at last they hear only the lingering murmur of her triumphant tones, high above, among the arches wandering, like a silver thread about the pillars twining. Clear and subtly charming, their hearts are lifted far, far into the realms of space, and some have had the greatest possibilities in their nature awakened by this little strain of song. Ah! the power of all of us is as great in its way, but not all, like her, will show it thus. A bless-

ing on all with the gift of song, who use it to charm the ear, and make every sadness forgotten.

(Glover) Well, one can hardly , at times, imagine the things which lie concealed deep down in some hearts, Ah! here is one, alas! alas!! who will show her power, her hidden forces, in driving to their death one doctor, one lawyer, two theologues - the ugliest, therossest, the grumblinest of wives; the sweetest, most charming, benevolent and guileless of widows. With her cunning boudoir adorned from top to bottom by pictures of her "dear departeds," wreathed in crape[sic] and immortelly[sic]. Thus she sits and weeps after each departure to the spirit-land (for were they not truly martyrs?) waiting for the next, and her

song is "Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. It's the darlingest little parlor that ever you did spy!"
(Rowe) One, devoted in our band, Will go to a distant land. Will clothe young "savages." Will teach them how to write & read, and their young mouths with pudding feed. Then she will return, and visit Vassar College. The "College family" will be called to assemble in the chapel for a few minutes after dinner, to listen to her words of travel, hardships, crusts and bones. She will relate the tale of persecution, of snakes, of Savage Kings, and alligators. Will live honored and respected, it may be , because she will always be away, but we think not. And she

(Parsons) Of an obedient daughter write we now. So rare an example of filial love is rarely seen. Can we relate to a gaping public the mandate of the "Cruel Parents." the correspondence so rudely broken off? Never. But this we can say, that next door houses, which contain dark moustaches are dangerous things: likewise, when they (the houses) contain windows looking out on croquet-grounds-By-the-way, moonlight nights behold strange things at times. How gently clicks the mallets stroke upon the balls. So lightly, one can hear the dew that falls, And the softly-whispered knell "Farewell, farewell." Fifty years hence will see our heroine a stately, dignified old lady,

With silvery curls & friendly speech

Nodding kindly to all she meets.

(Smith L. C.) With flowing tresses, dark & wavy,

Glowing, upturned eye

She cometh through the labyrinth mazy

Our singer sweet of poesy.

Let us spend an evening with the poet. Cast your eye about, "here, there, & everywhere" are the sources of her inspiration, in green and gold, in gold and blue. See them shining on their shelves - The fruits of the transcendent genius of this being is every where beholden-take down a volume, look therein-what name upon the title-page? Nay, start not, 'tis but the name of this room's lovely occupant-Yes, the times are changed indeed-Now, a poet draws inspiration from self, from works of self-All these books, this vast library, are her

own sweet, lyric songs; and she is crowned, after the long struggle after fame, with fame, and books!

(Adams) Hie-spy!

Lets hie

To Ida & Arthur

Neither a martyr

who first finds

And fast binds

These hearts together

Never to sever?

An ... to her hours

The tour of Europi

A French-roofed cottage

A happy life -

What more could be asked?

"Multum in parvo"

a whole life-history

in three lines

Condensed expressly for the College Catalogue of all its Anna Matildas.

(Sibley) A physician now greets our eyes - one well known to the world. Pictures of her beaming countenance adorn every periodical - Almanacs are daily issued, bearing her seal. 10,000th edition. Read the wonderful cures wrought by the great

Sanatorianess, the grand Sibyllic physician. Consultation free of charge! May be seen entering the city at 5 P.M. in a chariot golden, drawn by eight snow-white studs, caparisoned in crimson velvet, driven by four liveried coachmen in green and gold!!"

(Sherman) Ah! the greatness and goodness of a coming alumna may easier be felt than expressed. We, who foretell the future, deeply feel the honor we receive in sitting next to the ...-hearted philanthropist, and feel ourselves almost great through contiguity to greatness. Yea, once one saw the lip quiver, the eye flash, the mouth settle itself into lines of firmness, when one, our mother, with a most charming ..., mentioned the proposed legacy of

a coming graduate for "single rooms for all." Looking up, we saw her face, by our side, the determination that she, she should be the benefactress of Vassar College. Now, in the "Magic Mirror" may be seen - by anyone who will cross our path with silver - the bust of pure Carrara marble, placed on the desk of the Rostrum, garlands of blooming flowers every morning fresh, gracefully drooping over the classic brow, e'en o'er the dark expressive eyes - Imagine the effect on the coming generation!

