

1878-1880 Wyman

We had my trunk checked over to the boat and were told to look after it about half an hour before reaching Poughkeepsie. We breakfasted on board the boat and went to the Albany [Day] boat which we were to take to Poughkeepsie. Father saw two ladies from [Canton] and introduced me Miss Everett and Mrs. Ellis. He was intending to leave me on board the boat, but we felt so badly that he concluded to go as far as [Nyack] and take the cars home or, rather, to New York. Oh, I was homesick when left me! And I was tired, too which makes it worse.

But the scenery up the Hudson was just grand. I enjoyed the first part of it exceedingly; but at last I was too tired to enjoy it very much. I must tell about the Hudson. For a long way after leaving New York the Palisades extend along the west bank, and on the east the country is hilly and has very many beautiful residences. Both banks are prettily wooded all the way, the trees being cedars, shaped like sugar loafs. The Palisades are very high, rocky bluffs,

rising perpendicularly from the very waters edge, or from a sloping sand-bank, or narrow strip of low, level land, on which often houses are built. The sides of the Palisades have a little verdure, and are much groved as if by the sand washing down the sides. Near the end of the Palisades, and almost on the verge, it seems from the river, is the Palisade Mountain House. What a view must be seen from it. How I admired the residences on the opposite sides. Many of them crowned hill-tops and the beautifully sloping sides, and the trees surrounding rendered them charming. I saw two that were built after the fashion of ancient castles, and to see them, one could imagine herself looking back into antiquity. Further on the highlands were broken into high hills - mountains the guide-book called them. I especially noticed two that stood on opposite sides of the river. Old Crow's Nest & Sugar Loaf. I think the latter deserved its name; for it was very [sym-]

metrical, but its sides were not so sleek as the sides of a sugar loaf. We passed by Constitution Island, the home of Miss Warner, author of "Wide Wide World." We also passed Stony & West Points. At the former are strong bluffs, not so high as the Palisades, but having no verdure on their sides. No wonder they called the place "Stony" Point. At the foot of the bluffs were low stone houses that looked as if they might have belonged to the fort. There was a light house on this point and one at West Point also. At the latter place we saw the library of the Academy, distinguishable by the dome. Just above the West Point was the place where, in 1776, they stretched across a chain to keep the British from going up the Hudson. We saw, too, the house which Gen. Washington made his head quarters. It was stone, with a low, sloping roof. Near by it stands a flag staff. It is situated just south of Newburgh. The river, after we left the Palisades, grew narrower, and had more bends. Indeed, in some places it seemed as if we were shut in

on all sides and there was no way to pass out. Then how pretty it looked to discover the channel and see it gradually widen. At one place the angle the river turned was so sharp that it seemed to "bend up double." Oh, the whole was beautiful, grand!

Friday, Sept. 20th 1878.

At Poughkeepsie.

When I went to look after my trunk the baggage-master told me to always look after my baggage the first thing. I will remember that again. When I arrived at Poughkeepsie, there I stood on the wharf, with my trunk, and up rushed half a dozen baggage-express men and hack men with "Vassar College," "Express your baggage across the city, Ma'am," and other such remarks. I didn't know where to leave my trunk, nor where to take the horse-cars. And I was so tired I couldn't think, especially when so many hack-men, etc. were

all talking to me together. I am going to be a true Bostonian now and say, why don't they give the hack men a place to stand and make them stand there? Well, I thought I would take a hack and go with my trunk to the college, so my trunk could stay there if I could not. A lady rode down in the hack, too, and back. I was exceedingly tired. When I arrived here I inquired for Prof. [Backus]. But he was not in. Then I learned that I couldn't be accommodated at the College but that on the following day I could. So I went back in the hack to the "Morgan House." When I reached my room there, how I cried! I had been long for a chance to cry. I was, indeed, homesick. But, as, of course, crying would not help the matter, I soon stopped, and bathed my burning face in cool water. Then I went down and wrote home 3 sheets and the same number to [Harry]. This cooled me off and

raised my spirits. I went down to tea feeling much better. After tea, I put the finishing touches to my letters and was soon to go to mail them, when there came a tap at the door. Opening it, a servant handed me a card, with the words, "Gentleman in the Parlor." "Who?" thinks I, and read Prof. Backus' name. Oh, I was glad to see him. He introduced me to two young ladies that were stopping there and were to be [examined]. A Miss Reynolds and a Miss Somebody-else. I have become quite well acquainted with the former and like her. I sat a while in the parlor, then posted my letters and went to bed. It was some time before I went to sleep, but I then slept soundly. In the morning I woke feeling better. After breakfasting, still better. I gathered up what I had in my room, and went to wait for a horse-car. There I met a young lady, also evidently waiting for a car. I spoke, and we introduced ourselves. Miss Morrill was her

name. We rode down in the horse-car together, and I liked her very much. I haven't seen much of her, however, since. It is nearly time for supper, so I will now close my writing.

Saturday, Sept. 21st, 1878.

At the College.

When I reached the College, I inquired for Prof. Backus, but before I could see him, Miss Morse, the Pres. Ass't came up to me. She said that my name had been mentioned to her by Miss Wilson, who lived right across the street from her. That was Belle Wilson, whose father used to be the Orthodox Minister in Stoughton, and who taught Harry French one summer. I was glad to know that Miss Morse was acquainted with her. Then Miss Morse took me into the third parlor, and the card which told my standing was marked with my full name and my age. [No] examinations for me took place until 2.30 P.M. This was because I was examined in June in Boston, and passed in all but 2 semesters of Latin, Quadratic Equations, An-

-cient History and Physical Geography. The latter two I have never studied. So I was shown the Reading Room, and there I sat until 2.30, P.M., when I went to Prof. Braisley's (a lady) room and was there examined. There was a question on Geometrical Progression among mine and I had never studied Progression. So I hold her; but she said I might enter the Freshman class, as we were to review that. After Algebra I was taken to the Pres. office, sent to the Treasurer's office. Paid my \$300, and went to Miss Morse to have my room assigned. It is on the first floor, or ground gloor. Quite pleasant. I have the outside sleeping-room. After tea, I met Miss [Shailer], a New York girl, who was examined in Boston at the same time I was.

Later.

Miss Reynolds came in for me to go down to the Lake, so I stopped writing. I will begin where I left off. I went up to Miss Shailer's room, and when I came down found a young lady here, who gave her name as Miss Jessie F. Wheeler, and who was occupying

one of the inside rooms. So I did not have to stay alone. Miss Wheeler, however went home last night, but is to come again Monday. Yesterday I went up town with Miss Reynolds. The principal errand was to get a bag to put our washing in. That evening I promised to go up to Miss Reynolds room; but -

Later.

Miss Shailer came in and stayed till tea time and after tea and chapel I went into Miss Reynold's room and into her corridor teacher's room a while. I tried to call on Miss Gross, who is one of those who were examined in Boston, but she was out. It is raining this evening. Until now we've had beautiful weather. But I will go on - Miss Shailer asked me to come and bring [Hattie] (Miss Reynolds) there. I found Hattie feeling dreadfully homesick and bad. Her roommate - Miss [Gawne] - had come and acted very hateful and disagreeable. But we went to Miss Shailer's and spent a very pleasant evening. Miss Nickerson and Miss Buckrand are in her study parlor.

Hattie's room is only one sleeping-room to a

study parlor. Today Hattie and I went out rowing on the Lake. This week they didn't charge for the boats. Next week they do. This morning Miss Morrill and I went out around the lake and had a very pleasant walk. Last night when I came home from Miss Shailer's, I found here Miss Tappan, who occupies the single inner room. She has a drop light and table-cloth, which are two things we needed for our rooms. I have written tons of letters home and 3 to Harry, and have had one from Mother. Prof. Backus opened College last night and gave us all a welcome. How rambling this last is written!

Monday, Sept 23rd 1878

My First Sunday.

Yesterday was my first Sunday here. After breakfast Miss Morrill and I started for a walk, and meeting [Cora] Shailer and her Parlor-mates, going to the Glen, we joined them. Had a very pleasant walk and they all came to my room, after they returned, for

a few minutes. At 11 there were services in the Chapel. Rev. Caldwell, our Pres., delivered the sermon. He has just been appointed Pres., the former one having recently died, and he is a Baptist Minister, formerly at the head of a Theological School. His sermon was about the yoke of Christianity, and I liked it very much. He seemed to be very liberal. After dinner I called on Miss Gross, and then went to Hattie's room. After supper I went there again and Miss Owen from Iowa came in too. Just after supper we had Chapel service, as usual. Prof. Backus has conducted it, but last night the Lady Principal did. And she was nice. After Chapel there was a Prayer meeting, which we did not attend. Later in the evening there was an organ concert, which we attended, but were all very sleepy. After that I came home and retired, feeling rather tired-out after my first Sunday. I wrote one letter and finished another yesterday. It was quite cool, but very pleasant, which is contrary to the usual order of things for the first Sunday.

Assigning Lessons Later.

We all went to the Chapel this morning to have our lessons assigned. I was read off for 4. Freshman Latin and Mathematics, Ancient History and Physical Geography. As they would conflict anyway, Ancient History was taken off. 3 studies are all they usually allow, anyway. I don't take Greek till next semester. I didn't get my studies arranged till after my Mathematics period had passed. But I went to Physical Geography and Latin. Lessons for tomorrow were assigned in each. I have bought a Allyn & Greenough's grammar, and have to get a Composition and Livy Anthon's, Miss Goodwin, the Latin teacher, said. Alas! there's not a [Livy] with a vocabulary to be had. I can never use my great Lexicon. I shall have to purchase a small one. Miss Morrill and I took a walk this morning and Miss Wheeler came this noon and we took a walk this afternoon. Now I suppose, rules begin. Tonight we had a corridor meeting and

Miss Miller (our corridor teacher) was along to ask if we belonged to any church and what church we attended. [Her] lesson tomorrow in Latin is Life of [Livy]. Miss Morrill and I were up in the Library this evening to read about him but we couldn't find much.

Wednesday, Sept. 25th '78.

Getting to Work.

We are getting to Work now. Have had two lessons in Physcial Geography. Not very long ones and not very well prepared. But starting ones. It is to be very nice. Miss [Haekell], our teacher, tells us many very interesting things, which I take down, and copy into my "Encyclopedia." Our Latin is also very interesting. It is a little hard to get started with a new teacher and new author, but not very hard. I like Miss Goodwin, too. Prof. Braverley, our mathematics teacher, is nice. She is splendid in mathematics. We are studying Progression now. We take [Livy], in Latin. Miss Goodwin has told

us and made us find out a great many things about [Livy]. But not only are we getting started in our studies, but we are getting the rules and regulations into our brains. And I will here say that they're not at all burdensome. Yes, I like here very much. I had a letter from mother yesterday. She thinks of sending on to me a large easy chair, if I wish. And father wants me to tell if I am homesick and not keep it to myself as Harry did. But I am not at all homesick. Yesterday was rainy at intervals and cloudy all day I only took $3/4$ hour exercise. Wrote to mother in the evening. Today commenced cloudy, but cleared off beautiful, but rather warm. Miss Wheeler and I went to walk around the lake. Saw [Cora] and Miss Buckland out in a boat. They invited us to go out too. So we had a row, and a pleasant time. Well, I ought to be studying. It is study hour.

Thursday, Sept. 26th 1878.

Rainy-day Exercise, News of Class-mates, and Good Advice from a Brother and Old Student. Today, the sun rose in a cloud. But it shone out brightly after a while, and when Hattie and I came from Physical Geography we took a half-hours walk. This afternoon it began to rain and drizzled all day long. But, as we are required to take [Thorer's] exercises, rain or shine, out of doors, each day, I thought I'd brave it. So I put on my sack, took my umbrella and started with Miss Wheeler, who, however, soon came in, as she had a sore throat. I met Misses Shailer, [Nickerson] and Buckland, so walked around the Lake with them. Was gone about an hour. Thought today's exercise in the rain ought to make up for one rainy afternoon when I left 15 minute's of my time "un-walked." At dinner, it was announced that Dr. Webster requested the young ladies not to go out any more, which excused them from their walk. Oh, Miss Goodwin is splendid

in Latin! She makes everything so clear and interesting.

This evening I went up into Hattie's room. We only have 1 hour's study hour after our 3 o'clock dinner.

Today I had a letter from Miss Clifton and Harry. Miss Clifton says [Clapp] is at the [Normal]. So that's 4 of our class of 7 there - Clapp, Helen, Alice and Isabelle. And Powers wants to go, too. I wish he could. He is so smart and persevering! Farrell, I suppose is at Tufts. And here am I. Four weeks ago tomorrow night we were all together with Mr. [Pulsifer] and Miss Clifton. In a little less than year, we will be together once more, at our next class meeting. Oh may we all be there! And Harry, the dear boy! It is his first letter since I left. When mother was on this summer, he had her get me a silver napkin-ring in Chicago. It was a beautiful one, all frost-work covered with stars and with a wreath surrounding my name. Aunt Sarah's choice, and

she said she hoped the stars would be "emblematic of my Vassar Course." I told Harry, and he writes - "I hope the stars will be emblematic of your course through life and remember, your course after school-days is of, at least, as much importance as that in school. "So be careful and don't injure yourself trying to be the best scholar in your class; better be moderate in your ambition and you will do better in a long run.

"I suppose mother has told you about examinations. If not I would say, don't cram too much and never worry at all.

"Try and cultivate just enough 'don't care' to make your mind easy and go in to do the best you can: if you are beaten, say 'never mind, we will see about it next time!'"

Friday, Sept. 27th 1878

The Close of First Week of Work.

A beautiful day today after the storm of yesterday. I sent Harry's letter home to be read and today have written to [Gertie].

I have gotten rather mixed up and I hardly know who I've written to and who I have not. I must write a lot tomorrow and more tonight if I have time. [Gorgie] Morrill was in here this evening. I think she's so nice. Study hour isn't in force Friday nights, and "Light's out" bell doesn't strike till 10 P.M. Last night when I was in Hattie's room, somebody came to get subscribers for the College Paper, edited by the students. Of course I ought to patronize our Vassar Paper so I subscribed. \$1.50 per year. It was quite cool out today. I took 20 min walk with Miss Wheeler this morning and Hattie and I walked 40 min. just before lunch. Today we had to get our trunks ready so they could be taken away by tomorrow morning. If there were two in my room, I don't know what I should with all my things. My first week of work is out this night. Yes, I like here. I think I have well chosen. The teachers are real nice. They all give splendid explanations of every point.

There [sic] work is thorough and critical. I enjoy my studies. They give us for the first, short lessons, that we may become accustomed to their ways and they to ours. Oh, how thankful should we all be, that it has been our lot to come into this school and, be brought under teachers who will take such pains with us and bring us to a true idea of knowledge and its use. Yes, my first week at Vassar has been a happy one. Long, long will I remember it, as the beginning of 4 times 40 weeks, I hope, as happy as this and as useful in forming the tastes and foundation of my life.

Two young ladies were just in to look at the room. They had it last year and wanted to see it again. They said it really made them home-sick to look in. I remarked to Miss Wheeler, that next year we should be doing the same. But I like the first floor. And mother was glad I was here, and for all I know I may be here again next year.

Saturday, Sept. 28th 1878.

Changes.

Well, quite a lot of changes have taken place today. Early this morning Miss [Tappan] informed us that she was going to move. So she did, taking her drop light, table-cloth and little rocking-chair. Well I wrote a long list of wants to mother this forenoon, fixings for both rooms. Misses Morrill, Buckland, Wheeler and myself took an hour's walk and picked some real pretty grasses and asparagus, which I fixed over my glass, making it look very pretty. At noon I received a letter from home saying that they would send on to me our big stuffed rocking-chair. And for me to send word what else I wanted with it. I was very much elated. Presently, Jessie's mother came, bringing two chairs for her, a little, comfortable rocking chair and a camp chair. Jessie said she would get a cover for the table if I would get the drop light. I shall get it as soon as possible for

I can't stand this flickering light. Jessie went up town with her mother and came back this evening bringing some brown diagonal flannel for this table. Her mother commenced to emroider the edge. Jessie is going to finish it. Mother sent me a picture of myself. I exchanged with Miss [Cliven]. She is rather a queer girl, but I like her pretty well. She is from Missouri. Has a brother in the West Point Academy. He had the name of being the handsomest boy in the company, so somebody told her. She stopped to see him on the way, and the cadets have sent her 6 brass buttons. Hattie has been in this evening, and [Cora] and Miss Buckland. Also Miss Miller, our corridor teacher. When I get my things, our rooms will look real pretty. Jessie's chairs and table cover already gibe it another aspect. Their seats at table tonight were assigned tonight. Jessie and I are on the 4th table down the centre. The seniors have the 1st three. Tomorrow, also, we have a Bible Class.

Sunday, Sept 29th 1878

Daisy.

This is my second Sunday. We met in Bible classes just after Silent Time this morning and had our lessons assigned for next Sunday. Had church at 11. I have a bad cold and am not feeling very well, and Dr. Caldwell couldn't hold my attention, perhaps somewhat on that account Mrs. Wheeler has been here most all day. I wrote to Mr. [Baules] and Harry (and began a letter home today[]). Miss BUCKland is a great admirer of the daisy. As I don't like them very well, I have made fun a little over her enthusiasm on the subject. Today when I was out walking with Miss Morrill, I espied some, yellow with a brown centre. I picked them and begged a white one from Jessie's bouquet and pined [sic] to them a paper saying "Miss Buckland. With the compliments of Anne [G.] [Panthrout]." They go to lunch during the first half

hour, we during the second. So at their lunch time, I went up. The door was half-way open. I knocked, and, receiving no reply, went in and deposited my offering on the table. Tonight Jessie and I went up to call and go to chapel with them. Miss Buckland thanked me for them and said they were very pretty. I called her Daisy and Miss Nickerson and I concluded to give her the name. So Daisy she shall be to me hereafter. I like her ever so much.

Monday, Sept. 30th 1878

A Bad Beginning.

I went to Mrs. [Ray's] office this noon to get permission to go to town to purchase a drop light. After my lessons were over I went. I had quite a number of little errands that I didn't have time for. But I procured my drop light and fixings for \$7.00 and brought it home in triumph and set it up, and lit it this evening. But I have to wash the chimney and shade before it

will look very nice. But it is a great addition to the room, and the light doesn't hurt my eyes. Miss Gross and Miss Warren and their room-mate were in here tonight. Miss Nickerson may be in to see our table-cloth. The other night there was a committee appointed to draw up resolutions concerning the death of Pres. Raymond. Tonight a meeting was called to pass them. They are to be published in the next College paper. There was a corridor meeting tonight and we had to report about taking exercise, baths, and attending chapel. I had to report deficient on acc't of 15 min. exercise the first rainy day. Not a very good beginning. I shan't have to report it again however unless I am sick.

Wednesday, Oct 2nd '78.

The Japanese.

Had a letter from Miss Kimball today, and wrote to Lucy.

I have been longing to get acquainted with the Japanese girls, and have never

before had a chance. But yesterday, [Cora], Daisy, and I were out for an hour's walk, when they came along. So we went along together and picked autumn leaves. We had a very pleasant walk, and when we came back, they came into my room just to look at it. Again today, Jessie and I walked with them around the Lake, and Jessie and Miss Nagai (the smaller one, the princess, so I hear) got interested in stamps. So Jessie and I went up this evening, Jessie taking her stamp [sic], I, my autograph album. Miss Yamakawa had an engagement and was out, but we three spent a very pleasant evening. Miss nagai has a very nice collection of autographs. Many authors, states-men, etc. And a lot of nice photographs, too. And she showed us some Japanese books. Miss Nagai takes only Music, as her eyes trouble her so she can't read and write much. Miss Yamakawa is almost full freshman. I like them both. It amused me to hear Miss Nagai say "and those are Japs" when she came to

some Japanese in her album. She was 10 when she came here. I believe she has been here 7 yrs. She has one brother being educated in France. All her brothers and sisters are being educated somewhere, in Japan or a foreign country.

Friday, Oct. 4th 1878.

Another Friday - Apples.

Another Friday night here! How quickly the week has passed. And last week went so slowly. I am getting on well in my studies. Like my teachers as much as ever. Miss Goodwin is splendid! She explains everything all out so nicely, defining every little point. She helps us to a translation so smooth and at the same time departing in nothing from the translation. And the clearness of Prof. Braislin's explanations! And the interesting things in Physical Geography. Oh, I enjoy things here.

I had a letter from Mother today and she is going to send me a big chair

and some other things. She wrote Thursday, and was going to pack the things that afternoon. I may get them tomorrow. Hattie Raynolds and I were out the other day and we managed to find our way into a yellow barn right near here where we could get weighed. I weighed 99 lbs., which is 4 more than I have weighhed all summer at home, or, indeed ever. 95 was my weight the day all my classmates were down to see me. We were all weighed in the Mill. Yesterday Miss Morrill and I went out to walk. Went into the orchard to find some apples to eat. The girls can all help themselves. But the apples are the littlest specks of things, and hard and dry. Once in a great while you can find a decent one. I wouldn't eat them at home, or, indeed anywhere else, and I don't exactly know why I do here. It isn't because I don't have fruit, for I have grapes at the table, all I want, every day. But we don't have many apples. But I'd much rather have grapes than apples. I suppose the charm

lies in the fact that it's altogether novel to go out under the trees and have to make a thorough search to get good ones, and also to the fact that I haven't any apple-barrell to go to and find full of great nice apples. Yet I don't care for apples enough to purchase them. [Cora] and Daisy were out in a boat yesterday when we came from the orchard to walk around the lake, and took us out in the boat too. Tonight I have been up to [Cora's] room, and to the Library to read up on Volcanoes for Monday's Physical Geography, and I have been writing home. For a day or so I have been looking over a book entitled "The American Girl and her Four Years in a Boy's College." There are a great many nice things in it, and I am going to read it carefully. In the last part, however, the College part is almost swallowed up in the love story.

Saturday, Oct. 5th 1878

Small Number of Pupils.

There has been a great stir and hubbub

here all the morning. Folks are moving. Hattie has moved into the next room to where she was. Miss Morrill has moved next room to us with Miss [M-] Fadden. Everybody has moved out of the 1st North Corridor, a great number coming onto our corridor. The College is very small this year. Some of the classes [above] have left on account of sickness. A great many from the South have not come this year. Then it is hard times. The Freshman class only numbers about 20, but I know lots that are part Freshman and are intending to be Sophomores next year.

I wrote to the home folks last night and today to Mr. [Pulsifer]. Miss Kimball and Harry.

[Cora], Daisy, Abbie, and Gorgie went off of the grounds after cat-o'-nine tails ("cat-tails" Daisy calls them), and they brought some for our parlor and some [clematis].

There is a queer somebody that has conducted the Chapel services for two nights. I don't know whether or not he's a teacher.

I wonder if he will conduct tomorrow's services.

Monday, Oct 7th 1878.

Bible Class - Box from Home.

Yesterday Morning just after Silent Time the Bible classes recited. Our lesson was Luke XIII.22,30. Miss Avery is our teacher. She believed that none would be cast out and that the same feeling that made the weeping and gnashing of teeth, caused them to feel themselves thrust out. She believed that if anyone truly desired to come they could. She didn't ask me any questions, and my faith is in no respect altered. After Bible class, Miss Nickerson and I went to walk. Miss Nickerson came in here and we had some little discussion on religious subjects - the Bible, Darwin, etc. Miss Nickerson believes Genesis nothing more less than a mythology. I believe ditto as to that.

After that there was a service. A great many went to Poughkeepsie to church. They are at liberty to do so once in a certain

time. I don't know how long. Prof. Backus preached. I liked the sermon very well. After lunch [Cora] and I went out for a walk. It sprinkled all the while I was gone. I felt sick to my stomach after I came in and laid on my bed and read Lord Lytton's "Coming Race" all the afternoon. Ate a light supper and felt better. Today had a letter from Belle. Just charactersitic of her, the dear girl. Today expected a stuffed chair and some other things from home. Abbie, [Cora], Daisy, Gorgie and I went out to walk. Hunted for chestnuts. I got one, the rest more. Found an apple tree with quite large, soft apples, but sour. Brought home my pockets full. On entering behold! and rejoice! my chair had come. There it was, large as life, and oh! a perfect luxury for Vassar. Two other bundles. They had all come together in a sort of crate and had created quite a sensation. The janitor had gotten them out for me. I unpacked my bundles. Just what I had sent for. Clothing, water-proof, comforter, pictures, etc. Hallelujah! How I flew round. Between

dinner and chapel I invited Misses Nagai and Yamakawa to come in and partake of my apples. The Lady Principal conducted chapel exercises tonight. As Jessie and I sat at Algebra, differentiating, this evening, study hours, there was a fumbling and a knock at our door. "Come." But instead we heard Gorgie's door shut. She had poked a note beneath the door, as it is against rules to go to each other's rooms in study hours, asking me to come over about Livy after 8, the end of study hours. I poked my acceptance under her door, and at 8, went. Miss Peck was in, and Daisy a minute. Miss Peck and Jessie are comical and always joking each other. Miss Peck brought Jessie into Gorgie's room in her arms and was scolding her because she didn't eat more. After it Jessie went and hung a comic pen drawing representing her on her door. Well, its nearly bed time and I must close.

Tuesday, Oct 8th 1878

A New Parlor-Mate.

Today, as I sat here with Gorgie, there was a knock. "Come." And two young ladies entered. One, Miss Irving, was to have our inner single room. She has moved in. She seems quite nice. I guess she is [Prep.] entirely.

Tonight Gorgie and I called on the Japs for about 15 min. I have begun to study Ancient History by myself. I want to get full Fresh. as soon as possible. Miss Miller, our former corridor-teacher has gone to the 4th floor. Miss Hubbard is now our corridor-teacher. Had a letter from mother today.

Wednesday, Oct. 9th '78

Summoned to the Lady Principal.

Today Hattie Reynolds came in before study hour was out. That's against rules; but rules don't seem to be very severe in that respect. While she was here one of the messenger girls came to say that the Lady Principal wished to see me between 12 and 12.30 at her office. I couldn't imagine what was

up, but travelled up there as desired. It was on account of the quarter of an hour's exercise I didn't take one rainy day. I ought to have gone to Dr. Webster to get exercised. But she (or rather her ass't. She was not there) exercised me that time. My first summons to the Lady Principal.

Today has been rather half-cloudy. It sprinkled a little while we girls ([Cora], Daisy, Abbie, Jessie, Gorgie, and I) were out for our exercise, picking up chestnuts under the tree. I found 10 and felt quite proud of my treasures. Well, I must go to bed. By the way, Jessie and I were up for about 5 min. in the Japs' room. Miss Nagai was not in. I got my album. They have both written in it.

Thursday, Oct 10th 1878.

Cider.

Today Abbie got permission of the Lady Principal for [Viva], Cora, and herself, Gorgie, Jessie, and I to go to a cider-mill some ways from here. We started after our day's lessons were over. Abbie

took a pail that she got from one of the College servants. Gorgie and Jessie took their water-pitchers, nicely cleansed. But there were so crackled that they looked dirty. I took my silver mug to drink out of. Gorgie took a bag to put apples in if we found any stray ones. We didn't fill it, though some of the girls got 2 or 3. We found the cider-mill with little difficulty, and having reached it, stood like fools gazing upon the men there, and never uttered a word for several minutes. At last, however, we plucked up courage, or rather came to our senses, and asked about the cider. We bought a gallon for 15 cents. The cider-mill was back of a house, and we stopped by the road front of the house and drank cider all around. Then the procession moved. Everybody on the road to and from seemed very much pleased at something, and all knew who we were, of course, and where we'd been. We were rather tired

before we reached home; but Gorgie, Jessie, and Cora stopped under the chestnut tree, and also to buy candy and peanuts of the man that stands in the road between the College and Lake with a bucket of such things to sell. We had a good time out of it and got back just a few minutes before dinner. The cider was new and sweet, but tasted a little of the barrel. Altogether it was very good.

I was summoned to Miss Morse today. She wanted to talk to me about my lessons. She gave me permission to study my Ancient History by myself. I had been doing so and it was against the rules, but I didn't know it.

I have to have a composition the last Saturday of this month about what I have done in essay writing. It is to be in the form of a letter. I am glad that we are to begin essay writing.

Saturday Oct. 12th 78.

Chestnuts.

This morning we girls, all but Gorgie who had to go up town this afternoon and couldn't spend too much time, went "chestnutting." The other day we found lots of chestnuts, and we thought that by going early in the morning we might get quite a lot. We went to the chestnut-tree, but there were but few on the ground, there having been but little frost and no wind. But we found a few and knocked off a few. Then Prof. Backus' son and some more boys came and began to climb and shake the trees. Cora and Jessie picked up 3 I believe (we were just going and it was as they passed along) and Prof. Backus' son says, "Won't you please leave those chestnuts alone." From there we went to the Glen and found a few. But altogether our chestnutting was a failure.

Today I have been to room J. (Student's Parlor) to see them dance. They dance

every night between dinner and Chapel. All the evening I have been up in Cora's room reading "Phillis" with her.

Sunday, Oct. 13th 1878.

An Unprofitable Sunday.

Cora and I have read "Phillis" nearly all day. It has turned into a hot love-story and I wish I had never begun it. But now I shall finish it. This evening I finished letters to Harry and Mother and wrote to Helen and [Al.] and to [Deb.] Nothing special has happened today. Cora and I walked up to Sunset Hill. A person from N.Y. City, an editor, preached today. Part of his sermon I liked. Part I didn't. Didn't learn anything in the Bible class. Indeed, have read all day and that's all it amounted to. So now I'll go to bed and see if I can't spend my next Sunday more profitably.

Wednesday, Oct. 16th '78

Bowling Alley and Caramels.

Today when we went to talk we went

into the Bowling Alley for a part of our exercise. I was in there, just to look around a minute, the other day and that was the first time I was ever in one. I think it is nice fun. I knocked down 8 pins. The Alley is not in the main College building, but in the same one that the Gymnasium and Museum, etc. is in.

Miss Irving was telling us the other day that the girls got chocolate and vanilla caramels, splendid ones, of the college store, by going round between the College and Laundry and hailing a servant and asking her to get them. I wanted some (I have not spent but 10 cents for edibles of any kind since I came), so yesterday when Gorgie and I went to walk we hung round there in vain. No servant was visible. So we gave it up. Today Miss Irving and I tried with no better success. But she promised to go again when she went to walk and that time was successful.

They were splendid.

I don't know whether or not its against the rules to get them so. I didn't know the College store kept anything of that sort before. It says in the Students Manual, our code of laws, that if we wish to purchase of the College store, we must enclose in a written order money to purchase and give it to the Corridor teacher at breakfast, who, if she approves the purchase, will forward the order. "Direct traffic is forbidden except to Seniors." But surely that's not direct traffic.

Thursday, Oct. 17th 1878.

Chestnutting Again.

Today there has been a high wind all day long. We girls went to the chestnut tree for our walk. Miss Peck was there, down the bank almost into the mud, grubbing away for chestnuts. She got a hundred or more. When we came, she went in and left the place for us. I got 45, and I guess the other girls got as many, if

not more. It must have been fun to have seen us girls grubbing away among the briars and bushes, our sticks in our hands to poke up the dead leaves, our hats off and hair flying. "If we had to do this we'd think it awful," said Abbie. Just [as] Jessie wished she had gone. She scarcely ever goes with us, because her foot hurts her and she takes only half an hour's exercise.

Saturday, Oct. 19th 1878.

Almost homesick - Waxing Leaves.

Yesterday it rained all day long. Also all night; and today has been a dull dreary sort of a day. We girls went chestnutting. I got about 100, Gorgie 130, Cora 80. Abbie and Daisy got disgusted and left us. Most of them we got in the ploughed ground. When we got to our old stand-by of a tree, they had nearly all been picked up. Today has come the nearest to my being homesick. I have felt out of sorts all the afternoon and might me [sic] homesick if I wanted to, as easily as not. Today when we girls

were out we picked some lovely autumn leaves - pink and blue. I never saw any like them before. I wanted to wax them on the branch. So I succeeded in getting some wax from Miss Irving, and Miss McFadden borrowed a gas-iron for me. I waxed my leaves, but fear that most of them will turn brown. The pretty pink and blue ones are rather too pulpy to wax well.

Thursday, Oct. 24th 1878

Peppered Rolls and Table Fun

This morning we had graham rolls for breakfast. Miss Miller, who presides at our table came in late, as she often does. So Misses [Wygant] and [Hulbeet] in a moment of fun, carefully placed two rolls beneath the castor, the standard of which is hollow, intending to have them for lunch instead of common bread. Lunch time came, behold the young ladies on hand for their rolls. But woe unto them! Someone had discovered their hidden store and carefully peppered their two treasures. Oh,

it was a good joke. There was much meditation as to who the perpetrator of the deed could be; but we did not discover her. Lunch today, indeed was a trying time for Miss Hygant. Besides being disappointed in regard to her roll, they allowed us no forks to eat our sliced [beet], and she was compelled to use her spoon. We often have quite jolly times at table, especially when Miss Miller is late and at lunch, when there is no teacher at any of the tables. And Miss [Loder], who sits next me is always doing things that make me laugh, especially if I glance up across the table at Miss Wygant. Soemtimes Miss Loder gets 3 or 4 glasses of water by her plate, or tries to pass them to me when everybody at our end of the table is supplied. Then one day she calmly set two dishes of succotash by her plate and didn't notice it till Lily Peck spoke of it. One day she passed me the bread. Now there is a plate of bread at our end of the table,

and she didn't think of that till just as I reached out my hand to take a slice of what she was passing, when it suddenly occurred to her and she snatched the plate away as quickly, saying, "Oh, you have some there;" and turned to talk with Miss Darling. I caught Grace Hygant's eye and we had all we could do to keep on a straight face. Lily Peck sometimes creates a sensation, too. She is very funny. One noon she made a face of an oyster cracker at table. And Grace Hygant and Hattie Hubbert are always disagreeing as to who shall wait, when there's not enough of anything in the first dish. They are the last ones helped. And oh, what funny times it makes. We sit at the 4th table down the center. The seniors occupy the first three. Gorgie sits at the next table, which has a funny servant. Some days when there's only 1 or 2 left at table she will begin to clear it away. One day the girls sat a long time just to plague her, and sent

her out after the gingersnaps again, when she carried them away. She brought more and says "It's all there is."

But most of the girls are very obliging. But I must close now.

Tuesday, Oct. 29th 1878.

Sad Separations.

Lots of the seats were changed at table tonight. Jessie, Ella Irving and I go to Miss Parmer's table, where Cora and those girls are. That would be nice, but I don't like very well those opposite me at table. We had a lingering parting at our table at lunch, and I bade Hattie Hubbert and Grace Hygant a sad farewell. But the unkindest separation of all was that from dear Loder. How fondly I remember her remarks so volatile, Mr. Copperfield! last Sunday. "Miss [Southworth], please pass the staff of life," and "Grace, this is fearfully and wonderfully made," are the only specimens of her bright and shining wit. Alas! that no more I shall hear it.

It was announced at dinner that a gold

watch had been lost on the grounds.

Wednesday, Oct 30th '78

Drawing Lessons.

Have drawing lessons now every Wednesday. It rained last Wednesday and today; but cleared off today before the lesson. We have to go to the Lyceum, which is in the same building that the Gym is in. We draw from objects. A cube is what we are now drawing. Have had it in the two different positions. I did a great deal better on the second than [sic] the first and feel quite elated. Our drawing master is a German and talks quite queerly. But I like him. He says very funny things. Last week he was trying to make us understand something and he said. "Is there anyone that don't understand that? If there is I will make them understand it. In a gentle way of course." His name is [San] Ingen. I had a letter from Helen and Alice today, a nice long letter.

Thursday, Oct. 31st 1878

Hallow E'en.

Tonight as we came out of chapel there was a little extra stir and bustle. And I heard someone say Hallow e'en. There I knew what it was. They say that there is more cutting up Hallow e'en than any other night in the year; everybody is up to something and every teacher is on the watch. Tonight the seniors have a time. Gorgie came to me with the singular request to borrow my red flannel petticoat. For the Seniors. Just after

Friday Nov. 1st 1878

I will begin right when I left off about Hallow e'en. Just after Study Hours, Ella and I sat alone here and we heard a great tramping in the corridor. We rushed out. Behold a motley array of beings, rushing down the stairs and out of the door. All had on as much red as possible, and I recognized one clad in my red skirt and Gorgie's red

sack. It was Ella Moore, one of the smartest Seniors. Well, after they had all gone, we went back to our room and were dying for something exciting to do, and wondering what the Seniors were up to. Jessie came in. We burst two paper bags in the corridor and exhausted all our hopes of excitement. Miss Levick came in. She and some others were going to stay down in room 13 all night and have fun. It is against rules to stay all night in any room but your own; but some girls do stay our quite often. There was an air of mistery [sic] and fun all over the College. Miss Levick brought us two bags, but they would not blow up good. Jessie pasted up two beautiful ones with [mucilage]. Just after the bell for Silent Time struck the Seniors came trooping in and paraded all around the first, second, and third corridors south. We waited till the fun seemed to be over and came in. Sometime after the lights in corridor were out we burst one bag. Then an-

-other. It could be heard all over the corridor, like a shot. Miss Hubbard, our corridor teacher kept her light burning all night. Levick said if it hadn't been for that, she would have come down and pelted Ella with chestnuts over her window. I suspect there were many tricks played and things done that no one but those concerned knew about.

I went to walk with Miss Nagai today. She said that some of them make molasses candy over a gas stove. They had permission.

Had letter from Mother, Harry, and Miss Clifton today.

Sunday Oct. 3rd 1878.

Greek.

I have got lots to say, and first of all I will tell about my Greek. The first time I was summoned to Miss Morse, she said something about my not being up to the Fresh. class in Greek. I knew that I had passed my Greek, and that I had Pres. Raymond's certificate for it, so I sent home

for it. When it came, I took it to Miss Morse. She said that she would look up the mistake. In a few days more she summoned me and told me that I had passed my Greek, and so dismissed me from Phys. Geog and let me go into Herodotus. It is what is called Senior Greek. Prof. Hinkle teaches it. He is a German. At first I couldn't understand half he said, but can do better now. Miss Gross and I, [Preps], Miss Abbott, a Special, and one other is in it besides some of the Seniors. Prof. Hinkle talks most all the time during the recitation. Nevertheless one can't get a perfect lesson to him, any more than to Miss Goodwin. Now I will tell about

Chapter Alpha.

The [Philalethian] is the Collegiate literary society. It is divided into Chapters. Chapter Alpha is the first one that has had an entertainment. I rec'd an invitation by the luckiest chance. Ella Moore invited Gorgie Morrill. I was in there when

Miss Moore came for Gorgie and she said there was an extra invitation that I could use. So I went with high glee, although I almost felt as if I ought to stay at home and write on my composition. The entertainment was real nice. They had a poem and a story and a play, "My Uncle's Will," and two songs and a class in fanning. The last was best. The girls were all dressed in pretty evening costumes and had bright colored fans in their hands and small fans on their heads. The teacher represented a French gentleman, and in manners and accent, did her part to perfection.

Last night the

Exoterie

had one of their entertainments. The Exoterie is the Prep. Literary society. It has entertainments once a fortnight. I never went to one before. The two nicest things were "Essence of Opera", and a Tableau. In the former Miss Parry as

a lady and Miss [Rollinson] as a gentle man took the principal parts. There was an Opera box rigged up, and two ladies in it, who threw Miss Parry a ridiculous bouquet. They did their parts beautifully and took on exactly as they do at Operas, so those who have been to Operas, say. It was very cute.

The tableau was 4 pictures. Just the frames with girls heads behind. The girls looked beautifully and looked just like pictures. I enjoyed it very much. Yesterday Ella, Jessie, and I went over to the

Old Grave-Yard.

It is on the College grounds but is out of limits. That is, we oughtn't to go there without permission. But we didn't know it. Gorgie and I paid it a flying visit one day. Yesterday we wanted to copy down the curious epitaphs. As we had no paper, I wrote them on my white skirt. I think I will here record them. The one most worthy of note is the fol-

-lowing: "In memory of John A Low, who died Apr. 16, 1828, aged 48 yrs. 10da. "Remember me as you pass by; As you are now, so once was I; As I am now so will you be; Prepare for death and follow me." Beneath can be faintly discerned pencil writing, which we with difficulty made out to be the following: "To follow you I am not content, Until I know which way you went." Grace Hygant said that, when that was written, one of the Profs. discovered it, and the young ladies were rebuked in chapel and the one who did it advised to go with a wet sponge and efface it. Accordingly she went with a sponge, but did not entirely efface it, it seems. The others were not so remarkable; but I copy down all that have epitaphs. "In Memory of Michael Palmer, who died Dec. 9. 1809, aged 50 yrs. 8 mos." The epitaph as from the Bible, Timothy 4 chapter, 15 verse. Another was John Albert, son of Albert

and Jane Gregory of [Warwaling], Ulster Co. Died Feb 14, 1846, aged 16 yrs, 3 mos. 12 da. "So fades the lovely, blooming flower, Frail, smiling solace of an hour. So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasures only bloom to die." Another, "Died 14 1828. John Jacob, son of John A. Low, aged 2 yrs. Weep not o'er the [tones] of infancy Flowers of sweetest bloom must pass away" That's what I thought ought to be put on my stone. Jessie was going to engrave it for me.