(Blakeman) G-o-sh! Whizz!! Bang!!! Good heavens, what greets our eyes? An immense oval-orbicular structure, something like an umbrella, something like a hoop -

skirt. It is silken, too - bright golden, spangled with cerulean blue stars - the order of nature reversed, you perceive. But what does it mean, explain! We hardly know what it means, our pen trembles in undertaking the task of description. In a dress - if so it may be called - of rose and silver-gray clouds, girded at the waist by a ray from the setting sun, with a little gleaming sceptre[sic] of dim stars, with which the being strange, touching the world, whirls it into darkness, at will. The apparition descends lightly, resting one foot on the earth, the other poised upon the edge of the "Chariot of Clouds" - gazes wonderingly about for a moment; then, waving the sceptre above her head, is whirled rapidly thro' her native ether,

and lost to sight. Leaves us lost in darkness, at her bidding. The name of this illustrious? How can we so come down from our lofty heights to a mere name? Ah, we miserable! 'twas only our Black-man, who such power has gained. (Palmer) 'Twas forbidden Eve to taste the apple, but Eve did it, you may have heard - Even so is it forbidden a man to marry his grandmother, but we have never heard, however, that any one attempted that. Cousins or namesakes are equally as bad, and it has been found that a here-to-fore studious and persevering young woman of '71, (that is not her age, our friends) has entangled herself into a troublesome corres-

pondence with her cousin, or at least somebody very like that individual. We do not say that this is troublesome to the young lady herself, but only to her numerous friends and other admirers. We do hereby solemnly prophesy that if her well wishers continue to remonstrate with her, before twenty years have passed away she will be a living example of "Love in a Cottage," living on mush and milk: and that, before she will have reached the age of sixty, those "raving" locks will be thickly sprinkled with gray (tho dyed): that she will wear a false chignon, that the best gold plate the dentist can produce, will be in her possession, and

That her children ten

Will marry rich men

That all will go well

Like a marriage bell.

(Cornell) We feel some compunctions of conscience at revealing the future of this one - Truly "Coming events cast their shadows before," but may it not become somewhat embarrassing to the young lady
To publicly announce
How the Count then Mounts
By a rope ladder
When a slight shudder
Preparing to fly
From a window high
May dimly be seen
Down she goes
On the tips of her toes
Gently, gently
Troubled ment'ly
Fearing lest Pater
Or loved Mater
The footsteps hear
Safe at last
The danger past
They hast'ning go
To reach the depot
When the tardy train
They speedily gain
"En route for Utah."
The University doors are closed now
"Gainst all young men with charming bow
And now no more is seen
The Russian Count
To quickly mount
The hempen perilous way.

(Hoskins) Professor in Josiah's University, among the Green Mountains, she occupies the chair of Ancient Languages (Sanskrit and such) and fills it well. Her blond tresses float airily over her shoulders, while we behold her, telling of ancient heroes, and how they "fought, bled, and died" - guiding the trembling steps of the learner[sic] under her care. Both lasses and laddies constitute her classes, for in the year 1900, Colleges will be thrown open to both sexes, and each will strive with the other for the highest honors. Then will Latin and Greek be among the preliminary examinations, like spelling and Arithmetic - Haven and Wayland will be required as "Quackenbos" now. Amid all this will our "Southern savant"

direct and guide, omnipotent as - shall we say, as V.C.'s Lady Principal? No, let us rather declare that her influence will be such an one as she may be entitled to by her merits.

(House) Not a thousand miles from the banks of the Hudson, lives David, renowned of old. He may be told by the delicate cane he swings, by his lavender Kids, but most of all, by the picture carried close to his heart, in the inside pocket of his outer covering, on the left. But sad, sad it is to say that before another year shall have passed away in the debtors's prison he will be, his fortune scattered to the four winds of heaven - bankrupt thro' undue outlay in

stamps and paper - Here will the noble nature of a worthy member of the Class of '71 come forth like a "Venus from her ashes" like a "Phoenix from the sea" - Listener, do not criticise if, at times, we seem slightly mixed in our quotations, for our enthusiasm is so roused when we are speaking on our "... subject" that we forget ourselves, and consequently, everybody else. "To return to our ...," our heroine fainting with tears in her eyes and a heavy bag in her hand, to the ... will proceed.

O tinman, tinman
Do bring me a fan
I come, I come,
With this you see,
And ne'er will me it,
To release my Jewett
This is a letter,
Ne'er was a better
And stamps are here
Oh! I very much fear
That he must be in jail
If thou dost me fail.

Here the man, an, an, Did them scan, an, an,

And ... never one it, ne it, ne it That he released her Jewett, ewett, ewett.

(Smith M. E. L.) Since the times are to change so much, cannot a prophetic eye as clearly foretell a woman's destiny in the political world, as a man's? Now we see a stump orator, in M. E. L. low tones, but clear and singing, advocating her candidate for the Presidency. Susan B. Anthony and Ernestine L. ROse, are thrown entirely into the shade; Lucy Stone eclipsed - the all-swaying influence of the fair one, as the moon to the sun, one, seemingly, the most quiet of our band, but yet exerting, as thro' long working at the forge, the power of a Smith. Time will see her Secretary of State, when

her correspondences will be known to all the world. Ah! none can there be private.