"In Memory of Jane L. Gregory, who died Feb. 5. 1824, aged 44 yrs. 'In the midst of life we are in death'" "In Memory of Eunice Low, who died Nov. 16. 1842, aged 59 yrs. 9 mos. 9 da. Weep not for me."

The grave yard is a curious place, not much larger than this room, containing 2 or 3 apple-trees and over-grown with briars. Some of the stones are [overthrown] or out of place. When we left the grave-yard and we went

to one of the farm houses a little beyond, for some water. Not because we wanted any, but because Ella and Jessie had a curious desire to see. They were cleaning house, and had lots of stuff out of doors; but handed us a pitcher and glass for water out of a crack in the door. It didn't look nice, so we made believe drink and Ella stood behind us and poured part of the water out.

My Composition.

I ought to have had a composition a week ago last Sat.; but I misunderstood Miss [Hooode], our teacher, and thought she wanted us to write about "What I have done in Essay Writing." Finding myself mistaken after I had the first draft all done, I went to her. She told me to write a short business letter to her on that subject, and write a composition on something. I'd seen or heard or read or done and hand it in a week later. Now, I've never seen anything I could write nicely about. I've never

done anything that I could write nicely about. I never read anything that I could write nicely about, except our "Mutual Friend." I began on that. A hopeless task!

What should I do I never had such a time writing a composition before. In chapel, last Sunday night, I glared the subject in the face. At last, almost in despair, I came to a grim resolution. To write out a thing that had really happened to some of my relations. I had written it before, in connection with some other things, for a composition. But that copy of it was at home, so I wrote it all out, in a much more extended form. I hope she will like it. I handed it in the last thing last night. I had to hurry to finish it on account of the [Exoteric] and the Phil. (Short for Philalethian).

Friday, Nov. 8th 1878.

Miscellaneous.

I haven't written any for quite a while

and I have quite a lot to say if I can think of it all. We had the first snow storm of the year last Wed. the 27th. Miss [Varnes] truly remarked that the fates were against our learning to draw; for we have taken lessons only three weeks, and the first two it rained and this week it snowed. Notwithstanding the adversity of the fates, we have made considerable progress. I can make quite a cube, and next week we begin on curved lines. We have to draw everything from "nature". The lake is being drained. I walked half-way around it Wednesday after the storm cleared away, and there was only a small pond in the very deepest part and a few little brooks running in the bed. The bottom is very dirty, and looks muddy, and I am glad it is to be cleared out. The weather has become real cold and winter sacks and mittens are coming out. My hands are chapping and they never did before. [I] [lie] very hateful. We girls have great times about air. I will keep the windows of the parlor down a little

at the top all the time and give the parlor a regular airing-out while we are to breakfast. But Ella and Jessie would starve for air. Have had two or three letters from home this week. Mother sends money in every letter, either bills or [scrip]. The "Vassar Miscellany" has come. Its first number was published in Nov., because they made some alterations in its form, size, etc. It is published once a month in the form of a magazine and is real nice. It costs \$1.50 per year. I have come upon an old friend. His name is "Office Pencil." Now "Pencil" is my hobby. I want one not too hard, and not too soft, and not too large, and not too small, etc. I had some time ago decided upon "Office Pencil" as the best of the whole family of Pencils. But alas! I lost all traces of my beloved "Office Pencil" and could find him no more, although I inquired after him of every [drimmer] who had any acquaintance with the "pencil family." So I was compelled to make the acquaintance of other

"Pencils," but I had never found one that could equal "Office". But the other day in Greek class, I happened to glance at Miss Merrick, as she was writing, and I saw something that looked strangely familiar. In looking closer I beheld "Office Pencil." Oh, their [sic] did I rejoice, and such to the Office in the College, and there found that "Office Pencil" could be at any time obtained. Such is the thrilling tale.

Tonight after Chapel, Miss [Turner], Miss Wheeler, and I went into Gorgie's to study Livy. We stayed about an hour and didn't translate a word of Livy. We got to talking about Wellesley and Vassar and their [sic] about ourselves, our folks, our circumstance and all feel the need of being economical. But I guess I am rather best off of them all. For Miss Wheeler and Miss Turner may not be able to come more than a year. Gorgie can come as long as her father has a parish, probably. But she feels as if her sister [Lulie] has more of a right to go than she, for she is a

better scholar. And she feels as if they were making sacrifices for her at home. But I think that nothing can happen to keep me from my course here. I am sure I am very, very fortunate.

But I think a little space here is due to an account of our

First Spread.

Not a very wonderful affair, indeed. Merely a little social time between our parlor, Gorgie and the Japs. You Jessie thought it would be nice to get some Apples and have them to eat in the evening among a few. So she bought [these] at Flegner's farm-house and borrowed some plates. Then she bought some pea-nuts of the candy-man and arranged them very prettily on a box-cover, covered with a napkin. Among the parlor and Gorgie, we made out enough napkins and knives. The Japs came at 8.15 P.M. Gorgie, as soon as she got [threw] practicing and we ate apples and peanuts all the evening. Toward nine o'clock, Gorgie went

home and brought in some ginger-bread and sugar-cakes she had sent from home in a box with other things. We all had a pleasant time chatting, until the bell for Silent Time struck. Miss [Stematz] told us a comical experience about breaking Silent Time and the lecture it called forth from Miss Hackell, their Corridor teacher. Miss Hackell is real strict. Miss Hubbard isn't. We have btter times and make at least as much noise during Silent Time than any other portion of the day. Well, I must close now. It is almost Silent Time.

Tuesday, Nov. 12th 1878.

Gym Suits.

Yesterday Jessie, Misses Nagai and Yamakawa and I went to walk together and went to Mrs. Wheeler's to see about Gym suits. We were consulted about them last week; but I wanted to write home first about it. The best ones cost \$0.50. Mother says it isn't cheap; but not very high; and I had better have mine made here, and

it would be right. Mine is to be gray with a darker gray trimming. They are uniforms, but differently trimmed. The skirts are quite full and the waists sailor with sailor collar. If I wear this out I shall have another made prettier at home. These are homely. The girls wear them from morning till right after exercise and then change them for dinner.

Sunset Hill in a Cloudy Day.

Today I started out to walk alone and went up Sunset Hill. There I came back to the College and met Miss Yamakawa and we went up together. The day had been dark and cloudy; but the scene was beautiful. Sunset Hill lies to the south-east of the College Buildings and is ascended by pretty gravelled paths. I went up on the north side and paused to look at the scenery. The College lay clustered among the evergreens, the only things looking like life. An undulating country was streting away on all sides, dotted here and there with houses and clusters of trees

with bare branches on with foliage of a dull red. The hills, enclosing the whole were of a deep, deep purple hue, while in one place were dimly seen the out-line of light blue hills, far away. The sky was lovely, and I believe sky scenery is my favorite. The clouds were in piles on layers one above another and were of all shades of blue and drab, the colors blending most harmoniously and fading into one another. On the south side of the hill the stretch of country is not so extensive, but no less picturesque. I particularly noted one strip of land that was of a bright emerald green, in strong contrast to the faded brown of the rest of the scene. The hills enclosing the scene on this side were of a dark indigo blue and very beautiful. Here the sky showed patches of blue beneath the fleecy white clouds, and the whole was dotted with small clouds of a particular reddish purple hue. The whole was charming; but its chief beauty today consisted on the rich tints of the hills and clouds. Before Miss [Stematz] and I came in the whole western sky was

ablaze with golden light, as if a great fire was burning behind the clouds.

Friday, Nov. 15th 1878

Pass-ery.

I had to go to the Dr. and to Miss Woods yesterday between dinner and Chapel. Miss Woods criticized my composition. Said it was very nice, that the two scenes were very well carried out, etc.; but that I was rather long in getting to the main thing, and that my description was too much like the old style of writing, and was not sprightly, as I would talk.

There are three Gym classes, the strong, middle and weak. Dr. Webster asked in which she had better put me. I said the strong. She thought I did not look hardly strong enough for it, but let me go into it if I would promise to tell her if it was too hard for me.

I must tell a good thing that happened about [Pass.] Miss E.J. Wheeler and Miss Turner decided to go down town together this

afternoon and to go and hurry right back, They hadn't told any one that they were going; but Kitty Angel, Miss Wheeler's roommate, overheard them say they were going. Not long after, [Pass] came into their parlor and wanted to know if any of them were going down town. All said no, but Kitty thoughtlessly said Miss Wheeler was. Then Miss W. came in, and Miss Pass asked her if she might go with her. Now, probably Pass only wanted to have some one show the way around, and the girls were to be in a hurry, and Pass isn't a universal favorite. So Miss W. said she wasn't going. Sat. but Fri. "Well," said Miss P. "I can go just as well Fri., and Sat. Can I go with now?" "I have nothing to do about it," said Miss W. "Miss Turner invited me to go with her, and I have no right to invite one." "Well," persisted Pass, "If I ask Miss Turner if I may go, may I?" Of course Miss W. could only say "yes".

The only way to get rid of her was for Miss Turner to avoid her, so she would not have a chance to ask her. When I

went, as usual, into Miss Turner's room the first period after lunch to read Livy, they were busy talking about it. They arranged for Misses T. and W. to "scoot" into the bedrooms if there was a knock. They "scooted" twice, once for Miss Morrill and once for Miss Yamakawa, whom we expected, as being members of our Livy club. Then they decided to put an "Engaged" on the door, thinking that of course no one would knock after viewing that. But we were just nicely to work when we heard a knock. The girls run [sic] and Miss Howe opened the door. Of course 'twas Pass. No one else would be so rude. There was great deal of indignation among the Livy club, and all thought that she ought to be instructed in College etiquette. Miss Turner and Pass are in the same Latin class, so as soon as it was out, Miss Turner [scud]. So far she had evaded her persecutor. Miss Howe said she deserved to be accompanied by some one she didn't like if she couldn't keep out of her way for 1-1/2 days. After Chapel Miss Turner

waited at night after Chapel till she thought Miss P. would be in her room. But, alas! Just as she was about to enter her room Miss P. came out. Miss T. turned a run upstairs. Pass followed, caught her, exclaimed "You're just the person I want to see." Miss T. was very cool and I guess Pass suspected something. Anyway they both went in the same car; but they didn't speak or go together. It was too rich for anything. Miss Howe's parting advice to Miss T. when she thought perhaps Pass would go with her was to "squelch." But Pass was pronounced un-squelchable.

Miss Wheeler said Pass invited her to go with her to walk Tuesdays. Miss W. told her that she was going to take her Tuesday's walk mornings after that. "Oh" said Pass, "I can take my walk mornings just as well, and I think it's better."

Chapter Beta is having a spree tonight. Jessie is having her teeth straightened and goes down town every Wed. and Sat.

Tuesday, Nov. 19th 1878.

Mrs. Ray's Party for the Preps.

Last week all the Preps. rec'd cards from Mrs. Ray inviting us to spend Sat. eve with her from 7 to 9. Jessie and Ella didn't go, and I went with Miss E.J. Wheeler. Mrs. Ray rec'd us all and talked with us and we all talked to each other if we could think of anything to say. I floated around for a while and finally settled down in a corner (on my knees, as I could find no chair) with Misses Yamakawa, Sharp, Buckalnd, Nickerson, Howe and Turner. We had quite a nice time. For refreshments there were cake, coffee, and ice cream. The cake was Mrs. Ray's birthday cake, a very large white cake, beautifully frosted. The ice cream was of many flavors and looked beautifully laid in stripes of pink, yellow and brown. We didn't get home till the lights-out bell struck, 10 min. of 10. Mrs. Rays birthday was last Wed. Pres. Caldwells was the same day also. He was 58, she 38. Cora has not been very well and

Jessie is not feeling well tonight and Ella was quite sick this morning and I am not feeling particularly smart. A bright feeling set of girls.

It rained all day Sunday and I wrote letters. Had a letter from Harry this week. Today I was provoked. Gorgie Morrill and I walk together lately. Today she walked with Miss [Moan]. So I invited Miss E.J. Wheeler to go with me. She forgot it was Tuesday and she was going with Miss Pass. But as we were starting out we met Pass. So of course we three went together and talked "horse" all the hour.

Wednesday Nov. 20th 1878.

Boundary of my World.

Last night in Chapel lots of names were read off of girls admitted to the Freshman class. Viva, Misses Warren and Yamakawa were admitted. Tonight the seats were changed in chapel. Everyone is put in alphabetical order. I have an outside corner seat now.

This morning as Jessie and I were going to break-

fast, she said; "There was a fire last night."

"Was there, where?" I ask, interested and wondering for my thoughts are not outside the College Grounds.

"on Sunset Hill," was what I thought she replied.

"On Sunset Hill?" For how could that be; there is nothing there but trees.

"Beyond Sunset Hill."

"Oh," and my interest subsides, and I ask no more questions.

This little conversation first showed me how small my world has become since I came here. I think of nothing outside and am interested in nothing outside. I have no desire to go beyond the red fence except it be to the old Graveyard or something of the sort, which I almost feel as if ought to be on the College Grounds. I could scarcely be persuaded to go to Po'keepsie for the town. I take no interest in the affairs of the world at present. I am just enough interested to be glad that Butler isn't elected Governor in Mass. and that Harriet Hosmer is making wonderful

scientific discoverier. But, after all, its a sort of a negative or [passive] glances. I take an interest in the [news] they write from home, but really it don't amount to much to me. Whether it's as it ought to be or not, I don't know. But I am contented here, and I am learning, and I am laying up in my mind knowledge and and [sic] am deciding on principles and precepts that shall be useful to me when I bid goodbye to Vassar and go out into the world that for four years is to remain almost dead to me.

Thursday, Nov. 21st 1878.

H. Y. Hunter

The other night Ella wanted to send a subscription to the business editor of the "College Herald" published where she used to go to school. She knew his name was Hunter hut did not know his initials. So she thought she would address it to J.H. Hunter. "Perhaps his name's John Henry" said Jessie. "H.Y. stands for unknown [quantier]," said I. So she said she would address it so, and I

made the H and Jessie the Y, and Ella wrote the rest and put on all his long address. When her "College Herald" came she saw his initials were W.J. She was going to write to the girls that she knows there and tell them about it.

Sunday, Dec. 8th '78.

Conditions off.

It is a long time since I've written in this, but it has not been because I've had nothing to say. On the contrary I've very great deal to say. Now the first and most important is about my conditions. Three weeks ago several of the girls had been admitted to the Freshman class. And Miss Howe had just been examined in Phys. Geog. and had passed on an easy examination. Sat. the 23rd of November I was siezed with a desire to get off my conditions. I took my Phys. Geog. and said I shouldn't leave it as long as I had a spare moment. I told Miss Howe, that, inspired by her noble example I had taken to my Physical. I didn't expect to make it up that day, but Gorgie

said I could. I studied steadily all day, only leaving for lunch and exercise. I saw Miss Hackell, and she said I might come to her immediately after dinner. She said she thought I wouldn't need to see Miss Morse about it first, as Miss Morse had said to her that I would probably soon be ready for examination. So after dinner I went to her room. I was examined and passed. Miss Moore called me Monday, and told me that I'd better go to Miss Brown, the teacher of history, and have her direct my work, that I might use my time to the best possible advantage. She told me to go to Miss B. Tuesday night. I studied hard all Monday and Tuesday, and, when I went to Miss B., was examined and paired my Greek and Eastern History. Then I put my mind to my Roman. Miss B gave me a list of dates that I might learn only the most important ones. Saturday morning I was examined and passed on my Roman History. So I was full Freshman, yet was not yet announced. I expected to be announced Tuesday, but I was not. I don't know what the matter was.

Tomorrow I will go to Miss Morse and see why. I'll not be really Freshman till I'm announced. But I'm so glad to get my conditions off. Miss Brown has a sister prepared for Freshman. She was examined at the same time I was in Boston. I have lots more to say, but I guess I will write no more now.

Monday, Dec. 9th 1878

Freshman.

Freshman! Yes, I was announced tonight in Chapel. Oh, I am so glad to get it off my mind. Miss Phillips was also announced in Chapel. I went to Miss Morse today at her office hours, and she told me that I was Fresh. and would be admitted tonight. I suppose now I'll go to class Meetings and have some class paper and go over to the other side of the Chapel and go into Mrs. Ray's Bible Class and join Phil. and all sorts of things. ["Quid agamus."] I suppose it is to be my motto henceforth. I hope our '78 will show folks what we can do and that it will be nothing useless

Traveling List.

Tonight we made out our travelling lists. Blanks were distributed in corridor meeting. 'On what train do you leave Poughkeepsie?' 'What is your destination' 'Describe definitely your route and state on what railroads you will travel.' 'Do you wish the College conveyance?' (Horsecar) 'Do you wish the College to take your baggage to the depot? If so, what and how many pieces?' 'What is your name and the number of your room?' The College checks the baggage and buys the tickets. But I shan't take any baggage and shall go on the boat if the weather is pleasant; if not, on the cars.

New Students.

There are 4 new students since Christmas. All Preps. It seems a funny time to come. Miss Anna Van Allyn sit [sic] at our table. She seems quite nice and is pretty. Is very homesick. Miss Ryder is another. She seems nice too.

Tuesday, Dec. 10th '78.

Class Meeting

A meeting of the Freshman Class was called immediately after dinner. Miss Baldwin is Pres.; Miss [Starr], Vice-Pres.; Miss Case, treasurer; Miss Smith, secretary. The class paper is lovely. It is 60 [cts.] a quire. Tonight I took my seat on the south side of the Chapel between Misses Smith (not the Sec.) and Stanton. There are 33 in our class, and more to come. There was only about 20 at the beginning of the year.

Sunday, Dec. 15th 1878.

Going Home.

Next Thursday I start for home. Oh, its perfectly glorious. I can't think of anything else. I'm all of a bustle with the thought. Yesterday men came out with checks and tickets. I bought my ticket to New York. Almost everybody is going, and those that are not going wish they were. But as it is so near vacation, I think I

ought to write something about the many things that have happened and are worthy of notice. First there's

Thanksgiving Day.

We had three day's vacation, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. In the morning there was a short service in the Chapel. There was no lunch, but things were placed on the table at breakfast in order that if we were hungry, we might have come to take to our rooms and eat. I brought something down, but did not eat anything. We went to dinner at 3 o'clock. Quite a large number of the girls were away, and those that remained had the privelege of making up their own tables. We did not make up any and were put at Miss Baldwin's. More of the teachers preside at the scholar's tables Thanksgiving. All the Prof.'s families come in, too. Dinner lasted about 1-1/2 h. There were printed bills of fare. I had one, and will copy it here.

Thanksgiving Dinner.
Vassar College.
Nov. 28, 1878
Bill of Fare.
Soup.
Chicken. Julienne.
Roast.
Turkey. Beef.
Cranberry Sauce. Apple Sauce.
Entrees.
Fried Oysters. Chicken Salad.
Relishes.
Chow-chow. Celery. Mixed Pickles.
Worcestershire Sauce. Olives.
Vegetables.
Baked Sweet Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Mashed Potatoes. [Grun] Pear.
Pastry.
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.
Cranberry Tarts.
Dessert.
Vanilla and Chocolate Ice Cream.
Orange Ice.
Mixed Fancy Cake. Pound Cake. Chocolate Cake.
Nuts and Raisins. Apples. Orange and Grapes.
Coffee. Tea.

The Julienne and Roast Beef weren't brought on, but we might have had it if we had wanted it. We had the Orange Ice, Ice Cream, and Cake in the evening. After dinner there was dancing in Room J. and games were played in the recitation rooms, Rachel and Jacob, and Initiation. At 7 o'clock, every body started for the Lyceum, as there was to be a play there. It was splendid. The principal thing was a [sort] of a band. All the teachers took part. Misses Goodwin and [Hecock] played the Bells. Mrs. Ray, Glasses. Prof. [Barchive], Castanets. Mr. Caldwell the Pres. [sow)], [Torpedors]. It was all like that. When they first came in they were dressed in overcoats and fire and looked ever so pretty. Then there was a play, "The Parlor Car." The last thing was "Ching-a-ling-a-ling." Some one, not on the stage, sang the song, "Ching-a-ling-a-ling was a Chinese boy," and somebody came dancing in, who personated a Chinese very well indeed. Then the song went on, something about his going to San Francisco to see his sweet-heart, and a Chinese girl came in. Then Ching-a-ling laid

down to sleep under the shade of a huckleberry (an evergreen, on the stage) tree. And along came an Indian with a tomahawk and cut off his pig-tail. It was perfectly comical. They repeated it. After the entertainment, we returned to Room J. and had refreshments.

Sailor.

is Prof. Hinkle's dog. Oh, so homely. You would see him trotting around with Prof. or off on excursions alone. Especially comical did he look, when covered with a sort of a coat of drab linen which "flopped" around him in a most curious manner. But alas! Poor sailor was old and infirm. They concluded they must get rid of him. So he was shot. The Hinkle's were greif-stricken at his death. One day in Greek class, Prof. looked as if he'd been crying. No doubt on account of Sailor. And they all felt so badly for him that they couldn't go to the party that Prof. Mitchell gave to the teacher. Well Sailor, peace be to your memory.

Various Cats and Dogs.

Vassar has the greatest number of cats around. There are pretty cats and homely cats. There is one half-blind cat, and one three footed cat. The cats with whom we are best acquainted are a large black cat and a gray and white cat. The black cat is a great favorite of Stematz's. She has often been in here and has made herself quite at home. The gray and white cat was here all one day last week, and we didn't know but she'd taken up her abode here. Over on the north corridor are a gray cat and two kittens, which belong to Miss Jones. The kittens are very pretty and nice, and have very noble titles, Julius Caesar and Tiberius Gracchus. Well, now for the dogs, I have related the sad story of Sailor, and now will mention the others. There is a large white dog with a black head here, that, for want of a better name, Jessie and I called Jack. Then there are two little dogs, a brown one and a black and tan one that belong to somebody in the College. They have both paid us visits, and seemed to consider our society very

agreeable. No one knows their names, so we called them both "Sammy" after our "beloved" president and his son. Brown Sammy followed me in and gave rise to the beautiful song,

"Anne had a little dog
Whose fleece was brown as dirt;
And everywhere that Anne went,
He tagged close to her skirt."

It is not often we indulge ourselves by composing such high [soulded] strains; but this shows our power.

Black Sammy created quite a sensation last night in Chapel. The poor fellow wanted to see what religion was like, I suppose. And with a desire to see if everybody was devout, he travelled under the pews over the Chapel. When they sung the hymn, Black Sammy wanted to sing, too, but everybody laughed at him, even the teachers and Mrs. Ray, whom one would think had politeness enough to restrain herself from hurting poor doggie's feeling. Prof. Dwight tried to catch Black Sammy, and after the second attempt suc-

-ceeded in catching him. Black Sammy entered a despairing cry as he was borne in triumph out of the Chapel. He came down to Gorgie's and to our rooms, and having received consolation for the rude treatment he had received, he determined to try again and go to the Concert which was to be held that evening in Chapel. But alas! This last attempt was more unsuccessful than the first and he was taken out before he had heard even the first piece that was played. I forgot to mention that the cats here have great musical ability and that the corridors are most excellent places for them to exercise their lungs.

Concert.

The Concert last night [sic] was very nice. Jessie and I went together and had a front seat in the gallery. Miss Freidenburg played twice. She is a beautiful player. Is a Jewess, and shows it very plainly in her face, and is strong in her faith. She is the one who lost her watch this fall. Miss Cooley sang twice. Has a very nice voice, but has

a large head, which she rolls on one side, and such an insipid, affected snide that I don't like to look at her. Then Miss Rustin played beautifully and Misses Dow and Shaw on two pianos. I enjoyed it very much.

New Bible Class.

Was transferred to Mrs. Ray's Bible Class today. Like it much better than Miss Avery's. In the latter's was always sleepy, and usually sat next [Co], who whispered to me and amused me with her various antics. Mrs. Ray held my interest close all the time, and said a great deal in a short time. The service today was 1 hour and 20 min. long. There are 3 prayers 2 hymns sung by congregation, 3 by Choir, reading of the Psalms and sermon. Horribly long. The Rhetoric says that a person ought to bring his lecture or sermon to a close when his congregation expect him to do so, or they lose interest. I don't think Dr. Caldwell understands that for I thought he was going to stop at least

half-a-dozen times before he did, and every one got restless.

Breaking Silent Time.

The Saturday after Thanksgiving, Miss Nagai invited Gorgie, Jessie and I up to her room that evening. A little while after, we went up to Viva's room to go with her on top of the house and Miss Nagai was there. We went in the elevator to the 5th Centre and then up a pair of stairs. Here we saw a lots of sleds piled up waiting for snow. Also 2 immense iron tanks full of water, of which we couldn't imagine the use. There we climed [sic] a ladder built into the house and reached a small platform where we could gaze down into the library a long way below us. Then, Miss Nagai taking the lead, we climed [sic] up a short ladder, out of a door, and stood in the square space, top of the College, where the flag-staff is. The flag was at half-mast. When we came down we heard that there was to be a Sheet and Pillow-case Party in Room J., to which all were invited. Of

course we wanted to go and busied ourselves making a comical mask. Pass copied and Gorgie dressed her and she went to the party. Miss Nagai came down and told us to go if we wished, But we said we wanted to go to both places but preferred to go to see her. We found Miss Stematz quite sick. She had a real bad cough. She hasn't got over it yet. It makes her sick. We had cranberry jell [sic] and cake and apples and molasses candy. We came down at Silent Time and went into Gorgie's room. Now in our room we always used to have jolly times in Silent Time. One night Gorgie was in here and Jessie and Ella were having a water-fight. We always used to have nice times and to make a good deal of noise. And we thought Miss Hubbard exceedingly nice not to say anything about it. Well that night, Pass was telling us that she had a nice time and all about it in a pretty loud tone of voice. Well, there came a knock and Gorgie calmly said, "Come" Miss Hubbard appeared. "Young ladies," said she, "were you aware that the bell for Silent

Time had struck?" Then she left without waiting for an answer. I very obediently trotted home. Jessie staid and heard the rest of the story. She wasn't seen at all, as she sat on a cricket by the register between Miss McFadden and Gorgie. But the best joke was that Pass was caught. For you must understand that Pass is very good. Every morning, when you pass her window at Silent Time, you see her seated before her open window with her Bible open on her trunk (which has a red calico covering), very devoutly reading. If by any chance her window doesn't happen to be open you will find that she isn't reading her Bible, but is at some other occupation.

Well we have since been caught breaking Silent Time. But I don't understand the latter times. Why, we were remarkably good. To be sure I had been telling Jessie and Ella about Miss Berringer; but it was all in a low tone of voice. The windows and the transum, however, were open. Now we keep the windows and transum, but not our mouths, shut in Silent Time.

Wednesday, Dec. 18th 1878.

Last Day.

Oh joy! My last lesson is recited and now the last things are to be done and I am going home. Hi yah, etc.! Go to N.Y. tomorrow on the 8.25 A.M. train and take the boat tomorrow at 4.50 P.M. at New York. And father will meet me at the Canton depot at 5 or 6 A.M. Friday. Heigho! How slowly these last days have gone. For more than a week they have dragged; but especially have they done so since Miss Varnes said there were 6 more chances to flunk. But, oh jolly! tomorrow morning we start.

Tuesday, Jan. 7th, 1878

Back Again.

Here we are, back at College, obeying bells and studying lessons. Oh, if we could only have had a week or so more vacation. A big and obstinate if; but there's no use lamenting. Of course we had a perfectly elegant time, we who went

home. And those who stayed, although they found it a little dull sometimes, wished never-the-less, that the vacation would not end. I went with Ella to N.Y. Then took the horse cars to the boat. Met Miss Blake, a Senior who is in my Greek class, on the boat, and shared her state-room. Also met Miss Wentworth, a Senior, and her father. Saw for a moment Miss Tappan. Had a nice time. On the next state-room to ours there was a woman who was very communicative and caused us a good deal of merriment. "Mr. Richardson" had procured her room for her and she was terribly afraid a man would get in. Got to Canton before light Friday morning and I could never realize that there was any night between that time and the time I left College. Father and Mother met me at the Canton depot. I had a cold all the time. I was home and was about sick. Went to the Birdgewater Normal School to see my High School mates. I enjoyed that very much. The contrast between the schools is very

great. Noticed it more in regard to the Dining-room and remaining in their own rooms, than anything else. They can't go into each others rooms all day. Sunday, Saturday morning and every evening after 7 P.M. Have Inspection Day every Thursday, to see that they do no damage to rooms, etc. Table-fare is much poorer there than here. Can't use the bath-tubs but one fixed time a week. Do their own sweeping, etc. Went to a lecture by Senator Harris while there. It was mostly concerning Fulton and his inventions. Went to a lecture the next Tuesday night. "The Sunny Side of Prison Life," by Homer Sprague. Well, last night I left home. Saw Misses Wentworth and Tappen, but scarcely to speak. Stayed in the cabin. Took the horsecars to Central Depot and came here on the half past ten train. Had a good deal to do in the way of unpacking and getting things in order. But that's all right now. Seems kind of nice to be here, but if we could have had another week. The

Western girls are not back. Snowed in. And, oh joy! Miss Goodwin is snowed in and there wasn't any Livy today. Well, I must study.

Sunday, Jan. 12th 1879.

Ella's Cat.

When I first came back, Jessie informed me that we had an addition to the family. A kitten that Ella had brought from home. Maltese kittens are very scarce in [Philad.], so one of her friends, who had a maltese cat and 6 kittens sent them to Ella's home. A Miss Jones that is here has a cat and two kittens here, and why shouldn't we have a kitten, too? So Ella brought a plump little kitten back. She called it Myra after its giver. I didn't see the kitten till night, as it was lost. but Jessie found it and brought it here and Ella fed it and it ate heartily. At night she put it in the corridor and it was not found again till Thursday night. Then being of a literary turn

mind it was meandering around the reading room, when Miss Case saw it and brought it to Ella. She, not wishing to lose it again, decided to tie a long string around it and not let go far. It would eat nothing that night, and from that time, pined away. It lay all day on Ella's shawl without moving; but it had a vomiting spell once or twice a day. Sat. afternoon, as I sat here alone, it half rose and then fell down and lay out still. Every little while it did this, and I knew that it was dying. Knowing that I could do nothing for it, and not liking to look at it, I went into Gorgie's room to study. When Tomas came to bring my chair and fix Ella's bed, he said it was dying and took it away.

My Rocking-Chair,

that mother sent me from home got a broken rocker by [Co] Shailer's tripping Jessie back in it. I thought the Janitor could mend it, and dropped a note to him every day for some

time. At last, a few days before vacation, a man came to mended [sic] it. But he said the rocker couldn't be mended. And he took it off and told me to give it to the College Express-man and he would take it and get me one sawed out just like it. Not knowing where to see the College Express-man or anything about him, and being busy, I neglected it till I decided to carry it home. I did so and father sawed me a new rocker out of oak instead of black walnut, and stained it. I brought it back, and, oh joy! got it put on by Sat. Surely a month my chair lay on its side in the corner, a poor, wounded thing. I devoutly hope I may never break anything else that belongs to me, it is such a bother to get it mended.

Monday, Jan. 13th '78

A Quick Sunday.

Yesterday was a nice quiet Sunday

to me. In the morning there was no Bible class, as Mrs. Ray, the Freshman's teacher, was sick. Then I had a bad cold so I thought I'd better not go to Chapel, and I got the doctor to excuse me from today. It is the first time I have been to her to get excused from anything. Then at night the "Society of Religious Inquiry" met, so we had no Chapel. I wrote letters all day and enjoyed it immensely.

Ella's Bed.

It is now for two nights that I have not been awakened by an unearthly noise like the firing off of a revolver at dead of night. Some nights the crash would be terrific, because half a dozen of Ella's slats would go bang to the floor. Never a night passed but what I was awakened at least once by the dropping of one or more slats. But Thomas came Saturday and now we sleep undisturbed by falling slats. One night Ella got up in the middle of the night and fixed them. But her trials are now over.

Skating.

I have been on my skates (Mother's Christmas present) three times. I haven't fallen but twice, and then Jessie was pushing or drawing me. I can get along over the ice, but don't dare to say I can skate. Miss Warren, however held me up as an example to Abbie, also a beginner. I can take a short awkward stroke with one foot, but their [sic] all my skill ends.

Sunday, Jan 26th 1879.

My Barbecue.

Oh, it's so long since I've written and I've so much to say. First, I must tell you about the Barbecue, which happened Jan. 11th. The Livy Club were all invited and all attended, except Miss Yamakawa, who had not returned from vacation. I told them that this was a Social not a Political Barbecue, which was so much more extensive than a political barbecue that they might all have an ox roasted whole. Then I brought on, not only oxen,

but sheep, cats, elephants, etc., all of which were roasted whole, in the shape of small crackers that I brought from home. I had also nuts, apples, and candy. Giving to the small number of drinking vessels we possessed (a mug and wine glass), I was obliged to make frequent journeys to the water tank. Napkins supplied the place of plates, but we all had knives and were very merry. Gorgie didn't come in as early as the rest as she had a German lesson to get. Shige was here. There were many jokes made and a good deal of laughing done. The following is a specimen of the jokes. "Where is Miss Morrill?" Miss Howe "Miss Morrill has evaporated, and, as evaporated substance always rise higher, she's gone to the fourth to study German." Jessie. "And the Moral(-rill) is 'take care where you [light].'" Miss Howe found a double almond and phialpened [sic] with Miss Wheeler, E.J. Well we got to speaking on some subject or other and Miss E.J. innocently asked, "It will do very

well, won't it, Miss Howe?" "Yes," and there arose a shout. "I knew she'd say 'yes.' I never knew her to fail to say it when I asked that question," cried Miss E.J. triumphantly. They tried it again and Miss E.J. [lion], as before. The two Wheelers caused great laughter by answering for each other and the like. During the evening, although we had a large "Engaged" on the door, there was a knock and some one burst in. It was Miss Shier, and the expression on her face was "[mirabile viser]". I never saw any one so completely taken aback and astonished in my life. The next day she begged pardon for having broken in upon us so. We played games and told stories and enjoyed ourselves immensely. We laughed so much that those in the room above began to pound on the floor. We responded. Then they started it again, and so it went back and forth for some time. Ella came in from the Exoterics sleigh-ride just before

we broke up. We were laughing so loudly that we did not hear the bell for Silent Time and when the bell for the end of it rang we thought it was for the beginning and politely escorted the girls home. Presently Gorgie came running in to say that the bell was for the end of Silent Time. We scrambled to get ready for bed, but the Lights Out struck too soon and we kept the light in my outside room up beyond the time. I wondered what Miss Hubbard thought, and the next day went and apologized. She said that she thought we were the sleighing party come in, or she should have been over. The girls had all taken an ox to remember it by, and the next day Jessie made some fancy cards, one for each. We wished we'd thought and made them before for invitations. But we made the best of the after thought, and we put them under their places for tea. I shall never forget my only Barbecue.

Sunday, Feb. 2nd 1879.

Time.

I'm going to try to write up all that's happened and not fall behind again. But I've been so busy, with my composition on hand. But now that's all done but copying. I just said to Jessie, "There, that's wonderful. I dated my diary without asking they [sic] day of the month. And I believe that I only asked it once all day." And that was really wonderful, for today's letter day, and I've written eight. Usually I ask the date every time I date a letter. But soon I happened to glance at the date, and discovered that I'd dated it Jan. Which caused a laugh, and Jessie asked me if I'd put '78. "I wouldn't have it Jan. 2nd for anything," said I. "I wish it was day after vacation," said Jessie. That's just like her. She's in no hurry for time to go. Her father and Johny (his ward's son / were here

last Saturday. It's against the rules to bring gentlemen to your rooms, but Jessie wanted him to come, so she went and asked Miss Palmer. "But Miss Wheeler, it's against the rules." A happy thought came and Jessie said: "Yes'm I know it is; but, Miss Palmer, my father brought me some things, and I want him to help unpack them." "Are any of your room-mates in?" "Miss Irving's out; but Miss Southworth's there." "Well, you may take him there; but don't detain him." I think it's perfectly absurd. The idea, one's own father! He came, and Jessie told him about it; but she said she shouldn't drive him out. So he staid as long as he wished. He had brought her a box of popped corn and some clean handkerchiefs, which it took a good while to unpack. Jessie sends all her fine handkerchiefs home, and her collars and cuffs to the Troy Laundry. But to go back to what I was saying, Jessie don't care about going home. But I am crazy

for the spring vacation. I didn't intend to go home then. But now I think I shall. It seems the longest while since I came back; but it is only about twice as long to the spring vacation. Friday, the 24th Mrs. Ray invited her Bible class, the Freshman to a

Sleighride

at four o'clock. Of course we were promptly on hand; but the sleighs were not. We waited over an hour, and at last we rewarded by the sight of the sleighs - two immense [rues], drawn by four horses each. Mrs. Ray said she didn't believe we were half so disappointed as she was. That Mr. Dean and Mr. Vassar had both promised to scold the stable-keeper for her and she intended to do it for herself. But we didn't care. We were out all the later. Going, Mrs. Ray, her sister, and Miss Palmer were all in our sleigh. Returning, all in the other. We sang, told conundrums, etc., and enjoyed it very

much. We went to Hyde Park, a small place about 6 miles away. We stopped at an oldfashioned hotel. The walls were low, and the doors reached from ceiling to floor. At the windows, first there were common white curtains, there lambrequins over them, then lace curtains over the lambrequins, and heading all, a gilt moulding. As soon as we arrived, they, thinking we must be hungry, having waited so long, brought around sandwiches. We were hungry; and most of us partook so freely of them, that, when the table was set and we were called into the dining room, many of us were not at all hungry. The dining hall would not hold all, and things were brought to the rest of us. I do not think they had chairs enough for all. At any rate, some of us, seeing no chairs unoccupied, seated ourselves in a social group on the floor, and talked in confidentially low tones of the coming election of class

officers. We had oyster, crackers, biscuits, coffee, cookies, and ginger-snaps. Between 9 and 10 we started for home. Miss Lyon was in our sleigh going back, and part of the way entertained a portion of the load with snatches of comic recitations. At our end, toward the last, they got to talking about yellow fever and poverty. We enjoyed our sleigh ride very much and I saved a straw from that we put our feet upon, as did many others. I did not expect to have a single sleigh-ride this year. We reached home about eleven.

Class Officer.

We began to think about them sometime ago. We discussed matters and said that there was a regular class ring formed. That we did not wish this ring to have its own way, and we would nominate somebody ourselves. Miss Howe said Miss Stanton. We afterwards thought we liked Miss Starr better and Miss Howe readily fell in with

our opinion. Afterwards we heard that Miss Lawrence was going to nominate Stanton. We knew Miss Sanford would be nominated. Miss Howe said she would nominate Miss Starr, Gorgie would second it. The day after the sleighride the class meeting was called, the business stated. No sooner had the Pres. (Miss Baldwin) said that the first nominations would be for Pres. than three sprang to their feet at once, all determined. Two sat down. Then Starr, Stanton, and Sanford were nominated. For Vice-Pres. Miss Howe nominated (and I seconded it) Viva. Miss Glen (Cora) was nominated for it. For secretary, Nicks and [Fouse]; for treasurer, [Semple] and Warder. First, we thought that Miss Stanton would get it. That there would not be a 2/3 majority and the one who had the least number (Starr) would be dropped. That then the Starrs and Stantons would unite and elect Stanton. Afterwards the Sanfords began

to be hopeful; but Miss Lawrence worked hard for Stanton. Yesterday class meeting was called immediately after Silent Time. You might see little interesting groups. Miss Howe advised us not to stand by Starr when we saw there was no hope for her but to go for Stanton. The first ballot Miss Sanford 12, Stanton 10, Starr 9. "Not a 2/3 majority, and it will be necessary to vote again," announced our President. Miss Howe voted for Miss Stanton there and advised us, too. Why desert her so? She had almost as much hope as Stanton. The second time Starr held her ground, Stanton lost. Then Stanton gained, Starr lost, and, after the 4 or 5 ballot, a motion was made and seconded to drop the candidate who had least votes. Why would the Starrs be so fickle? If all had stood by her as firmly as Misses Lyon and Bartlett, Stanton might have been dropped and Starr put in or all dropped. Then we balloted between the two. Time after time it was announced that

there was not a 2/3 majority and it would be necessary to ballot again. The Stantons slowly gave way. The Sanfords were determined to stick to their candidate and put her in or compell all to be dropped. I admired their constancy. On the eleventh ballot Sanford was declared to be elected. After two or three ballots Viva was elected. Misses Nicks and Semple on the first ballot. I was satisfied with all but Pres. After it was ours, Miss Howe told me that she voted for Stanton every time. I told her I called that mean. "But see here," and she said that she propped Stanton first. To be sure, but she readily assented when we preferred Starr. Then she'd no business to nominate her if she didn't like her best. But she nominated her for us. We could have done it for ourselves. She didn't then know that Stanton was to be nominated. (I think she did). But any way a told

her I thought she was mean, in the real sense of the word. So did Gorgie and all who knew of it. "Don't you wish you were for Miss Sanford, so as to be on the victorious side?" asked Miss Case. No, I didn't, but I wailed over the fickleness of human nature. If they'd only stood by Miss Starr. She's so lovely.

Sunday, Feb. 9th 1879

Being Sick.