(Nicoll) Is seen a minist'ring angel, verily! Carrying divers bowls of gruel from house to house, feeding the poor with tracts without number, all that was formerly pertaining to his majesty Nick-all vanished - a minister's wife, far from busy hum of factory, or rush and roar of railroad - twice in the month, only, will the peacefulness of this rural spot be broken by the stage's rumbling wheels. She, tending to household duties - in her proper sphere - living in a one-story cottage, fulfilling her mission in life - tending to dinner, tending to mopping, and tending to whipping the children:

while her faithful spouse, supposed to be collecting spiritual food, gathers inspiration for the coming sabbath lounging by a neighboring trout-brook, with hook and line lazily dangling in the water.

(Raymond) Light of the World! Truly a grand future should this Sunbeam have. Should we speak selfishly, we would forever doom her to remain the "Light of the world" - But we can hope for two years, to have this light follow us, illuminating our pathway thro' the laborious mazes of Junior and Senior years - After that, we must follow her course, far out into the world, when she will radiate the pathway of another more favored than we

till eternity. Of our world, the light
Will fade from sight
But of another's way
Will always be the -ay.
(Wendt) Once upon a time
This is for the rhyme
Came to Vassar College
Dearly bought knowledge
In the shape of a box
Which, by divers knocks
At last was opened.

In many a delicate paper
Lay clusters tapes
Of lovely grapes
Pure and white
As morning light
Luscious and sweet
For princess meet

Now look outside
After the long ride
What see you there?
To Miss E. W.
Are sent a few
Nice pleasant grapes
From hers till death
In Elizabeth.

The maiden blushed
And then she rushed
Frantically about.
Touch them she would not
Tho' many times, like Lot
Would she back have turned

But soon t'was found
And flew around
That a mistake it was
A simple joke
That unhappily took
With the dark-eyed maid
So all have said.
Miss A. L Sanford
June 12. 1869.

Poems written by the
Class of '71.

Our Class Sleigh-ride.
A month ago, one fine afternoon,
Our class assembled in the recitation room.

The first great question for us to decide,
Was the "Profs" to be asked to our sleigh-ride.

For Backus and Orton then was quite a strife,
But alas for us all, they each had a wife.

Now what do do with these jealous wives,
Caused a racking of brains for us to devise.

But at last 'twas agreed them all to invite,
And to trust to the wives to do what was right.

We invited our guests, we hired our team,
And now for some fun all ready ...'d seem.

But alas! on Saturday when we did arise,
What a miserable sight did greet our eyes!

A drizzling rain and a ... street,
And thus was ended our longed-for treat.
I. W. Adams.

Our Last Class Meeting.

Anapestic Monometer Acatalectic
verse must be read with great care
in order to bring out all its beauties.

It is just four week today
Since we met in Society Hall,
Where Ellie, so smiling and gay,
Stood to receive us all.

As I came in from the rain,
How pleasant the room did look
With Susie and Ida and Mama

And others, scattered in each nook!

Soon to the dance we went,
But Millie at the piano staid,
And the sound of feet & music were blent
While Millie so beautifully played.

When with the dance we were weary,
We had a charming charade,
In which Minnie, Nell, and Mary
Interesting lectures made.

But when the lectures were finished,
A sound was heard overhead;
The tones of the bell us admonished
That it was time to go to bed.

J. P. Brown

The Candy Pull of Seventy-one.
A History in Rhymes.

At Vassar College in Po'keepsie,
(A place where people ne'er get tipsy)
The jovial Class of Seventy-one
Made up their minds to have some fun.

So, when the snow was falling fast,
Not thinking they how long 'twould last,
They had a meetin in room K,
And then they fixed upon a day

To have a sleigh-ride-Saturday night,
When woods & fields were clothed in white,
(Pardon the bull for the sake of the rhyme,
I'll try to do better another time!)

When the silvery moon was shining down
Over the country and over the town,
They'd bundle up in cloak & hood,

And have a sleigh-ride, that they would.

And now have patience, in my ditty,
With a little praise of our committee.
With patient care they did indite
A letter to Fitchett, as will they might,

Fitchett, the owner of horses & sleighs,
Better ask him if the business pays.
But one of the rules of the house-well ...
Is that "The children must never go out alone."

And so our Secretary, so polite,
Backus and Orton did invite,
Yes, and she also invited their wives,
Wouldn't leave them out, not for our lives!

And then she added Professor Mitchell,
A woman who wouldn't fill a niche ill
In Westminster Abbey, near London town,
Or in any other place of renown.

Thus were the Juniors prepared to go,
But alas! alas! it ceased to snow,
And the sun came out, & the rain descended,
It wasn't at all what they'd intended.

The Junior faces were under a cloud,
They didn't want to say it out loud;
But if there were only a kitchen handy
In which they could make molasses candy!

No kitchen appeared to the Junior eyes,
So they went home a-heaving of sighs.
But soon, though strange to you it seem,
A change came o'er the Junior dream.