I have not been very well since vacation. In the first place I had a bad cold all through vacation and for sometime since I came back. Then I was not feeling well one Sunday (the 19th of Jan.) and went to the doctor to be excused from Chapel; and, as I looked bad, she sent me to bed to stay all day Sunday and Monday. As I didn't feel like going to bed I sat up all day in my big easy chair. To make me look sick, Jessie threw my comforter over the chair and I put a pillow behind my head and my feet in a chair. All that I wanted then was some

chalk to make me look white and some red ink to make hectic spots in my cheeks. Or, so I told Jessie. Then came the ordering of my dinner. Gorgie said that the girls often stayed away from breakfast and ordered something very nice to eat. "Why, Emma Bush had sardines and lots of good things one day in vacation. Order sardines." Well, in the first place I never ate sardines; second, I knew I should not like them; third, I thought they were not very good for a sick girl. Never-the-less, I told Jessie she might order them and she and Gorgie might eat them. So my order was made out - "Tea and Toast, Sardines, Jelly, Fruit, Crackers." At last the tray came. Sardines "there were none." Neither was there any jelly. Never-the-less I made a good dinner and no more aspired to sardines. They didn't give me any jelly at all, although they gave Gorgie some afterwards when she was sick. They must either have partial or out of Jelly when I ordered it. I believe I got everything else I ordered every time. That night

Miss Hubbard came in to see me. She asked me if I wasn't able to go to supper. I told her that the Docter ordered me to go to bed and stay and order my meals. "And you didn't mind her," said Miss Hubbard, and went in to see Jessie who was also sick. That was a decided squelch. The next day I was determined to stay in bed, at least till after Miss Hubbard came in. I didn't study, but read some and wrote a little on my composition. I ordered a good dinner at night. Miss Hubbard had seen Jessie and Jessie had told her I was better so I didn't come in. Chapel was over and my dinner didn't come. So Ella went to see about it. She had dropped my order in the box and Miss H. hadn't gotten it, so I could have no dinner. Miss H. said Ella ought to have brought the order to her. She didn't know why it wasn't all right to drop it there, but as folks didn't generally do it, she didn't think to look in it. But Miss H. found that Miss Hulbert had some things, and she would bring them in. So I dined off of Albert biscuits and [wizeled] apples. The next day I went

to my meals and to classes. Last Sunday night I was awakened by the a severe pain, which increased toward morning. When we got up, Ella gave me something hot but it did no good. Jessie went for Dr. Webster, and, while the girls were at breakfast, she came and took me to the Infirmary. It was the first time I went there. A mustard [plaster] took the pain away. I laid there all day without seeing any one but the doctor and Miss Ward, the nurse. I felt very much better the next day and got up and had a good breakfast. I didn't eat anything Monday but a slice of toast and a cup of tea. Tuesday I came out of the infirmary immediately after breakfast and Wednesday went to classes. Hope that's the last sickness I shall have. However, I've tried the Infirmary. It's very good if you are real sick; but if your [sic] only half-sick it's [horrid].

End of First Semester.

The first semester ended Friday. I

recited my last lesson in Geometry, Livy and Plato (I guess). It was so nice to have no lessons to prepare for Monday. Will go to classes Monday, but only to have lessons assigned. Haven't gotten to go to Latin at all Monday, as Miss Goodwin is to be away. But Tuesday's lesson is assigned. In Latin we have Horace. In Greek, Homer. Also Botany. Then, I expect, Drawing, Composition, and Elocution. The lessons were assigned and the hours. I was given Greek, 1st period, Latin, Fifth. As no Botany was given out for me, I went to Miss Morse to see about it and was given it the fourth period. Then last night the time of the Freshman Latin was changed, and mine comes the third. So now my lessons come almost together and I get all through by quarter past eleven. I don't think I shall like it. I bought me a Homeric Dictionary, and an elegant [Anthon's] Homer, both at second hand. Sent home for Harry's Botany. It isn't exactly like what they use here. What we learn is the same, but the tables

for analysis are not as good. However I shall use it and analyze by Jessie's. I send home for an Anthon's Horace, and will use Gorgie's till mine comes. I felt Saturday as if I had a lot of leisure time and did many little jobs that have been waiting some time.

Second Composition.

I was given "Favorite Characters in Fiction" for a subject some time before Christmas. I didn't do anything on it before I went home. When I came back, I didn't get along on it very well and I went to Miss [Hoods] to speak with her about it. She offered to give me another week on it, and I was very glad to accept. I was to hand it in the Monday I went to the Infirmary. Jessie told Miss W. that I had gone there and she said I might hand it in when I was ready. I have finished it and was going to hand it in Saturday but she was out. Lots of the girls and teachers have gone to stay over Sunday, as it is a sort of a hol-

-iday. We didn't have Bible Classes. I went to Chapel. I don't like

Prexy's

preaching. All the effect his sermons have on me is to make me cross, especially toward him. I don't like Pres. Caldwell. I think he's an old fogey. And he has two, big, awkward, homely sons that laze around here. All one of them seems to do is to practice skating in the morning, skate with the girls in the afternoon, skate with the girls in the evening, provided they skate. He is an awful skater and the girls make no end of fun of him. I should think he'd be ashamed to laze around so. If I was Prex I would put him to work at something, if it was running the engine that runs the "eleviator." Prexy's wife is the inevitable little dried up woman with corkscrew curls at the side of her face. When I first came here, I knew she must be Prex's wife as soon as I set eyes on her, although then I knew scarcely any of the

lady's that belong here.

Day of Prayer for Colleges

was the 30th of January and was a holiday. There was a service in Chapel, but I didn't go, and staid at home and wrote on my essay.

Mrs. John's Call.

One day when Jessie was alone here, she found that Mrs. John's (the matron) was calling on this corridor. It was sweeping day, but Ellen hadn't been here, and the room looked like fury. So Jessie locked the door and proceeded to fix the room as she wished. In the first place, she had two pillows, and only one is allowed. Mrs. John's makes a great fuss if any of the girls have more than one. Jessie uses those pillows for shams and has her own that she brought from to lie on. Well, Jessie calmly put this into her bureau drawer. Then she rubbed out two pictures of [beads] that she had drawn on the

wall, the man in the moon and another. In the mean time Mrs. John's had come, knocked, tried the door, and knocked again. Then Jessie went to the door with a book in her hand and a very studious expression on her countenance. She opened the door just a little, and Mrs. J. said she was around calling. Jessie said "yes'm, but it's sweeping day and Ellen hasn't been." "I wonder where Ellen can be?" said Miss J. "Well, as long as your waiting for her I guess I won't come in now." She departed and was seen no more. I don't know whether or not she has called again. There was a

Concert

in Chapel Firday evening. Franz Rummel played. I suppose he is one of the "bass" players. It began at 8 o'clock. There was an intermission when it was about half through, and, as Jessie and I were both very tired and didn't care to hear more, we came away. Was glad that I went and

glad I came away when I did.

Plato's Crito.

I think I never said that we finished reading Herodotus three or four weeks ago. Prof. thought that there was no need of reading more, so he said we might read Plato's Crito. I detest Herodotus but rather like Plato. Prof. spent one whole week explaining the life of Socrates, Plato, Greek Philosophy, etc. It was very interesting and Socrates is my hero. I never had one before and I think Socrates is worthy of being one's hero.

Philalethian.

Friday, the 14th of Jan. the Philalethian had a grand entertainment, all the chapters partaking in it. I ought not be invited, as I am Collegiate and not a member, and if I hadn't been Collegiate might not have been invited. Of course I was crazy to go; but I really ought to have staid at home and written my

composition. However, if I had had an invitation, I should have gone. Ella and Jessie had gone and I sat over my composition. Miss Shier came bursting in. "Where's Nell? I want her to go to Phil. with me." I replied that Ella had gone and remarked (oh, fool that I was) that I wished I could have gone. "Come on, go with me. I have an invitation to give away." Now here was a chance to go but - with Miss Shier. I wanted to go very much but did not want to go with her. If anyone else had asked me, I should immediately have accepted. As it was, I hung back and said that I couldn't as I was Collegiate. Miss Shier urged. I hung back. Then she flung open the next room door and asked Miss McFadden if she shouldn't think I might have gone. She hesitated, then said yes. So I said I would go, and Miss S. went for her things. Gorgie came in and said she wouldn't go if she was I with Miss S. And, when the first excitement of going was off, I was very sorry I had

said I would go. Well, I thought better of it, decided not to go, and went to meet her and tell her. When she found that I really wouldn't go, she would not herself, as she didn't like to go alone. I was so sorry. If she had gone, I wouldn't have cared. Then Gorgie told me that she had an invitation for me, so I might have gone if I hadn't been so very foolish in the first place. She went up to Viva's to see if she couldn't give it away there. But she couldn't. She talked over my case with them and then advised me to go, as it was, on her invitation. But I would not. I think meanness would have been no name for that. I went to Miss Case's and Miss White's to give away the invitation, but did not succeed. So I staid at home and wrote my composition (it was on plea of that that I staid away). I think I was well paid for my folly. I have learned a good lesson and one that I shall never forget. Never agree to

go to any place (no matter how much I want to go) with anyone I am ashamed of. Never accept favors from persons I can't endure.

Sick Girls.

Miss Yamakawa went home at the holidays sick and did not come back for some time after the rest did. She wasn't back long before she was sick again and had to go to the Infirmary. She is better now, but is going home soon. I am so sorry for her. I think she is a lovely girl, and so smart, and likes her studies, too. I am sometimes afraid she will never be well. Cora Shailer was quite sick, and she went home to New York for a few days. She didn't feel a bit better when she came back; but her mother had made arrangements to go to Boston, and she thought she'd be as well off here, so she came back. She was sick in the Infirmary a few days, but is all right now. Gorgie was sick, too, a few days. Did not go to the Infirmary, but staid in here most of the time and [doc-]

-tored herself. Jessie is always being sick for a day or two. Viva was half-sick with a cold for a long, long time, and at last went home. She is quite sick, I hear, and won't come back for a long time. There has been a great deal of sickness here lately.

Silhouettes.

I love to make silhouettes. I have been practicing on a small scale for some time. But Jessie has been making lovely ones, not exactly silhouettes, but pictures with large black circles in them. There, that isn't plain, but I can't help it. I have been just crazy to make them, but have not had time till yesterday. Then Miss Turner and I made an engagement to make silhouettes. Miss Shier came in to make them. Oh dear! So we told Miss T. that she must invite us into her room. Tell us that we must come in. Very fortunately, Miss T. was expecting a call, so she couldn't come here. So we went there and left Miss S. I made most

of one plate. I intend to send some home if I can get a good box. I love to make them.

Feb. 16th 1879.

Gorgie's Moving.

Last Monday, after long and anxious waiting, Mrs. Ray gave Gorgie permission to move up to the 3rd North with Abbie, Cora, and Viva, where Miss Parry moved out. Of course Gorgie was delighted to get her permission at last. I was glad for her, too; but knew that I should miss her very much, for we were always running in and out of each others rooms, not caring for study hour, or any thing else. Gorgie moved Monday night. Co came down, and Jessie and I went in to see them and help some. We filled the baskets, carried them on the truck to the elevator, took them up in the elevator, and on a truck to 63. This has been the very longest week that I have known. I hope

all won't be as long as this. We had a

Class Meeting

one day this week. Then we were given an invitation to the Trigg Ceremony Friday night. A committee were elected for the Freshman party and it was proposed that we should invite another class (the Junior) to join us. Also Miss Lyons was nominated as Class Prophet, Miss Semple as Class Historian. The Preps who had studied Freshman Geometry of Trigg. were also invited and the three teachers of mathematics, and we all looked forward to the

Trigg Ceremony

with anticipation of great pleasure. We were promptly on hand at the appointed time, and were handed small white rolls tied with pink tape. "People vs. Trigg." "We the people of this civilized land, do hereby accuse John Trigg of murder in the first

degree. We charge him with the willful and premeditated murder of Miss Una Octaginta Vassar, found dead on Jan. 30th 1879, and we herewith summon the said John Trigg to account for the same." Having read our programmes we gazed curiously at the ushers, regular policemen, with their brass-buttoned coats, white gloves, etc., and surveyed the courtroom upon the stage, and waited impatiently for the affair to begin. At last the Judge, Lawyers, etc. took their places, and John Trigg, his countenance sad and depressed with the conviction of guilt, was brought in, clad in a black robe with gilt triangles and circles upon it, and having a cap made of three black and gilt triangles. The trial was well conducted, and contained many Trigonometrical terms. Una was killed with a log. One of the witnesses was Mrs. Napier, whose son and John Trigg were very intimate. The reasons of Trigg's

dislike for Una, was because she had at first taken quite a liking to Napier, had then had a falling out with him, and finally given him up entirely. When Trigg heard this he was very angry, and declared that he would pay her off. John Trigg was convicted and condemned to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. The next scene was out-side his prison cell. Three women (personating Prof Braislin, Prof. Mitchell, and Miss Storr) were trying to get Trigg out. One had entered the cell, pratending to be a sister of Charity. They got an "unsuspecting Fresh." to help him, by pretending that Trigg was a fine fellow and of great use to mankind. So they lowered Trigg in a basket and got him off just before two policement came on the scene. The next scene represented Una Octaginta dressed all in white, lying on a couch, while around in a semicircle, were class-sisters, mournful, clad in black, singing and

calling upon Una to rise. She stirs, opens her eyes as the song ends, and they joyful, surround her. Then there is a rush and John Trigg appears running toward her. But police follow closely and sieze him. And someone says that Una Octaginta in [sic] no longer in his power, and "Behold the Class of '82, all these shall be your victims."

It was very nice. The last scene was beautiful. Miss Shaw, who personated Una Octaginta looked lovely. Saturday night I went to the

Exoteric

with Ella. It was quite nice. Had a tableau, a short play, an essay and a critique. There have been lots of

Additions to our Class

and we now number 44. It caused quite a sensation when they were all read off. And then we had to be reseated. We are seated in classes in

alphabetical order, and we always know when we are told to remain after Chapel and see Miss Palmer with her plan. There is an eager listening, each one hoping to be read off for a corner. It is a great satisfaction, too, to leave [former] the Prep. side of Chapel; and to go to the other side and get a corner, too, ah! what good fortune. We have made some revolutions in our room as regards

Rules and Regulations, etc.

And now you can see upon our door a slip of paper bearing this notice, "books, notebooks, and blocks left on the table for one period are fined two cents. For half a period or more, one cent." It was started last week, and yesterday I left two books on the table for 1-1/2 periods and Ella 1 for 1 period. Besides this we have a paper on the door on which we write, under our names, all the by-words we

say. They are mostly "My!" Saturday afternoon I made silhouettes with Miss Turner. We are to meet for composition every Wednesday night. For elocution 2 times a week. All my lessons come so I get through them at quarter past eleven in the morning. Tables have been changed. We sit next the faculty table and sigh for our old table, Miss Palmer, and Evelina. Our girls (we have two) are like blocks of wood and both move as if their life depended upon their taking but one step per minute. We have made another rule here. We take care of the room by weeks. It's Jessie's week now. The girl sweeps etc. twice a week; but the table cloth wants shaking and the plants watering every day. Jessie had lovely plants and they almost died because she didn't attend to them. If they were watered once a week they were lucky. Her long ivy is almost destitute of leaves now. And if any one said

anything about them, she declared that I froze them by opening the windows. She hasn't said so lately, though, we have said so much to her about neglecting them.

Sunday, Feb. 23rd 1879

Lessons.

This has resolved itself into a weekly journal. Somehow I don't get time to write in it any except Sundays. Then I am writing all day - this and letters. My evenings are pretty well taken up now, for composition class meets every Wednesday night. Next Wednesday I have to read my composition. Elocution class meets every Monday and Thursday nights. Have met once. I like Miss Poppleton and think I shall enjoy elocution. Like this semester's lessons very much better than last semester's.

Jessie's mother

and Jonny were here last week. They were

on their way to N.Y. It isn't long since her father was here. Mrs. Wheeler brought a book illustrated with silhouettes. It has many lovely ones in it. I am going to put two in Ella's album and one on a plate. Miss Turner and I were making them yesterday and are going to make more tomorrow. Jessie's mother also brought her some

Coffee,

and some sugar, and Jessie bought a coffee-pot down town, and has made coffee twice over the drop-light. Ella don't like it and I seldom drink it, so Jessie invited Misses Angel and Baldwin in. Jessie is very fond of coffee. We have over 25 cts for [finer] and we think of buying a sauce-pan with it. Then we can cook eggs, oysters, etc. and toast crackers. I have been

Sick

again this week. All day Tuesday and

Wednesday. I didn't go to classes. I bought some crackers and oranges and breakfasted off them. Ordered one lunch. The rest of the time I went to my meals. Got excused from Chapel today, although feeling pretty well. Hope I shall be well all the time now. I had my bill handed in for the rest of the year. \$100.00 for board, \$1.00 for meals sent to my room, \$3.00 for infirmary charges. That makes me in the infirmary two days whereas I went one morning and came back the next. Had a letter from mother containing one from Nellie [Henrire] from whom I have not heard for nearly a year. There have been two

Deaths

at the College. The wife of the engineer, Mrs. Robinson, some time ago. Last week Mr. Forber died. He was overseer of the grounds, and a very nice man. A meeting of the Student's

Association was called to appoint a committee to draw up resolutions and arrange about flowers. Dr. Caldwell advised (and very sensibly I thought) that they did not send any great floral gift now, with magnificence and show, but save the tributes of consolation for a time when they would need them more and feel it better. In this meeting, members of the committee had been appointed from all the collegiate classes. When it came to specials, Miss Pass arose and nominated Miss Abbott. A dead silence reigned for a number of minutes. At last one of the seniors took pity and seconded the nomination. Then, when the chairman announced who had been nominated (we could not hear Miss Pass) a titter ran all over the house. The idea! It was so perfectly absurd. Miss Pass was going to make another motion, but Parry pulled her down. They say that

when Pass heard he was dead she sobbed right out loud, although she did not know who he was nor what position he occupied. I was

Summoned to Mrs. Ray

yesterday morning. I had no idea what for, but I soon found that it was for various things. In the first place, I had not shown my transfer from Miss Avery's to Mrs. Ray's bible class to them and so they had a whole list of unexcused absences from bible class, whereas I have been absent but once. Then there were other things. But those were mistakes and I had to see about them. I shouldn't have blamed Mrs. Ray then if she had been cross; but she was not. When I first came back after vacation, I was summoned to her for being absent from two classes. I did not get back in time for them. She was very cross and asked all manner of questions. Couldn't I get there

any sooner? If I had come on the boat. How did the other girls from Boston come? Some by cars, some by boat. Who came by boat? Miss Wentworth and Miss Tappen. "Well, I will excuse you, but you must remember that you are required to be back as soon as possible." Said in her most hateful tone; and I was angry.

Sunday, Mar. 2nd 1879

The Mc Donald Affair.

Last week we were astonished by the announcement that Miss McDonald was married. Her father gave the college the McDonald scholarship fund and made his daughter come here. She hated to come. Had been here three years before and was now a Soph. She was married in the parlor of the Nelson House to a Freshman in Columbia College by name of Spence. She staid here several days after she

was married, and packed her trunks, pretending that she was going to New York. She has gone somewhere now. Some say that she is expelled. But, at least, she has not been publicly expelled. They say that the fellow's father sent him back to College. Miss Smith, Miss McD's roommate, has gone home - expelled they say. She witnessed the wedding and probably assisted Miss McD. in some other ways. Every body is sorry for Miss Smith. She was very smart, and they say, her parents were poor and denied themselves that she might come here and get a good education. How badly she must feel to go home to them so. Then Miss Jeffords, who would have graduated in the Art Department this year, has gone, nobody knows where or why. But it was nothing to do with the McDonald affair. Some say she is expelled, some say suspended. I heard that Prof. Wan Ingen said it was foolish to expell

Miss Jeffords for what they did. They kept Misses J. and S. in the Infirmary till they went home.

Prof. Brackus

preached today and as a consequence I came down from Chapel feeling very clever instead of cross. Prof. B. is splendid. He always holds my attention. But I cannot keep my mind on Prexy's sermons. A good many of the girls went into church today. They can go once a month. We have some

Curtains

in our room. Unbleached [murhir] true med with turkey red and lambrequins of the same. Jessie saw the advertisement on the Studnets' Bulletin. Room 10. That was unoccupied. But we knew that they belonged to Miss Stevens who formerly roomed there. So we found Miss S. and travelled down and looked at them. Ella and Jessie wouldn't say whether

to take them or not, and Miss S. left us looking at them. Well we trained around there for some time and Ella found a boot-jack, which we had been wanting. We had one before that Ella had found when hunting for a good ink bottle in the empty rooms. We had hung it up as a bracket and wanted this other to put on the other side opposite. There is a joke about those boot-jacks. Mr. Vassar put them in every room, but didn't have any closets built in the College. To go back to the curtains, we stood around talking and fooling, and laying down on the table for the sake of being slid off. Just before Chapel we decided to bring them to our room and try them, to see if they would fit. But we had to go then to Chapel and immediately after to Corridor-meeting. I was the only one deficient, and had to stay after it was over to tell Miss Hubbard. The girls ran off without me. I had lots of deficien

-cies and I hurried to get a chance to tell them. "The 18th and 19th, all College duties. The 20th, 21st, 22nd, exercise. The 23rd, Chapel. The 24th, exercise." Said I very slowly so Miss H. could write it. "Good-ness!" exclaimed Miss Howe. Then I ran after the girls. They were in Hattie's room. We came on a run down the corridor; baring the curtains in triumph. We couldn't hang them in our room, as the hooks were too far apart. We took out a screw eye and put it in so it would go on the hooks. But the curtains pulled the cornice over up-side down in a remarkable manner. Finally we broke the screw-eye. Then we discovered why the cornice hung over so. It was because the hooks were so long that the ends of the cornice didn't touch the wall. Then we ran to the Janitor two or three times a day for two or three days, and at last they were fixed. They improve the appearance of the room very much. But we sent by

Jessie to town to get ribbon to tie them back, and she got it about an inch wide!

Reading Composition.

I read my Composition on "Favorite Characters in Fiction." Miss Woods wants me to write poetry next time. Can I ever? We had a

Lecture

Thursday night. Mr. J. T. Field of Boston. His subject was Alfred [Tenneson]. It was very nice, although different from what I expected. The north side of the Chapel was cleared for visitors and the Preps were requested to sit in the Gallery. I sat there with Jessie. They couldn't let the doors be open and the scholars go in peaceably. But Mrs. Johns stood by the door and kept us out till the bell rung. Then in they all were borne with a rush. Mrs. J. was very angry and reported to Mrs. Ray, who gave the Preps a lecture upon politeness next day.

We thought that she might learn a lesson in it herself. This is why. At dinner often announcements are made. Some by Mrs. Ray and some by Miss Nichols. "Her Royal Highness" takes her bell and notices, walks a few steps toward the centre of the hall, strikes her bell twice and reads her notices. Miss Nichols gets up and reads here, and, while she is reading, Mrs. Ray calmly walks back to her seat.

Sunday, Feb 9th 1879

Class Flower.

Miss Semple proposed that, as we had no class color, we should chose a class flower. She proposed that we chose the Marsh ney rose bud. Afterwards it was objected to because it was a hot-house flower and not hardy. So the pansy was chosen. We were requested to hand in our preferences, who we desired to take to the Freshman party. My first choice was Miss McFadden. As I had no second choice

I thought I would put down Miss Jones, who knows somebody that I know.

Miss Sherman

used to come down here every day at the tenth period to study French with Miss Irving. One day when she was here Miss Hubbard came in to speak to Jessie and saw her. She went out and asked if the bell for the end of study hour had rung. Then she came back and asked her about it. We have been

Drawing Leaves

for Botany. Auntie Haskell gave us descriptions of six leaves, and we were to draw them and name them. Miss Varnes came down and we put our heads together over them and had a good deal of fun. I like Miss Varnes very much. Didn't know her very well till lately. Now she Jessie and I study Greek together everyday.

Mrs. Richards.

Friday morning as I was going into breakfast, I heard somebody speak to me in the crowd. Turning I saw Mrs. Richards. She is a graduate of Vassar. Entered the Junior year. She is secretary of the Alumnae of Vassar of Boston. One of those interested in having Vassar examinations in Boston. She is lovely. She married Prof. Richards of the Institute. Of course I was delighted to see her and she said she hoped to see me to speak to me. So in the afternoon the messenger girl came and said that Mrs. Richards would be in Room 48 till 2.30 p m and would be glad to see me if I was at leisure. I had a very pleasant call. It was so nice to see some body I knew. We are having a

Strike.

Lately the food has been very much poorer than before. Also the butter has been unclean. There was a meeting of the students Association and a complaint made

and a committee of four were appointed to remedy matters. Miss Hays was chairman of the committee. Last night it was called again and the committee said that Prexy said it was to Mrs. Ray they should go. So they read a letter that they had written to Mrs. Ray. It was objected to as being too strong and unbusiness like. Then followed 3/4 hour of wrangling and nothing was accomplished. I think the letter was too strong. We could get on very well if things were perfectly clean. But it make me mad to see better things go onto the faculty table. Miss [Wardle] said that she had spoken to Mrs. Ray about things and Mrs. R. said that she thought things were very good. "And well she may," said Miss Wardle, "for the morning we had cold meat, they had beef-steak. And when we had corned-beef and cabbage and dried peach pie, they had orange and raw oysters." I think something will be done about it, as the girls are much in earnest.

Sunday, Feb. 16th 1879.

Gossip

They say that the father of the fellow Miss McDonald married is in business with Mr. McD. and that the family are reconciled. Perhaps they wouldn't have cared at all if they hadn't taken that way to do it and if the fellow had not been so young, only 18. But enough of that. I think the fare improved although a

Speech

which Prexy made in chapel seemed to indicate that the petition would amount to nothing. This is what the speech said. It wasn't in just such words put [it] insinuated it.

You are young and foolish. We are wise and in authority over you. Your grievance is all imaginary. You have taken a very weak and ineffectual way to redress yourselves.

It was quite long but that's all it amounted to. I'd like to know what

Prex. knows about our food anyway. Before he got his rooms arranged he used to sit at the faculty table. And very different food comes onto that table from what comes onto ours. I detest Prex. anyway. I am thankful I got excused from Chapel today, as he preached I think.

Dr. Webster

is lovely. She will excuse me from anything I like, no matter whether I'm sick or not. I suppose she thinks I'm delicate and need care. I was sick so much after Christmas. Now I must tell about the

Freshman Party.

That came off last night. The Society Hall looked lovely. Mrs. Ray wouldn't let them take over every thing they wanted. She was going to restrict them a great deal at first, but finally let them have nearly as much as they needed. Miss [Forse] was very cute

about it. She made out a list so that it looked small. As follows -

- largr [sic] pictures.
- sofas.

Small tables and chairs.

The latter of course meant multitudes of small tables and pretty chairs. "Is this all you want?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"No, Mrs. Ray," said Miss [Forse], "This is only what we absolutely need."

"Very well. Bring me the list of what you want and [then came in the authority Prex talked about] I will cut it down."

She restricted the nos. of [Miss Sanford] tabels and pictures and would allow no foot-stools. Never-the-less, the Hall looked very pretty. Next, as to the time. Mrs. Ray would allow us to stay till 10 min. before 10. We staid till half past ten. Prexy and his wife, Miss Palmer, and Mrs. Ray, Freshman teachers, were there. I took Miss [Jouer] of Boston. Mr. Battles knows some of her folks. Liked her very well. She was talkative or I fear I shouldn't have gotten on very well. For I never have anything to say

to strangers. I had on a light shawl and she made me take one of hers to put around me, for fear I would be cold. At the door of the hall we were presented with a pansy and a rose from baskets full. The rose is the Junior's class flower. Also very pretty programs which Misses Perkins and Nickerson discovered were printed in "Bosting." There were songs and dancing. Not very much of either. Miss Jouer danced and I did not. Once I tried to get her a partner but did not succeed. For refreshments we had fried oysters, chicken salad, coffee, sandwiches, oranges. The class history and prophecy were read. Miss Semple was historian, Miss Lyon, prophet. The prophecy was just splendid. I think it will be printed. We've gotten

An Ink bottle.

Not but what we've had one all along. The one we had had no lid and the ink evaporated. So the girls hunted in all the empty rooms for a good one with a

good glass stopper. One night Jessie and I went to call on Miss McFadden. Lo and behold, there was one of those [squee] ink bottles. "Oh, Miss McFadden, you've gotten one of those elegant ink bottles. Ella and Jessie hunted in all the empty rooms for one."

"You may have that one."

Could I believe it? Being assured, I took it, when Miss McF. informed me that it couldn't be opened. J. (I call Jessie J. half the time) said hot water would open it. "Well, if you can open it you can have it." So we took it, opened it. The mouth had a piece broken out of it, but we put it on with [mucilage] and it sticks fast. So we rejoice in our inkbottle and good ink and use the other for a pen holder.

More Botany.

We have begun to analyze flowers a little. I like it pretty well. We have to draw the flowers. Auntie Haskell told us to get a block and have to [sic] holes punched in it and put a ribbon through so as

to hold it together, and draw our flower in that I got one and put a cover on the top which makes it very nice. Then I decorated it with pictures of flowers. I love to draw them. I made Ella a similar one for rhetoric. We got quite a lot of

Table money

as we call fines. So one day on the impulse of the moment we sent J. out to spend it for peanuts and caramels. We had a good feast on them. Now to get money faster we charge for books left on the chairs and floor. But we don't get much. Sometimes quite laughable incidents occur. One day I left my drawer containing about a dozen books on the table for nearly 20 min. I thought of it just in time or I'd had lots to pay. We bought a tin pail with a part of our money. We've been intending to get something to cook in it over our gas lamp but have not as yet. One day I left a book on the table and thought

J. did it. J. went out and I began to rejoice with Ella that J. had left it there. When I found out it had been there half a period. At first I said that I wouldn't pay as I should have taken it off before 20 min. if I had known. But afterwards I did pay because, if any of the others should leave one on under the same circumstance, even if they would not have taken it off before the half period, they would not pay on the ground that I did not. "A poor policy to pay debts on" said Ella.

One day Miss Varnes and Jessie found a

Gray Hair

in my head. There it is as plain as day. I won't have it pulled out.

Monday, Mar. 17th 1879

Printing the Prophecy, etc.

A class meeting was called tonight. We went for our napkins, two of which we had contributed for the party, after it.

We each took one of the remaining fresh pansies given to the Juniors for a kupcake. There were 14 forks and 12 knives reported as missing from the stewards department. The question was asked whether any one had taken any from the hall. As no one had it was concluded that there was some mistake.

It was moved that the prophecy, history, and welcome to the Juniors be printed and a committee to attend to it was appointed. I ordered two copies. One for J. and one for myself.

Sunday, Mar. 23rd 1879.

Jessie's Latin.

When J. first came here she was put into Prep. Latin "for a while." But time past by and still she was not promoted. Not long ago Miss Miller, her Latin teacher, gave full consent for her to go into Horace. She went to Miss Morse and Miss Miller went to her, and it did no good.

Miss Morse said she could not promote J. when she had such marks. But finally they discovered that J.F. Wheeler's marks were mixed with E J.'s and that put altogether a different face on the matter. So J. is put into Horace, although she is to keep on with Virgil for a while. It is nice for we study together. Last night we left our

Light

burning. I expected the other girls would put it out, and they expected I would. I had turned my light way down so it burned just a little and way just going to take off my shoes, when I heard a knock. I knew it was Mother Hubbard and, thinking she would turn out the gas and see the glimmer of mine. So I piled onto the bed and turned it out and began to take off my shoes softly. She went and I lay awhile and then got up to open my window and saw the parlor light glimmer

through a crack of my door. So I came out and turned it off. She had put it down some. I wished I had left it burning. We all heard her when she knocked and none of us said "Come." I expected she would say something about it today; but she did not. There was a

Concert

Friday evening in the Chapel. Miss Hubbard and Miss [Bliss] played. I did not go. We have

Eleocution every Tuesday and Friday at the sixth period, the first after lunch. I forgot to go to it Tuesday and once before. There is a

Dancing

class here every Saturday. Jessie and Ella take lessons and Miss Owen comes in very often between dinner and chapel to practice with them. I try it too. I want to learn to waltz. One night we sat around in the moon-light after the last bell and

some our proposed dancing. So we danced a good while in our stocking feet. It was great fun. I did not go to the Chapel today. That makes three Sundays in succession. I did not take my exercise either. Just went out about 5 minutes. I have a cold. But very often I have no excuse but lazyness for staying away from Chapel.

Sunday, Mar. 30th 1879.

Lectures.

There were lectures in Chapel Friday and Saturday nights by the Rev. Mr. Spaulding of Boston. They were illustrated by the [stereoptican]. Friday his subject was St. Peters. Saturday, Ancient and Mondern Art. They were very nice. Friday the Preps. were requested to take seats in the Gallery that the north side of Chapel might be clear for town-folks. The other students were requested to take the same seats that they usually occupied. I could not see very well

from where I sat so I went up into the gallery with Jessie. Saturday night we were requested to take the same seats we had Friday. I did not go to the Chapel for three Sundays, so I went today for a change. We are having showery and cloudy weather. But between the showers its lovely. We left our

Light (and other misdemeanors)

up again last night by the same misunderstanding. I didn't hear any last bell. I was nearly asleep [sic] when I heard Miss H. knock and try the door, which was locked. I came out and unlocked the door; but she had gone. So I turned off the gas and went to bed. She hasn't said anything about it yet. But she didnt about the other till sometime this week, when Kitty Angell changed seats with me at the table. I sat next Miss Hubbard and she asked about it. I don't she is at all nice about such things she peeks around and listens to every word the girls say [sic]. One day Miss E.J.'s parlor told about laughing after the lights were out the night before, just to see what Miss H.

would do. She called Miss Baldwin to account for it and asked her if they were up after the lights were out. I don't think she has any right to do that. She is a great fuss any way. One day Kitty A. and J. changed seats at the table and she talked to them about it. The idea! At Miss Palmer's table we used to change places as much as we wished. I used to think Miss H. was nice. I've gotten bravely over it. I spattered a plate yesterday and Miss Turner made silhouettes. I have been reading

Daisy Miler.

It is a strange book and I hardly know what to make of it. She was a queer girl. The form of expression and words in it are exactly the same as American school-girls use when talking among themselves. I never saw them in print before and I do not like them at all. I wish I did not use them. I think I will try to break myself of them.

Sunday, Apr. 6th 1879

My Birthday.

I found the first dandelion blossom last Wednesday. Jessie has not been very well this week and went home for Thursday, Friday, and a part of Saturday. Her sister was sick. She is not going home in vacation. Friday was my 18th birthday. It seemed queer to have a birthday away from home. Last year Helen and Alice and Miss C. spent it with me. I haven't slept very well for two or three days, and today am about sick. Am excused from College duties. I lazed around in my wrapper all the morning till nearly dinner time. Just as I was going to dress for dinner there came a knock and somebody came in whom I did not know. It was

Miss Gardiner,

whom I met some time ago at Franklin. I was glad to see her and had a very pleasant call. She invited me to come over to the observatory and call on her this evening and bring some of my friends. I guess I shall.

When the dinner bell rang today we all went up to dinner and found everybody collected in the hall before the dining hall or standing on the stairs and gazing in wonderment. Then there was a report that dinner would not be ready for 15 min. So we dispersed and in 15 min. the bell again rang. We were glad to find that we had an extra good dinner. Rice pudding and oranges both for desert. Did you ever hear of such generosity?

Wednesday, Apr. 9th '79

A Night Ramble.

Sunday evening J. and I went to call at the Observatory. It was a beautiful night out and when we came back we looked into our room we concluded Ella was at Crego's and went in and propsed to them that we should go out of doors. So Crego threw her things out of the window that Miss Shier might not know and we scud. We knocked at Miss Owen's

window and she came out of it. We looked in at Miss Booth's window and saw a very affecting tableau - Hattie sitting in Miss [Akens] lap. We ran around the garden and sat in one of the arbors a while. Saw two strolling figures and ran from tree to tree across the lawn, stealthily dodging them. It was great fun. Got in safely. Jessie is making us some memory cards. I have not acted very badly about going home this time. Monday I couldn't keep still long. I was dreadfully

Cheated

Monday. We had just come in from Botany and J., Miss Vernes, and I were beginning to study Homer. There was a knock and the messenger girl announced that Mrs. Eaton was in the parlor and wished to see me. "Who?" "Mrs. Eaton." Then I gave a scream. It came like a flash. Mrs. E. and Nellie were visiting at Yonkers and had come up. I hurried to wash my hands, for the were black with

pencil-sharpenings, and rushed away to the parlor. I entered the first. No one there but a lady in black that I had never seen. No one in the second. With a sinking heart I entered the Students Parlor. No one there. Slowly I came back. I went to the messenger-room. It was a the lady in black, Mrs. Swain said. Feeling sure of some mistake I went to her. It was Miss Eaton to see Mary Sanford. It was a horried disappointment. Today Misses Owen, Reynolds, Wheeler, Irving, and I went to the Gym to

Dance.

J. got permission of Miss Palmer and we got a man to light it and we had a "squee" time. J. and I went into the

Store

this afternoon. I got permission of Mrs. Ray. The man didn't ask to see my permit, so I kept it to myself and will go in on it another time. J. went in with me to get something and afterwards I escorted Miss Greenway in on the same

pass. J. is going to use it in vacation. Now I will close till after vacation. Miss Hubbard was just here to see about our light. But I told her that I couldn't possibly get my work out of the way yet.

Saturday, Apr. 26th 1879.

Back Again.

Well, spring vacation is over and I am back. I've been ever so homesick since I came back. I had a splendid time home. It rained nearly every day and I was sick abed one day. We had company every day but two. Cassie had quilting and I had a surprise party Saturday night. Helen and Al were home part of the time so I saw them. We are building a house on the old place at home. Eight whole weeks. I sigh for summer. I

Came back late.

Didn't get here till Tuesday noon and I ought to have been here Sunday night. Went to Mrs. Ray about it. Gave

as excuse sickness, etc. Mrs. Ray was real nice. She said it was customary to bring excuses from home. So I said I would send for one. I

Went up town

today for a change. Have never been but once. Jessie and I walked in by College Avenue and rode out as far as Bull's Head. I am fearfully tired tonight. We've been in Miss Haskell's room to see about

Botany.

We've been analyzing maple and elm blossoms for class work. We've analyzed two out of the class. I don't know just how many we've gotten to analyze. From 75 to 100, I guess. Last night Ella bought some

Eggs

in the store and cooked some of them over the drop light. She is going to cook some more there tonight.

Friday, May 2nd 1879

It is

Founder's Day.

Vassar's great day. The halls are trimmed up with evergreen and there is a stir throughout. After the festivities of the day are over, I will write about it. Every day or two it was announced that there would be a final opportunity for purchasing invitations for founder's Day. At last Jessie bought a complementary invitation for it. Then she was afraid to send it lest he should come. So she did not send it till yesterday. I have been

Sick

this week. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. I got my excuse for being late. I forgot to go to

Elocution

again yesterday, but Miss Popleton did not call the roll. We are to be prepared to recite a piece Tuesday. Thursday we all meet together and have invited the Juniors to come and hear

us. As Miss Harder said, "Seventeen idiotic girl voted for it." I only hope she won't call on me.

Saturday, May 3rd 1879.

Founder's Day.

Now and then we would see one of the fellows that were coming around in the grounds with the girls. Just enough to keep up the excitement. At 5 min of 8 we assembled in Chapel. All those who did have company sat in the gallery. Below were the girls with their company. In the back seats, below were the hostesses [sic] and ushers. It was a pretty sight. Most of the girls had new dresses for the occasion, light silks, cashmeres, and muslins, and they looked so pretty. Nearly everybody wore white kids. The exercises were very nice. A Miss Stevens, formerly of the College played beautifully. There was a discussion - "The Critical Spirit of the Age - Should it be checked?" Affirmative, Miss Colgate. Negative - Miss Bustin.

Miss Burstin was splendid. I could see how she had profited by her elocution. Her pronunciation was just right. She used her voice well. Her movements and gestures were easy and natural. Her poise was perfect. After the exercises in Chapel, the [sic] was a collation sewed in the dining-room. Jessie and I wandered around in the hall for a while till the thickest of the crowd was gone, then we went in. We were waiting to be served, when along came Matthew Vassar. "Have you been served?" he asked. Upon our replying in the negative, he rushed away edging his way through the crowd. Soon he came back with a plate of cream in each hand. Then away he went to wait upon the others. After the collation there was music and promenading till the dinig hall waas cleared for dancing and we all went there. There were four square dances on the program, but in the middle of the last the bell struck and the music stopped and the goodbyes soon began to be said. I

had a real nice time. We went through the Pres. parlors, which were thrown open. They were very pretty and oh that library! it did look luxurious. I really think, however that I never saw such a slim looking set of fellows. The most of the them seemed so young, green, \$ and insignificant. There was a Jap with Miss Nagai that was the homeliest specimin of Japanity I ever saw. But he look [sic] nice and was probably good and smart. We got to bed about 12.30 P.M. and were quite fresh this morning. The girls are crazy over

Cards.

J. and Ella have been playing cards ever since Thursday night. Tonight Misses Varnes, Brewster and Easton were in to play Eucre with J. This week I have been reading

Poe.

His prose tales are wierd. I am now reading his biography (a short one) and I like it ever so much. I mean to read the life of Charlotte

Bronte as soon as I have time.

Sunday, May 4th, 1879.

The Mud Turtle.