By magic art there opened a kitchen,
And all they had to do was to pitch in,
Get the molasses and have a good time,
Surely you can't suggest 'twas a crime!

Saturday night, white-aproned & smiling,

They stood & watched the candy a-biling.
Visitors mighty appeared on the scene,
Wondering what the uproar could mean.

And Angie patiently stirred the molasses,
While other pretty and homely lasses
Chopped up the chocolate, buttered the pans,
Got everything ready, then folded their hands.

And Angie patiently stirred & stirred,
While we sat quietly waiting the word
That should put our faces all in a glow,
When we put the candy out on the snow.

Unto every thing cometh a change,
Things long accustomed, & things that are strange
And at last, with the word, "the candy's done cooling,"
We buttered our fingers, & all began pulling.

Our Millie showed a most wonderful knowledge
(Wonderful even in Vassar College)

Of the art sublime, unknown to the ancients,
The art that requireth very much patience.

And Kate the good-natured made us our caramels
Perhaps she knew we wouldn't have had 'em else,

x x x x x x x x x x x x

Who made the discovery? 'Twas whispered low
"The candy is burnt, & people will know

That the glorious class of Seventy-one
Don't know when their candy is done!"
Louise the plucky wouldn't endure it,
And so she thought of a way to cure it.

To go straightway to the generous steward,
And see if he couldn't be allured
By greenbacks, held 'tween thumb & finger.
Sugar to give, & with it some vinegar,

That the gay and jolly Junior crowd
Might have some what where of to be proud.

The brave ambassadors brought what was needed
Faces radiant showed they'd succeeded.

Ask me not what became of this last,
Our fate was sealed, the die was cast,
But the turbid dream of candy was not o'er
It rolled o'er the couch of my mother's daughter,

All night long, and in the morning,
When the first dim, gray light was dawning,
I firmly resolved to mount the steed
That we name Pegasus, good at need.

The beast is short legged, his gait is peculiar,
He don't travel swiftly ehough for a courier,
He's such an uncomfortable beast altogether
That I most seriously wonder whether

I hadn't better get off his back,
Give it a most tremenjuous[sic] whack,
And devote the rest of my strength & will
To my friend & companion "Natural Phil."
E. M. Folsom.

Members of the class of Seventy-one,
Good I wish to all, and ill to none;
May you many homes make pure & bright,
And on Science shed rich rays of light
E. H. Garnsey.

The Sunshine.

I sat at my study table
Quite early the other day.
All alone in the parlor,
For my room-mates had gone away.

The world was bright about me,
The sunshine lay on the floor,
On the wall, and on the table,
And played hide & seek with the door.

But a book was lying before me,
And I studied and studied on -
Hardly raising my eyelids,

For the lesson was not half done.

Till by and by the sunshine,
A little tired of its play,
Left the door to its darkness,
And quietly crept away.

Crept farther on to the table,
Crept over the leaves of my book,
And made them bright and cheerful
Destroying their sober look.

How could I but see the sunshine,
How could I but think of it too,
And let it creep slowly into my heart
As it seemed to long to do?

And as it crept in so gently,
It filled my heart with love
For God's world & all His creatures,
A messenger from above.

God's beautiful, glorious sunshine,
It filled my heart and soul
With its beauty and its loveliness,
Thus purifying the whole.

And when I went back to my lesson
The hardest, roughest part
Was only a pleasure to me,
With God's sunshine in my heart.
M. O. Glover.

Have you heard the story old,
That for many ages has been told?
How once some twenty maidens odd,
Solemnly pledged themselves one & all
To seek after Genius, that gift of God.

These twenty maids dwelt in classic halls,
Which they greatly revered deep down in their souls
And here lay the gem concealed, it was said,
Which glory would, shed, round the maiden's head

Who to its discovery should have led.

Each of the maids had a casket planned
Wondrously by God's invisible hand;
But these were all so intricately wrought
That the maids, although with a will they sought
Couldn't for days get open the lock.

But with perseverance they worked away,
And after a while the light of day
Peeped as curiously thro' the lids as they,
To see in which the gift might be
That they were all seeking so anxiously.

Deep down in one with lustre gleamed
The gem so rare and bright that it seemed
To the wondering eyes of the maids as they gazed
On its beautiful, brilliant, reflected rays
That it must be a treasure of Paradise.

The one to whose casket the treasure was sent

All looked upon with wonder, ...
With love, as having it in her dower
To aid in dispersing the gloomy lower
Of the clouds round men's minds with such wonderful power.
Dora Hileman.

In the woods when the shades are deepest,
When the flowers bloom the sweetest,
Song of bird, and hum of bee
Make the fairest of music to me.

On the lea, when the fresh wind bloweth,
When the cool stream gently floweth,
Brook, and sky, and smiling lea
Make the fairest of pictures to me.

When the sun o'er the mountain strayeth,
When the pure air freshly playeth,
Sun, and mountain-air so free
Hold the fairest of treasures to me.
Kate Jewitt.

To write a rhyme,
I have no time.
Louise La Due.

I have wooed the muse,
But begin to despair
Being able to summon her
Out from her lair.
S. B. D. Lewis.

An Excuse.

A poem, you say, you must have,
But you little know what you ask,
Or you would have waited a year & a day
Before setting me such a task.

In justice to myself I would say,
The muses have deserted me quite,
So all that remains for me to do
Is, sorrowfully my excuse to write.
K. A. Loveland.

To make a verse rhyme
Is an impossible thing
For I tried all the time
To write an original something.
M.C. House.

The day is almost done;
The work is already laid by;
Tell me, thou setting sun,
O whither dost thou fly!

What is there in the West
Where thou dost take thy way?
Goest thou to lighten a breast,
In a flood of golden day?

The stars begin to peep;
The heavens doth grow dark;
I lay me down to sleep
With a heavy, burdened heart.

The faces I knew long ago,
The voices that were dear,
One face comes up from the Past
My heart has grown heavy & drear.

The angel of darkness has come
Over my life to spread
His wings of doom - some
Hearts grow as heavy as lead.

Folly - unhappiness - death
Of many hopes once bright -
Sickness - bewildering doubt -
Can such a heart be light!

Rosy lips, whose lusciousness
Ever to mine was held -
Sweet kisses, whose blessedness
My passions quelled -

Gone! each joy must have an end -

Gone! each face must vanish away-
Gone! each voice must withdraw its tone-
Gone! each kiss must die as the day.
Lizzie Merrill.

The Class of '71.
You have heard of the class of '71,
But I don't believe you have heard its roll
'Tis a mixture of jollity, wit, and fun,
And will make you laugh beyond control.
Ida Adams.

First comes the husband of Mother Eve,
(Her first name's that of a favorite duck.)
If you ask her what she admires the most,
Be very sure she will answer "pluck."
Julia Brown.

The next is a color, a common one,
Which the Quakers are fond of wearing;
If at this one's size you ever poke fun,
Look out, friend, that's past all bearing.

May Clinton.

One of us bears the honorable name
Of a general great in story,
Her first name's that of a charming month
So full of blooming glory.

Emma Cornell.

You've heard of that far-famed institution,
On the shore of a distant lake.
It bears the name of the fourth on our roll,
And we're proud of her for its sake.

Millie Esty.

My friends, do you know your alphabet?
If so, repeat it to me.

Begin with A, and go straight through,-
But be sure and paust at S. T.

Ellen Folsom.

We had a candy-pull 'tother[sic] night.
Girls, have you paid all your dues?
The full sum, you know, must really be had,
Or else our treasury'll lose.

Minnie Glover.

O the man! O the man!

This is the cry of another.

"What man? what man?" is anxiously asked,

Why, Marie Otheman Glover!

Dora Hileman.

You wouldn't think that in our class

One should turn out a vile one:

But if we haven't a hireling, friends,

We have the next worse, a hileman.

Mary House.

All men must have a place to dwell.

The Arabs like their tents,

But we Americans prefer a house,

And so do all nations of sense.

Kate Jewitt.

If sometimes the meat you have is tough,

I know who'll tell how to "do it;"

And the same may be said of your troubles in life

She says "why chew it, chew it."

Effie Hopper.

Prof. Orton teaches his class

To classify animals proper.

Haven't we perfectly learned, my girls,

That a toad must be a hopper?

Louisa LaDue.

One of us has a frenchified name,

Which means "the duty," "the debt."

Would that she'd keep to her name's import,

For she might make something yet.

My friends, my time has given out,

And so I must close this ditty.

To those of you whom I haven't mentions,

I can only say, 'tis a pity.

But you know the roll is only half called,

And at another time

If our life is spared, I'll tell you all,

Only - it won't be in rhyme!

M. S. Nicoll.

Life, my friends, is full of anguish,
Essays on our steps attend;
'Tis in vain we sigh and languish,
Duties meet us without end.

But by far the greatest trial
Is when classmates stern demand
(Countenancing no denial)
Proofs of Genius from one's hand.

Now I have my task completed,
Brought my talents to the light,
I am ready to be greeted
With expressions of delight.
Susie Raymond.

If write I must, I'll do my best,
and let my class-mates know
Where there's a will there's ever a way
Proves not always quite so.

To make a rhyme, can any one,
'Tis a tendency of nature,
But a poem worthy of the class of '71,
Requires another feature.

We learn that when the world was made,
To each a share was given;
The poet did not come for his,
But lingered still in heaven.

He came at last, but 'twas too late;
For every part was taken.
Then Jove, a place within his gate
Granted to the one forsaken.

Still he visits earth, and oft has let
His mantel fall on those who pass,
And as it has been within our walls,
Why not with a member of our class?
A. E. Rowe.