I went to Chapel today for a wonder. Service wasn't long and I got along very well. It was beautiful out of doors today. Jessie and I went just over the red fence today and picked some wild flowers. We saw two large mud-turtles and that reminds me that Miss Turner picked up a little bit of a turtle, that she saw, and is going to keep it and tame it to make a pet of it. It is a real cute little thing.

Saturday, May. 19. 1879.

Miss E.J.'s Fish

Dr. Webster has gotten back. It seems so good to see her. Miss E.J. caught a trout nearly a foot long. A lovely great fellow. I think he must have come down the stream from somewhere as there are no such fish usually in the lake. He

was trying to swallow a smaller fish and was choking. Miss E.J. saw him and drew him up to the shore by a stick and caught him by the tail. She gave him to Dr. Webster. Miss E.J. also caught a polywog, which she keeps in a jar. She is going to keep him till his legs grow and his tail drops off. We have a

Cat

in our room. She came in first Friday. I gave her some milk I had. The poor thing was almost starved. She has been here every day since. We brought some things from the table for her Saturday. Today she has lived on

Crackers.

This is the way we happened to have the crackers. We were all sitting here and Miss Owen was in here, when suddenly there was a knock and Miss Levick came in with a plate of them. She said she had them and thought she would bring them in for us. She told us to keep

the plate and laughed as she went back into Miss Pass' room. We were thunder-struck and suspected something was up. "Don't eat them girls," said Ella, "something is the matter with them." So we thought we'd try to find out what. We couldn't discover anything although we thought they didn't smell just right. So when we went to Chapel (which was put off till 9 P.M., because the Phil. had gone out riding immediately after dinner.) Ella and J. ran up to them and cried, "Girls, what on earth did you do to those crackers." Continuing in that strain Ella found out that the girls there were hungry, so Miss Shier went to Mrs. Keizer for something. She gave her the crackers. They tried them and they didn't taste right and they couldn't eat them. So they thought they would bring them in to us. This morning Ella told Miss Levick that we did not eat any of the them. I had Gorgie to supper with me Friday. J. and I went to [Exoteric] tonight.

Miss Silver's Botany.

Miss Silver had analyzed a lot of flowers at different times, but had neither put down the common name or the proper name and so she couldn't tell what they were. I should have thought she could have told some of them at any rate. Or could have found them by running through the table in her book. But she couldn't, so she threw them all away. It was too bad. And it was a funny thing to do. I must tell about

Elocution.

Some of the Freshmen voted to have the Juniors come to a reading because Miss Poppleton wanted them to. I think none wanted the Juniors to come. Never-the-less hateful things were said by both Sophs and Juniors. It was said that the Fresh were conceited to give a reading to the Juniors. Well, a class meeting was called and, on account of what was said, Miss Baldwin proposed that we should all after having laid the plan before Miss Poppleton assemble on Friday head

-ed by a marshal march two by two to room J, each one clad from head to foot in black. Some desired very much to do this. Others were hot against it. Miss Howe and the Misses Glen spoke nicely against it. They held that it would be an insult to Miss P. and a price of great folly which would render us the laughing stock of all the College. Miss [Foor] said that she had heard that were were [sic] conceited to give a reading to the Juniors and she thought that wearing black would prove we were not. Miss Howe said that she never before knew that wearing black proved that one was not conceited. And she afterwards added that she believed black was considered the most becoming thing one could were [sic], and it might prove a conceit of a different nature to desire to appear in our most becoming dresses. Miss Foor answered. Then Miss Howe, and soon. I believe Miss Foor had the last word but assuredly Miss Howe had the best of it. Miss Glen, younger, said that she was

afraid that some of the young ladies would have to borrow dresses; and some of the young ladies were very adverse to borrowing dresses. Miss Foor said that borrowed clothes had been worn on occasions much less than this and it would not hurt them to wear them then. And Miss Glenn, elder, whispered indignantly, "Calls Phil less than this!" Altogether it was very simple I think. At last a vote was taken and it was decided that we should not go in black, etc. The eventful Friday came and no one was killed. I did not have to read. Today part of the Botany classes went on an

Excursion.

to Mr Boardmans about 3 miles from here. We took our Botany boxes and picked flowers on the way. Oh, what a profusion of beautiful great blue violets we found. Mr. Parker, who is superintendent of Mr. Boardman's grounds, used to be gardiner at the College. He is a graduate of Amherst agricultural College and quite

a scientific man. Mr. Boardman gave us permission to go anywhere we pleased over the grounds and to pick any flowers except fern and one or two things. We went down to a little valley. Hills completely shut it in, and rough, jagged, picturesque rocks, covered with mosses bounded it. In the dearest little nooks and corners of the rocks grew delicate ferns and columbine. It was lovely. There was a lake in the centre and near by a fountain. The wind blew the spray quite a distance and we stood and showered our posies and ourselves. We went round to a spring that was 10 ft. deep in the centre and beautiful. The water was deep green, probably from the [confervae] that had settled on the leaves in the bottom, and it was as clear as a crystal. So it looked like an immense great emerald. We then climbed the ridge and rested ourselves on the rustic seats everywhere, in the woods and ate the lunch Bertha Ray brought. Then we sat a while in the summer house and Mr. Boardman wanted us

to have a drink of milk, so he sent some up to us. We then started for home. We were somewhat fatigued on our arrival, but had enjoyed our excursion very much. Miss E.J. has two more

Turtles.

Very small ones. Not more than an inch across the back. They are the cunningest little things I ever saw. Soon they will have quite a menagerie.

Sunday. May 18th 1879.

Going to Town before Silent Time.

Yesterday J. and I started for town before Silent Time, which is forbidden. We had just gotten out onto the street when we met Miss Murphy coming back and behind her two horse-cars were approaching. She said that these were to take the excursion to West Point, and as Mrs. Ray and many of the teachers were going, she did not think it expedient for the cars to pass her on her way

to town before Silent Time. We were not going back, but we were afraid if we went the straight road we would be passed and if we went College Avenue we wouldn't get out of sight before the cars came along. For College Ave is straight and flat. So we slipped over the wall and behind the hedge, where we knew we would be out of sight, intending to go under shelter of the hedge to the end of the grounds and wait till the cars had passed us and disappeared around the bend. But the cars had but just started when we reached the end of the grounds. As there was one more way we took that. We got over the wall and started on an old, little travelled street, which had several little hills so we would be soon out of sight. When we were behind the hills we heard the jingle of the car bells and when we came to turn onto Main Street we saw them disappearing in the distance. In

Chapel

last night there was no one to lead the

service. All those accustomed to do it were away. There was a long pause and a broad smile on everybody's face. Finally Miss Palmer went up and conducted them.

Sunday, May 25th 1879.

Over the River.

Yesterday we went botanizing over the river. We had a real pleasant tramp, and saw a perfectly lovely stream, and got lots of maiden's hair. The Juniors took the Seniors on an excursion.

Excursion.

They always do. They went to Catskill, in the Mary Powell. Prof. Hinkle said nothing would be good enough for them next year. He didn't know what they would do unless they chartered a steamer and went to Europe. "Or went up in a balloon," said Miss Miller.

Sunday, June 1st 1879

Summer

has come in with heat enough to kill one. We have been longing for a breath of cool air all day long. It has been too hot to do anything. I read in the reading-room till the words were blurred, then I came down and tried to go to sleep. I have written but one letter today. Went to Chapel today. We have been having quite a time about our

Cat.

Ella went to Mrs. Ray as the latter wished to see all who were not coming back next year. Mrs. Ray said that she had been wishing to see some one from our parlor for some time. Then she spoke about there being too much noise in our parlor especially in Silent time. Also there was too much running in the halls. "And then that cat." We must not bring things from the table for it as it was against the rule, and we must not keep it. It was a nuisance to the whole corridor. The whole

corridor meant Kit Murphy who is very hard on our poor Pussy. We have ceased to bring milk from the table to her, but we buy milk at the farm house and are determined to keep her as long as possible. When we don't want her longer they will take her at the farm house. We don't know whether Miss Hubbard or Kit Murphy went to Mrs. Ray. If the latter I think she was mean. If the former I think she too was mean not to speak to us about it first. And then about the noise. We are not any noisier than the rest of the rooms. And if you could hear the girls up on the fourth tell! Since then we heard that Kit Murphy said the noisiest room in College was on this corridor. If so, that was utterly false. And she needn't talk about noise; for every night we used to hear them talking after the last bell. We have been thoroughly indignant ever since Mrs. Ray spoke. A few nights before, however, we are willing to acknowledge that there was a dreadful noise in our room after last

bell. Ella had thrown something into J's room and then locked herself into her own and J. pounded at a perfectly fearful rate on Ella's door. But other wise we are not noisy.

Ella went to see

Pinafore

played in Poughkeepsie yesterday. I stayed at home like a good girl and studied. I read the play today in a book belonging to Miss Pass. We have now agreed to call our cat Buttercup, as a very appropriate name for her. I wanted her called that before; but they would not agree to it till now.

Sunday, June 8th 1879

Weather.

I didn't go to the Chapel today. Two weeks from today I am going to be at home. I shall not stay to Commencement. I never saw such weather. One day we roast. Then we freeze for a few days. Then

we will roast again. Now it is a freezing time. This week I wrote to

Miss Stevens.

She was examined in Boston when I was. She is going to join the next Freshman class. She answered my letter and I wrote again today. We had our

Elections

yesterday. Misses Britton, Shove, and Stanton were candidates for President. Miss Shove withdrew, so I voted for Stanton. We ballotted 11 times and were no near the end then when we begun. So the names were dropped, and Miss Lyon nominated Miss Yamakawa. I don't think there would have been another nominated, if Stematz herself had not nominated Miss Shove. If almost anyone else had been running against Miss Shove, she would have gotten it. As it was, Stematz got it first ballot. She is very popular. Perhaps partly because she is a Jap. At any rate she ought to be popular, for she is so nice.

Misses Howe and Semple were candidates for vice-president. We ballotted 10 times. Then those names were dropped. Misses Laurence, Lyon, and [Havker] were nominated. I voted for Laurence. Miss Lyon got it. Misses Taylor and Grose were candidates for secretary. I voted for Gross but Taylor got it at 3 ballots. Misses Mohn and Howgate were candates [sic] for treasurer. I voted for Mohn, but Howgate got it at second ballot. No one cared much which way these last went. There are two parties in our class. These mingle partly in times of peace, but, in elections, they are clearly divided. Then there are a few that flucuate between the two sides. All this year Laura Glenn has been director of the Glee Club and has done real well with it. But now we have Miss Fridenburg in our class and she is one of the best musicians in College. When time for the nominations came, no one thought of her and so Miss Howe nominated Miss Glenn, thinking there was no one else. There were no further nominations.

Afterwards the girls thought that Miss Fridenburg ought to have it as she was the better musician and Miss Glenn had it so long. So a class meeting was called for nominating Miss F. second candidate. At that meeting, however, Miss Glenn withdrew her name and Miss Fridenburg was nominated. There were no further nominations. Last night I went to an

Exoteric

hall play, "School." It was very nice indeed. Friday night went to an

Art Lecture

by Prof. Van Ingen which was quite nice. Last week went to a

Phil Play.

"The Cricket on the Hearth." It was just splendid, as indeed the plays always are. Our

Cat

still lives with us and we hear no more about it. Once in a while we buy her milk; but she mostly lives on mice and squirrels which she catches.

Sunday, June 15th 1879.

Latin.

Oh, how good it seems to think that this is the last Sunday. I guess next week won't be very hard for we have examinations in Botany only. We were to have them in Latin every day. That would have been dreadful. Thursday a class meeting was called; but we did not have one, for we heard that it was not allowable to have class-meeting on such a subject. So we talked together and finally it was decided to send Misses [Shawe] and Sanford to Miss Goodwin to see if we could not have advance instead. She liked the idea and promised to see Prof. Hinkel about it. So we are to have no more examinations in that. Then in

Greek,

our class sent a petition to Prof. Hinkle, that we might be allowed to take advance in Homer instead of review.

But he would let us do nothing but read [Anabaris] or review Homer. So we are reading the third book of [Anabaris]. Yesterday was the

Senior's Sale.

I [sic] very great variety of somewhat delapidated things filled the corridor, and eloquent Senior's expounded the merits of their goods. Very many rocking chairs, and small tables, sofas etc. Not so many small things as I expected. I bought a small bust of Dickens for 50 cts. and a small table for \$1.00. The cover for the table had the initials [SN] on it. Sophia Nichols. Change it around and you have [Nan] Southworth. Yesterday I also bought [paster] for trunk. As I go by boat I can't buy ticket and check trunk till the day I go. Ella went down town yesterday. She and Miss Reynolds bought Strawberries

Strawberries

and those with fruit crackers and

oranges made quite a feast. J. and I were invited and enjoyed it. We have only had strawberries two or three times at table, and then they were stale. We haven't had a green pea or new potato yet.

Sept. 19th 1879.

Soph. Year.

Here I am, back again. I suppose most the girls will come today as College opens tonight. I arrived yesterday at noon. I came to N.Y. City by the [Stonington] boat, and it was so crowded that I could not get even a berth and had to lay on a blanket on the floor, in consequence of which I caught cold. In the morning I saw Dr. Webster. Her sister and little niece were with her. The niece was born at the College. Her name is Helen Vassar. Helen for Dr. Webster and Vassar for the

College. They were coming here by the night boat. I came by day boat. The first person I saw was Miss Pass in the horse-car. When I got to the College, I met Miss Miller and Miss Hubbard, the former is to be our Corridor teacher. She told me to get something to eat and then go to Mrs. Ray. Mrs. Ray said she thought she would put two new Freshmen in my parlor. Not long after Miss [Winnie] Williams was sent there. She enters the first preparatory. I heard that Mrs. Ray wasn't going to let Preps and Collegiates room together. Miss Williams seems very nice. There is a nice Freshman next door, Miss Miller. She is from Kentucky. Miss Brown's sister, who was examined at Boston when I was, is here. She is nice. She has a nice Alcove room and a very pleasant room-mate, Miss Newman. Miss Newman reminds me very much of Abbie Nickerson. She was at dinner when I was and said she saw me on

the boat. Miss Sanford is here and the Misses Glenn, but I did not speak with the latter. I have seen no more of the old girls. There is a girl from Montreal, Canada. A regular little Britisher, Miss Williams said. I wish Jessie would come.

Sunday, Sept. 21st 1879.

News.

I had two letters from Jessie. She is sick now but expects to return Tuesday. She is to the room in 131, Fifth North, all alone. That is what she wanted. Miss Turner is not coming back. Neither are Misses Wheeler, E.J., and Silver Evelyn Baldwin and Cassie MacAdam room in No. 5. near here. Misses Yamakawa and Nagai are not back yet; but are coming, I suppose. There is a new girl here in [b]. Miss Ella [Seetuth] from Normal, Ill. She is going to be Freshman. She is

a little thing and seems very nice. Most of the old girls are back. Misses Shier and Owen haven't made their appearance. Ella has a friend here. She graduated this year from Lewisburg and comes as an Art Student. Miss Osterhout is her name. This year I study Latin, Eng. Lit. and Trig. Have them the first, second and fifth periods, so I get all through before lunch, which is nice.

Sept. 28th Sunday.

Our Room.

Yesterday we girls went to town. Miss [Suelluth] bought a lovely panel picture. She has a little rocking-chair, too. Miss Williams had a box from home yesterday. She had a lovely table cloth, a clock and bracket, a picture and vase. We have a real pretty room now. I think

Mrs. Ray

is as horrid as ever. There are some very tall grasses in the garden that

the gardiner gives away. Jessie asked him if she might have some and he said yes, as many as she wanted. So she got some for herself and some for me. As she was bringing them in, Mrs. Ray met her and asked her where she got them and who gave them to her, and said there must be some mistake. Jessie said no, the gardiner gave them to the girls and Mrs. R. said he shouldn't and there must be some mistake. Her royal highness knows everything. I think if the gardiner is not a responsible person he ought to be dismissed. But it is all right. Those grasses don't belong to anybody and the gardiner gives them away. I have quite a lot of

Bitter-sweet berries.

Miss Warder had her arms full and I was admiring them, so, after she had supplied her friends she brought me a lot. It is lovely. We went to see if we could get some more,

but were unsuccessful. We have been seated at the tables. Haven't had Bible Class.

Sunday, Oct. 12. 1879.

Sick.

Last Sunday I was sick and, stayed at home from Chapel and Bible Class and Monday from all classes. Sunday night I made tea over the gas. Last night we had a

Chestnut Roast.

Sent to town for a tin pan and set it over the gas full of chestnuts and roasted them so. Then we borrowed a drop light and put it in the bed-room and boiled nuts in a pail over that. Then we had cider and apples. May and I went for the cider in the morning. Jessie and I went to the store between dinner and Chapel for the apples. And such lots of girls were there, from Seniors to Preps. We invited the girls in the next room. In the midst of festiv-

-ities, I heard someone come and go away again. I thought it must be Miss Yamakawa. I should have invited her; but I knew she was going on an excursion with Prof. Backus and I didn't know when they would be back. I went out and called Stematz back and she came in and had some chestnuts. When she went back to her room I told her to tell Miss Nagai to come. She came and by and by Stematz came to. So we feasted and told riddles until Silent Time. As the bell rang I hurried to take off the last roast. Every time before I had turned the gas down low. But in my hurry I forgot it, and the paper caught fire. I threw it onto the carpet and in desperation we stamped upon it and stamped it out. We had a real nice time, anyway. I have been to

Delta

twice. Last Friday and the week before.

Ella [Vaener] played once. It was nice. I am going to join delta. For the

Soph Party

they have collected the tax of both semesters. Some of the class did not think we ought to spend it all for that, but they were over-ruled. We couldn't do anything else. For Mrs. Ray won't let the [cars] fix up the Society Hall; and for an entertainment out of the hall things cost. We've been having dreadfully hot weather.

Sunday, Oct. 19. 1879

Senior Parlor.

Last Thursday, the Seniors invited the Sophs to the Senior Parlor between dinner and chapel. We were dismissed from dinner at 5.30. I went with Miss Olmstead. We went directly to the parlor and looked around. It was lovely. The furniture was upholstered with dark green covered with

peacock feathers. One chair was deep wine color and had a white strip running through the center, on which was embroidered cat-tails and their leaves. Miss Wentworth designed and embroidered it. It was lovely. The girls did almost all of the upholstering themselves, because the upholsterer they had one day was so slow. There was a lovely screen in our corner. There were quite a lot of painted things, for many of the class are artists. We Sophs were the first to see it after the Seniors. After looking at the parlor we scattered and took seats, some in chairs in the hall, others in the private parlors that had been thrown open for us. Then came refreshments, pears, bananas, grapes, cream wafers, and coffee. All was very nice. We enjoyed it very much.

The night before, when the parlor was opened, Clare Rustin gave a spread. When they were singing,

College songs, they improvised songs for the occasion.

"Here's to Classmate Clare, Drink it down, drink it down, For she's done the thing thats square, Drink, etc."

Either Kit Aldrich or Kit Murphy was chairman of the Committee for arrangement of the parlor. So they sang, "Here's to chair-man Kit, And Well does she deserve it." The

Soph Party

is coming off next Saturday, at 6 p.m. I don't yet know what it is to be. I know pretty well that it isn't to be in the hall; for Mrs. Ray wont allow the hall to be fixed up as has been the custom. I think that is very mean in her. If we couldn't fix up the hall, we wouldn't enjoy it there, it is so barren and dreary. The committee laid many plans before Mrs. Ray before she would accept any. One night Prex spoke to us about spreads etc., in de-

preciation of them. But he said he didn't want to say anything about money expended by private persons who could afford it (and in that case I don't see why he mentioned spreads at all.) BUt he wanted to speak about those expenses that came on all, alike poor and rich. And he spoke especially about [discussing] to do something different, something better than that done before. This was aimed directly at the Sophs. But if they wont let us decorate the hall as customary, they must expect that we will want to do something different. As for the expense, no one is obliged to spend anything but their yearly fine for class affairs. All the rest is voluntary donations. Prexy made

Another Speech

about Bible Class and Chapel. We didn't any of us see the point to that. He tried to prove that they

voluntary, but optional. I haven't seen the voluntary part of it yet. Maybe I'd like to. Mrs. Rays

Plan for Social Enjoyment,

is for all students who have time and are so disposed to go to Room J. and the back parlor Tuesday and Thursday nights between dinner and chapel. There to play games etc. I don't believe it will be a success. I haven't been yet. The gymnasium is lighted for

Dancing

any night after study hour at the request of [three]. We girls have been over twice. Last time we danced the lanciers. We are going to learn them so we can dance Phil night.

Sunday, Oct 26. 1879.

Soph Party.