As I sieze the pen, doth tremble my hand,
To try my stupid wit at poesie,
But in obedience to the stern command
Do undertake the embassy.
To a fertile mind, 'tis hard to choose
Which from the Muses to abuse;
Whether dramatic or lyric
For a professed empiric,
Or epic or blank
For a mountebank.
But, quoth I, sure why not invent
The grandest of measures i'faith
That to man the Muse hath e'er lent
To appease the uneasy wraith
Of class-mates, indignant
That one should fail
In attempt to enchant
Twenty-three female!
(Pardon here the grammar
For the ends won't meet
Unless once in a while

Plural the singular)
Can't write any
It's no use I know,
For always 'tis so:
That howe'er much one may implore
They're sure to be struck to the floor
When they're not so strong
As the hurrying throng -
The bell hath rung for tea
So this is the last you'll see of me.
A. L. Sanford.

The Widow's Heart made glad.

Night was gathering in the village,
Storm was raging thick and fast,
As a lonely widow woman
Through the busy street did pass.

Sorrow's child, I saw too plainly
Written on her noble brow;

Poverty had wrought its mission;
She was poor and friendless now.

No one noted of her coming;
No one in that busy throng
Cared to ask her of her sorrow
Or to give her heart a balm.

On she trudged with weary footsteps,
Looking timidly around,
Till at last she reached the gateway
Of a mansion far renowned.

Timidly she asked for bounty,
Proudly was it her denied,
As the haughty, scornful lady
Drew her costly robes aside.

We do not confer our bounty
Upon every starving one:
Over yonder is the poor-house,

There your longings may be done.

Lady, begged the suffering woman
Three sick babes have I at home.
Oh! for Jesus' sake do give me
Bread to hush their starving moan.

As she saw still cold denial
Written on the haughty face,
With a cry of torturing anguish
Lifted she her poor, wan, face.

Lady, will you hear a story
of a life once bright as yours?
It, perchance, may teach a lesson
Of earth's frailty and woes.

Lady, you are rich and happy
Fortune's favors all are yours;
Happy husband, loving children,
All are freely given you.

Once I was by fortune favored.
Friends a plenty had I then.
Life was like a happy May-day,
Sorrow never knew I then.

But that life, which was so happy
Soon for me did have an end
And I found that I the cup of sorrow
To its bitt'rest dregs must drain.

Of the many wooing suitors
Who did grace my childhood's home,
One there was whom, spite of warning,
I did blindly, madly love.

Father's sorrow and displeasure,
Threats of being turned from home
If I dared to favor Harry,
Proudly did I bear alone.

'Tis the oft repeated story -

Daughter's willfulness and pride,
Father's sorrow and displeasure,
Disinheritance of child.

Yes, I left the dearly loved ones;
Madly, blindly did I love
Him, who cruelly deceived me
As to his undying love.

But against the dead I will not murmur,
God has judged him long ago.
Our brief, wedded life was only
One long, weary sea of woe.

Tho' I've never seen my father
Since he sternly bade me go
From the house where I was nurtured,
If I loved my Harry so,

Yet I've heard from others
That that day his hair turned white;

Sorrow for his child's behavior
Turned his day to darkest night.

Tearfully they saw him sinking,
Failing, failing, day by day,
Till one night God sent his angels,
Gently calling him away.

"Mary" was the last last word he uttered
As he joined the angel band.
"Father, I have sinned, forgive me,"
Is the answer which I send.

Father's love, and husband's falseness,
Friends once many, now nor more,
Disobedience and sorrow
Are my mementoes of yore.

Ay! too truly comes the warning
"As ye sow so shall ye reap."
From the seeds of disobedience

I have gathered sorrow's sheaf.

Three starving babes at home are waiting
For my tender, watchful care.
Lady, have you learned a lesson?
Can you picture such despair?

Tears were rolling from the eyelids
Of that once proud, haughty one.
I will give you gladly, freely,
May God forgive the past undone.

And, forthwith, joy and sunshine
Lighted up that widow's home,
For the wealthy, haughty woman
Gave her freely from her store.

Surely, there was joy in Heaven
When the recording angel told
Of that scene which he had witnessed
'Twixt the sad one and the cold.

Let us, too, be ever mindful
Of the poor who us surround,
Remembering our Master's message,
"Freely give where want is found.
H. J. Sibley.

Weary and tired I sit me down
To do a thing quite out of my line.
To help me through this trying task
I call together the muses nine.

Sublime or funny, happy or sad,
Anything so it's poetical -
Regardless of sense, measure, or line,
If the verses are only symmetrical.

The pale-faced moon and twinkling stars,
The rippling waters, cerulean blue -
The falling leaf - and fading flower -
Alas! I hit upon nothing new!

In vain the gentle muse I woo,
She only scoffs at my distress
... mortal never was before
Born with such woeful stupidity!

Consoling though it is to think
I'm not for this at all to blame,
If brilliant talent had been mine
Then mine had been a shining name.

But I'm content to lowly be
And move within an humble sphere.
Where would be glory for the great,
If of the great each were the peer?

It takes all sorts to make a world,
If some are high, some must be low.
Nature deals not with all alike;
And this is wise in her, you know.

Now I've begun, how shall I end?

I can't go on, and what shall I do?
But trusting each one here's my friend,
I'll leave it all to you.
Mt. T. Slocum.

Prologue read at the second representation of "Romeo & Juliet," in Society Hall, May 13, 1870.

The circumstances under which this play is about to be represented, to the literary public, seem to demand a few explanatory and apologetical remarks. Never did true love run less smooth than in the cases of our Juliet and Romeo (the cause of this somewhat strange inversion of names is out of "deference to the ladies," under the new regime). Three weeks has made no difference in the depth of this affection, you will see; tho' the roaring flame which in Romeo's heart did burn had a singular effect upon his wardrobe, which

has not, as yet, been replaced, owing to that press of circumstances which calls into exertion every Faculty, at times! Juliet is still the same "airy nothing," and has passed her weeks of waiting for Romeo in "flitting about from flower to flower, gathering honey every hour."

Mercuth, the gay, Mercuth, the ..., tho' slightly changed in his intellectual exterior (you remember he was exceedingly well-read!) carries the weight of the world upon his shoulders with the same quiet dignity! The heavy father of the piece will appear rejuvenated, a beardless youth again, and shorn by untoward events of the royal ermine. We hope you will bear with us, if

the "stage asides" are not performed with the same fiery ardor as before. Also, the soothing influences of time have so far quelled the turbulence of Juliet's affections, that, tonight, she proposes to wait for Romey to come to the balcony, instead of making the balcony go to Romey!

If our characters seem some what gravely ..., why then, remember "there's but a step from the gay to gray!" In conclusion, and in accordance with the lofty strains of an unknown poet.

Higher powers than we're
Ordain our Costumes here,
With many a tear
Dropped on their bier
We watched them disappear!
Angie L. Sanford.

Parting Song.

'71 to '70.

M. A. Glover, assisted by E. M. Folsom.

1.

Happy & light are our hearts tonight,
But, alas! for human gladness,
The brightest day doth ne'er pass away,
Without a tinge of sadness.

Chorus.

Come classmates all, for whate'er befall,
We are one thro' mud & weather,
By a joyful lay drive dull care away
And be merry and gay together.

2.

Soon shall we stand on the white sea-sand
And, looking o'er the waters,
Shall be horrified to see the tide
Run off with Seventy's daughters.

Chorus

3.

As ye leave us now with saddened brow,
Ye grave and reverend Seniors,
We wish you joy without alloy,
And a chance to show your genius.
Cho.

4.

Then let us sing till the ceilings ring
A loud and smiling chorus,
For altho' we know that you must go,
Our senior year's before us.
Chorus.

Address to the Seniors.

It seems necessary to the harmonious working of the world, in general, that just as we have learned to prize some object in particular, very highly, we should be debarred from the enjoyment of it.

So, as we are learning to value our sister 70 more and more, the potent but mute eloquence of "Artium Baccalaureas" entices her away: her last words summoning us to fill the niche which has been hers.

Tho' our heart is pierced with the conventional sorrow of sadness, yet we cannot wholly mourn at your departure; for we are human, and would it be natural to wish a presence here, which could but retard our progress?

Who would forego the luscious fruits of autumn for the sake of having a some what longer season of genial, glorious summer?

When our small but respectable class is tossing helplessly out on the breakers of senioral dignities, and dismally beats about, longing for the tide which shall bear us safely to '70's recently vacated port - then, if ever give us a cheering smile of encouragement, remembering your own frantic endeavors to carry becomingly the honors which descended on your shoulders from '69.

In this imitation of your emblem, instead of taking as representatives one leaf from each of your thirty-three branches, daring to foreshadow the future,

we have resolved each leaf into a tiny cluster of flowers - we do not feel ourselves over confident in making this change, for what are petals but leaves of a more delicate texture, a more exquisite tint?

Yet, if you would remain blossoms, you can never become apples: the petals must fall, the fresh, green calyx must wither, before the fruit of the sturdy tree shall reach maturity.

Know, that as we symbolize the breaking-up of your class, we see in each bud and blossom the prophecy of ripe, rare fruit, in the years that are yet to be.

A. L. Sanford.

A Dream.

Through the vista of years,
With their hopes and their fears,
I look at my childhood time.
Oh! the sky was so blue,
And all hearts were so true
In that sunshiny childhood clime!

For old care hid his face
In the first of the race,
And sorrows were transient & few,
E'en my dreams they were bright
With the beautiful light
Which falls on the morning's fresh dew.

And one night, as I dreamed,
Right before me there seemed
A radiant angel to stand;
Both her arms opened wide -
When to reach her I tried

A scroll only lay in my hand.

For the angel had flown,
And I there all alone -
Still holding quite firmly the scroll -
Stood transfixed with surprise,
For her far-seeing eyes
Had looked straight down into my soul.

And, gleaming all bright,
In great letters of light,
On the scroll one word greeted my eyes,
But an instant did stay,
And then faded away
Like a sunset-cloud out of the skies.

It was only one word,
But my whole soul it stirred,
For "Seek," said the letters of light,
And wild thoughts filled my brain
That 'twould not be in vain

To seek for my angel that night.

x x x x x x x

The dream has long passed,

But its memory will last

Till thro' trials & temptations I've striven

Truth's fair angel to find,

And when earth's left behind,

Face to face I may see her in Heaven.

Marie O. Glover

June 18, '70.

For this precious heir-looms[sic], O '70, which you today give into our keeping, and for your wise words of counsel, so generously given, '71 would be duly grateful. Yet our gratitude is modified by the fact that, as the property is entailed, you are simply making a virtue of necessity.

But for the wisdom you have poured out in such unstinted measure, for the kindly reticence you have shown in dealing with our faults and foibles, for your friendly advice to us - can you doubt the depth of our gratitude for these? Was there ever mortal who was anything else than grateful for advice? And is it not pleasant to have a semi-transparent screen held up before one's faults, with a magnifying lens

behind it?

Ah! '70, have you never read of those precocious children, who are always letting out the older sister's secrets, just when she thinks their tongues are most effectually silenced by the candy she has given them? We could, if we only would, take up the role you have given us, but we resent alike your proffered candy and the sly box on the ear that accompanies it, and intend to play our own part, today.

Though, being your juniors, we wash our hands of all responsibility in your training, yet we are quite anxious that you should appear well as you leave these "classic shades" for

the scattered hours in which you are to use whatever of good or ill you have gained here; for from you the world will form its judgement of us. So we willingly dwell for a little while upon those bright and shining qualities which will make '70's name remembered long after our halls have ceased to echo to her footstep or her voice. Yet be it far from us to insinuate that you need any word of praise from us, or that your faults are so evident as to need no showing. That you have improved since last year, none can deny. We all love our Alma Mater too well to let it be asserted

that a year passed under her roof can be unproductive of good. The young author writes better after the publisher's crushing "not available," the disappointed lover, if he have any grit in him, is made stronger by the "no" than by an easily won "yes." And so we see the Class of '70, a year ago like the scattered dandelion seeds, blown off by the careless breath of '69, today erect and vigorous, each seed transformed into a hardy little plant, holding up its bunch of round, shiny, yellow knobs in fearless honesty. This trait in your character is one in which you have made rapid progress since last year. Now that we

know how you really felt on that memorable occasion, we admire the spartan fierceness which characterized your conduct. We were but Sophomores, then, and to us came no vision of disappointed author or lover. We only thought of a story, heard long before, and half forgotten, of a certain old woman, who, growing weary of the pranks of a once loved kitten, dropped her, securely tied in a bag, into a neighboring pond. This done, our old lady trudged home with a light heart, to find, on her arrival, the irrepressible cat seated, in calm unconcern, drying herself by the fire. The story flitted through memory's

dim vaults, and we found ourselves trying to recall the old lady's name - was it '69?

You, '70, would never be guilty of such a deed, for have you not ever been foremost in the College Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? The weak and the oppressed have always found you with ready ear to hear, and willing hand to help, while the strong have just as surely found you ready to do battle whenever the cause in which you enlisted seemed to warrant the hope that perseverance would be crowned with success.

You brought a huge boulder from afar, fondly hoping that under its protect-

ing shadow this little sapling might pass the first struggling years of its existence, But, like many other good things you have attempted, the boulder was run into the ground by the higher powere, and the poor little maple left to bear the heat of the day alone. The treatment has not, apparently, agreed with its constitution. But, remembering '70's abject condition last year, oh! maple, you, as well as '71, may dare to be hopeful. There may be a suspicion lurking in the minds of some who are present today, that your virtues, like those of '71, are visible only to '70's eye of faith,

and to you it is left to show them that '70's confidence is not misplaced. Show the whole world all the possibilities of a maple, as we hope '70 will show the possibilities of womanhood.

And we turn to dig. The spade that upturned the first sod when "Vassar's Folly" was begun, shall be the symbol to which we turn for inspiration, remembering what the power it represents has achieved in past times, and looking forward with confidence to the things it shall achieve in the future. '71 would not be boastful, but while she glories in the broad track '70 has left behind her, she sees that the world is wide enough to have

the pathway still broader - ay! and with heart and brain she means to work to make it broader for the class of '72. To all who see today the sandy soil on which we are destined to spend our labor, we shall extend a hearty welcome, if, ... year, they come to see the result of our digging. '70, would that you could be of the number! But we know too well that when we meet again, it may be only when some of the links are lost from each golden chain, and as we part today, the word so hard to utter, lingers, and would fain change its import as it passes our

lips - '70, good-bye! In spite of the shadows you have, wittingly or unwittingly, sometimes cast upon our path, we love you still, and hope that the coming years will strengthen the cord that binds together '70 and '71.

E. M. Folsom. '71.

June 1870.

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