Last night the party came off. We went to a hotel at "Hackensack about

4 1/2 m. from here. Part went in large wagons and part in carriages. Jessie and I went in a carriage. We had a lovely ride. There was singing and dancing and supper. We had oysters, coffee, sandwiches and olives. Miss Yamakawa made a lovely speech. Nellie Raymond, the Fresh's President, made a nice speech in reply. We had a lovely time. But the time was so short. We heard that Mrs. Ray didn't send in her acceptance of her invitation till yesterday noon and that she told Miss Freidenberg that she was in doubt whether or not to accept the invitation. Such things were a bore. But if she accepted other invitations and did not this, there might be jealousy. I have been propped for

Phil.

I am going to join Delta. That has all illustrious members. Pres. Raymond was its first president. Prof. Braislin,

Prof. Backus, Prof. Mitchell, and Dr. Webster are members of Delta. Jessie has been proposed, too; but we've neither of us even joined Phil. yet. She is put on the committee for arrangement of the room next Friday night! There are only a few members of Delta.

Sunday Nov 2nd 1879.

Mrs. Wheeler and Edith

I am taking it easy today. Am not going to Chapel or Bible Class. Jessie's mother and sister Edith are here. Edith is about 11 years old. Small and quite pretty. She doesn't look as I thought she did. She seems real nice. May went to town to church today.

Sunday Nov. 9th 1879.

Delta.

Friday night Prof. Backus addressed Delta on the subject of the Adirondacks. His talk was very in-

-teresting. Miss Ransom went with me. After it was over we had chocolate and sandwiches. It was Miss [Canfield's] spread. She is real nice. Prof. gave me a compliment. He told Miss C. I would be quite an acquisition to Delta. He only knows from Lit. and I seldom open my head in class. But I suppose he meant it or he would not have said it. Friday Miss Jones gave a

Spread

to Delta. She had trouble with Mrs. Ray about her room and is going home. She may return. We had button-hole bouquets, salad, finger rolls, sliced tongue, sandwiches, vienna coffee, whipped cream, all kinds of cake, ice cream, and ices. We had such a nice time. Had a long table with Prof. Mitchell. She and Prof. Backus, Prof. Braislin, Pres. Caldwell belong to Delta. Mr. Vassar was the first pres. of Delta, Prof.

Mitchell, the second, Pres. Raymond the third. Last night

Beta

had a Hall Play. "The Haunted Mill," and "Woodcock's Little Game". Both were spendid. Misses Van Clique, Shove, Wells, did best. We enjoyed it very much. The girls put

Blocks

up on the sides of the door. Ours is always full of nonsense. Such items as "Shakespeare Called" are frequently seen there. The other day the girls advertised on it the loss of their waste basket, and pen wiper, and I put it into poetry on it as follows: -

Lost, Stolen or Strayed!
 From a sorrowing maid,
 A basket of beauteous make;
 And her heart's full of woe,
 So think that a foe,
 Could from her this prized object take.

And a perwiper, too

Most fair to the view
With a gold button shining so bright,
So beauteous it was,
She'd fair know the cause
That's taken it out of her sight.

O stranger! I pray
If you find them astray,
Return them to 22 straight,
For the maid in despair
Is tearing her hair
And mourning their terrible fate.

We are keeping slang lists. Madge Miller calls me [Sattycoram], and May, Anne Cora.

Nov. 23rd 1879.

Plays

I was sick last Sunday and did not write. But there has been not much of anything going on. Last week there was a French play, and last night our "Mutual Friend" dramatized. I enjoyed them both

very much. Of course there are funny things happening all the time in Lit.

Election Day

Prof. Backus talked politics to us all the period, which we enjoyed very much.

Sunday, Nov. 30th 1879

Thanksgiving.

Has come and gone. We had Friday and Saturday for holidays and they were very acceptable. May, Jessie, and I sat at Flo Easton's table. Miss Van Lyle, the little Brazilian sat next to me. I like her. After supper we all went to Flo's room, where we played mesmerism, etc. Then we went to the parlors to see them dance. There was a play in the Hall. "The Fast Coach" and "Jacobi." Both were very nice and funny. Then the orchestra played, and the orchestra consisted mostly of [comb] players. But it was very nice. Miss Lyon recited a piece and Miss Van Kleek. She lat-

-ter came in in a long [tyer] and with her hair braided down her back.

Sunday, Dec. 14th 1879.

I will go on where I left off rather abruptly two weeks ago.

Miss Van Kleek recited "Mary had a little lamb." She forgot part of it and went back and altogether it was the funniest thing I've seen this long time. After the play we had cake and ice cream in the parlors.

The next week was

Phil Night

We had a real nice time. It was not materially different from last Founder's Day. But there were not so many guests. Mrs. Richards was here and read an essay on the "Educational Value of Scientific Invetigation." She called on me. There were the homeliest and queerest set of fellows here that I ever saw (Founder's Day

being excepted.) Last Friday

Alexander Young

of Boston lectured on the tragic and comic sides of life. He told 59 anecdotes strung along with a sort of connection between them. That was all. It was the biggest imposition for a lecture I ever heard off. Every body was disgusted. His pronunciation was simply vile. Last nigh

Delta

gave a hall play. It was real good. The Critique was splendid. Miss Brewster wrote it. The play was founded on the form and twenty black-birds baked in a pie. Those that had been enchanted black-birds were all dressed in black belvet. Miss Varnes was one. She looked perfectly lovely. We girls formed a

Political Club.

May, Madge, Jessie, and I agreed to spend twenty minutes a day in the

reading room or pay five cents. But May has backed out. The Sophs are getting up an

Historical Club,

for the study of mediaeval and modern history. I think It will be real nice. We are going to have a pin. The

College Pin

is going to be changed. The old one was real homly. You would not know what is stood for. The new one will be plain and pretty and will show the monogram plainly.

Jan. 18. 1880.

Vacation

is over. Of course I had a jolly time, although the weather was bad and I did not go much. I did a good deal of painting and got so I could paint on silk. Lots of things have happened since I came back but I have so little time to write that I can

hardly give the heads of things. In the first place, I've finished my second

Essay.

The subject was Relation of Classics to Modern Education." Miss Hiscock did not wish me to read anything in regard to it. I handed it in yesterday and today thought of something else I ought to have put in it. I must write down here the subjects that were given out to the Sophs.

1. "Review of my Favorite Novel."
2. "How far should the Principle of [Emulation] be carried to Promote Mental Exertion?"
3. "The Relation of Classics to Modern Education."
4. "Characteristics of Children's Literature."
5. "Is there Antagonism between Higher Mental Culture and Perfect Social Grace."
6. "Peculiarities of Booth's Impersonation of Hamlet."
7. "Glaring Defect of the American Social

System."

The subject for the next essays are

1. "Egotism an Important Element of Success."
2. "One More Popular Fallacy. ('Sweet are the Uses of Adversity.')."
3. "Is Crime Fostered or Repressed by the Publicity Given to it at the Present Day?"
4. "The Office of the Sunday School. (A discussion of its relation to the Church, to society in general, and the manner in which its existing methods fulfill its aims.)"
5. "Some Criticisms upon the Method of Preparatory Schools, suggested by my College Experience."
6. "A Truly Useful Life (A bona fide narrative or character-sketch.)"

For our

Political Club,

May retired from it before she ever went into the Reading Room. Madge has failed once. We decided that reading nerve-papers twenty minutes

in our room was the same as going to the Reading Room. Our

Soph Club

is getting along finely. We call it the "[Cliv]." I think we shall like it very much. I was one of the committee of three who arraigned the [semester's] work. We are to study mediaeval history this year, meet once a fortnight, and are dropped after three consecutive absences, unexcused, but may be voted in if there is no black ball against us. As for

Delta,

it had a meeting last Friday. Miss Pratt asked me to act on next Literary committee. I don't know what I shall do for entertainment. They have made a selection of a

College Pin.

It is very pretty. The one I want. I like it ever so much. It is graceful and shows what it is.

Jan. 25. 1880

Clio

our history club met first last night and I think we shall like it very much. Miss Sanford begun the meeting with a very propitious omen, by the remark, "This reminds me of a funeral in the house." Louise had a

Spreak

last Thursday, on her birthday. Her aunt and sister Nettie were here. We had salad, sandwiches, olives, coffee, cake, ice cream, and Charlotte [nurse]. We enjoyed it very much. The Class

Elections

have come off. Misses Coleman, [Foos], and Britton were presidential candidates. Miss Britton's name was withdrawn. Miss Coleman's friends turned out strong. All those who did not vote for her were trying to make a tie. But it was impossible. There were not many

ballots and she only [laked] one of enough so some finally went over. Misses Shawe and Howe, for vice-pres. Miss Shawe was elected first ballot. Misses Glen, L.F, Cecil, and Morrill for Secretary. Ballotted some time on that. I thought Miss Cecil would get it but when Miss Glen's name was dropped they went mostly over to Miss Morrill and she was elected. Buckland and Case, for treasurer. Case got it. They were even the first ballot. I wanted very much a tie for pres. I wish we might have had Miss Warder. But she could not have got it against Miss Coleman. If there had been a tie I guess she would have got it. Miss Penfield is president of the Junior class. I am so glad. Miss White vice-pres. Miss Barnum, sec. Miss [Valean] against Miss Pew got the Presidency of Fresh. Class. I thought she would get it. I knew they would never rest till she did get it. We had

Episcopal Service

today as well as two weeks ago.

I never went to it before. I don't like it. Too much form and ceremony like the Cathlic. And then to have the same prayer and everything Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out! Bishop Cox, of Western New York preached today. The Episcopalals go wild over him.

Sunday, Feb. 1. 1880

Delta Elections.

Miss Canfield was reelected unanimously for President. Misses Braislin and Harrison were nominated for vice-pres. Miss H. was elected first ballot. Miss Raymond was unanimously elected secretary. Misses Meeker and [Brewster] were elected critiques and we are to have two more. Miss More asked me to read in Delta next Friday. I shall be pretty busy for I have to speak in Clio Saturday on the topic "The Franks and their Conquests. I had my first experience on

Chapter Committees

a couple weeks ago. I didn't know till Tuesday there was going to be a meeting that week, so we had no time to get up anything very elaborate. Miss Meeker proposed we had a tableau burlesqueing the ballad "Gaily the Troubadour," and we were going to have some other things. But news came that Miss Wilkinson of Poughkeepsie, formerly a special and a Deltan would furnish entertainment by reading Shackeray's Ballads. But, as it would not be advisable to have all reading, she wished us to get up a tableua. That was Thursday. We did not wish to burlesque a ballad as she was to read ballads, so we decided to have the "Courtin" in two moving tableaux. We arranged it and Friday afternoon it was rehearsed. Miss Penfield was Jekle, Miss Bell was Huldah, and Miss Smith the mother. But just after dinner Miss Pratt told me that Miss Penfield was called home by bad news and so we had to get somebody else to take her part. I captured Miss Harrison and persuaded her

to take it. There was only about an hour. Not time for a rehearsal. We had to get things together and I had to run around for a costume for Miss Harrison. Well, we finally arranged things.

I didn't like Miss Wilkinson's reading, but I was behind the curtain and I could not hear very well. One funny thing happened. Miss Bell in the tableau had to be peeling apples; and while Miss W. was reading, she sat behind the curtain with the pan of them in her lap. Suddenly she let one fall and it rolled under the curtain out into the middle of the floor. It was too funny! The tableau went off nicely. Last Thursday was

Day of Prayer for Colleges.

We had to go to Chapel in the morning and I went to prayer-meeting with Miss Nagai in the evening. After that was over Miss Phillips, Miss Harper and I collected in the Japs room and were treated to graham crackers, hot chocolate, and peach preserve.

Miss Yamakawa and I spent the morning copying our

Latin Prose Exercises.

It was fortunate we did for the next morning Miss Goodwin called for the books, and if we didn't have them all copied she asked us how many we had to copy and let us keep our books. I had all copied but 3 sentences and I wrote those in pencil in class. We are reading

Cicero's Letters

now. They are very easy and nice. But Cicero was such a weak-minded man. I get disgusted with him. There was a

Phil. Hall Play

Friday night "The Danicheffs." It was very nice and had all the best actors. It was Miss Van Kleek's and Miss Shawe's last appearance. The former graduates this year and the latter does not expect to return, and they have been on the stage twice this year. Miss Shawe was perfectly grand. She had a very proud and haughty part. Countess

Danicheff and she was so grand and handsome. Miss Van Kleek I did not like so well as usual. She is too small and young-looking, and has too high a voice for a man. BUt she was very nice. She was Count Danicheff. Miss Healy was Anna. It was such a sad part. But she was very nice. No one can take a pathetic part like Miss Healy. Miss Rustin was [Osip] and was very good indeed. She was so calm, and firm, and intense. Miss Wardle made a perfect frenchman. Miss Baily as Zakaroff was perfect. Miss Mary Shove as a peculiar and forgetful old man was inimitable. Miss Lyon took the part of the revengeful beauty Princess Walanoff to perfection. Nothing could have been better than Misses Lane and Hopson and Marinna and Anfissa. There I have praised all up, as it seems to me they ought to be. I enjoyed it so much. And the pathetic parts just made me cry. I admired Miss Alice Shove most of all. Seems to me, I never saw any one quite so good, for an amateur.

Vassar College. Feb. 8. 1880.

Minutes of Jan. 10th.

The Faculty of Vassar College, Po'keepsie, N.Y. met in the office of the President of said College at 10 mintues and 31 seconds past 1 o'clock, Monday evening Jan 10th.

On hearing the loud "Here" given in response to each name as it was called the hearts of all throbbed with gladness. For surely the important question to be discussed at this meeting required the presence of every member of this august body. In order to do justice to the subject to be brought before the meeting, it was necessary that the honest opinion of every Professor be expressed. Mrs. Ray in a stately menner arose and having regaled us with a quotation (too familiar to repeat here) she informed us that the authority of the College had been outraged. A few days since a notice had been, not written, but printed for the benefit of the Preparations and freshmen, to the effect that the ice was in a precarious condition. That she - whose watch-

-word was duty - had gone to the borders of the Lake and summoned thence four Sophomores who were skating unmindful of the word of warning. She laid the case before the Faculty - whether the whole Sophomore class should be suspended, or should they be lenient and expel only the guilty ones.

The President called for remarks. Prof. Backus thought that each should have a ducking.

Prof. Braislin thought that experiencing a cool atmosphere would not be a punishment but rather a delight.

The President expressed his views - That the faculty had better not be too harsh upon the delinquents for their conduct was probably owing to their never having studied Moral and Mental Philosophy.

Mrs. Ray interposed - But if the young ladies had been precipitated through an aperture in the congealed fluid, how could she ever have met the [stuck]-

-mothers. At this a tear flows slowly down Dr. Hinkle's cheek and falls in silence upon the floor.

Prof. Mitchell said for her part she approved of skating. It was probably the only way in which some of the students ever would see stars.

Prof. Dwight in the solemn voice declares that he fears his Bible teaching has not been practical enough for the Sophomores and that hereafter he will try to make it useful as well as entertaining. (Dr. Hinkle is heard to mutter "It is good" and Prof. Backus "oh! Dwight who cares about 'Moral Responsibility.'")

Prof. Cooley then proposes that as the matter is too important to be decided hastily, it should be laid upon the table for a week. Which is agreed upon.

Dr. Webster then moved that the Faculty express by their rousing cheers the pleasure at having President Caldwell again with them. Miss Morse could not participate as she was busy fanning the President, who was nearly overcome

with this expression of the faculty's esteem. There being no other business to be brought before the meeting, it was moved and seconded that the Faculty adjourn. The motion was carried.

Tuesday, Feb 10th 1880

Soph Sociable.

The Sophs this year decided not to have any Trig ceremony. Some of the girls said that they did not see why Trig was so much worse than any other study that it should be harped on year after year. Others said it was a desperate attempt to be funny and a terrible failure for the Sophs were too sick of the jokes to appreciate them and the Freshmen could not understand them.

Well, other classes made cutting remarks about our lack of originality in abandoning Trig ceremonies, so we got up something different, kept it pretty well a secret, and merely said the Sophs would have a Soph sociable Saturday night.

When we entered the Society Hall a peculiar scene met our eyes. Miss Sanford said the room looked like a bar room. All but a few settees were piled up out of the way. There were two or three rows directly in front of the stage and one row around the room. The walls were decorated with colored paper fringes, etc., beautiful engravings from Harpers, and a sublime oil painting advertisement picture, presented '82 by a store-keeper in Po'keepsie. The stage curtain was adorned with "Welcome '82" in white letters, and two dancing girls. "Quid Agamus?" shone on us from the wall in red, green, yellow and purple letters. The window curtains were the masterpiece, bring pieces of carpeting artistically looped. As we entered the room we were each presented with a beautiful paper rose and a card. My card had on it a picture of an Irishman carrying a stove funnel and a bottle, while his wife followed with the stove and a child clinging to her skirts. Printed underneath was "Division of Labor" and written "Is it "worth" my trouble to go "south"?" Soon after we were present-

-ed with programmes. These consisted of strips of paper headed with spherical triangles and followed by the words Past A Burlesque, In Three Acts. Collation, Dancing. These strips of paper were rolled up in a peanut and tied with a ribbon. Of course we were anxious for the Burlesque to begin. But we had to wait for Miss Paterson who was to be Miss Goodwin in Act I. As she didn't come for some time we decided to begin with Lit Class, although, Miss Glenn had arrived. Miss Foos resembled Prof. Bachus very much and took him off nicely. She read to us selections from Hamlet and Burns [tries] to the tooth-ache and asked and answered questions. She also drew us a picture of Burn's on the board and said "There is a little weakness about the nose; but then we wouldn't have it otherwise. And wait till I come to the lips! Ah, young ladies, you don't know how much I think of that picture. When I get down-hearted, I go to it and I say 'Oh Rob, old fellow! you know just how it was yourself.'" Mrs. Ray (Miss Lyon)

visited Lit. Class. Miss Lyon was perfect as a representation of Mrs Ray. Tall and Stately, with sweeping train and window's cap. I was in Lit class to represent myself. But some of the girls took off others. Miss Baldwin was Miss Pass and was perfect. She wore a slouchy white dress and white shawl and blue goggle and had her hair (which is quite short) oiled, to make it hang in strings, like "Frankie's." Miss Varnes took the part of Miss King and was very good. [It] was either she or Miss Howe, who represented Miss Foos, that asked, "Prof. Backus, is [diel] the Scotch for Guardian angel. Viva Buckland represented Miss L. F Glenn and asked, "Prof. Backus, what was the color of the coat that Chaucer's great-grandfather wove to that party he went to?" To which Miss Foos replied "Well, really, Miss Glenn, L.F., I believe, I don't know. I think it was either blue trimmed with pink or pink trimmed with blue. I have forgotten which. I will make note of it and look it up. Much obliged to you for bringing up that question."

She wore Miss G's clothes and acted just like her. She had a great envelope post-marked "New Haven," and a thick letter which she was reading. Miss Cora Glenn represented Miss Sanford and wore Miss S. clothes. She didn't get to the hall till Lit. class had begun and she came striding up the hall with Miss Sanford's gait and came to Miss Foos to be excused "Excuse me, Prof. Backus, but I was out taking my exercise with one of 80's girls. Then she took a seat and asked a question, very complicated and hard to understand just like Miss Sanford. If she hadn't laughed she would have been splendid.

Next to Lit Class came Latin. Miss Paterson looked exactly like Mis Goodwin and acted pretty well. Miss Coleman was Prof. Hinkle and came into the class. If she hadn't been so tall she would have been splendid. She acted very nicely. Miss Stanton represented Miss Sanford in Latin and took her off to perfection. One question she asked was, "Excuse me,

Miss Goodwin but is there any special significance in having the subject of the sentence in the nominative?"

After Lain class came Faculty meeting. Miss Philips was Prex. Miss Gross, Miss Morse and she looked exactly like Miss Morse and took off her pussy-cat ways nicely. Miss Moore was Prof. Braislin and

Wednesday, Feb. 11.

I will continue where I left off. Miss Moore as Prof. Braislin, read the minutes of the last faculty meeting which are copied on the 126 p. of my journal. Miss Koontz was Prof. Mitchel, and she tipped back on the two legs of her chair, corssed her feet, and said "Backus will you please open that window?" The business of that meeting was to speak of different selections of studies. Miss Sanford was read off for Calculus (she doesn't have it) and some one predicted that she would be dropped. Miss Foos was very hard on herself. Miss Lyon was read off for 3 studies. Some one objected, and some suggested that she was not fond of study. Ah, I see, she is lazy

Oh! she is lazy," cried Miss Coleman, immensely tickled like Prof. Hinkle is when he thinks he has made a joke.

After faculty meeting the settees were taken from the middle of the room, and some one played for a dance. Presently Miss L.F. Glenn came in, dragging in a little wagon full of apples and corn-balls. She was dressed like a little Irish boy, with red wig, old hat, calico tyer, red skirt, grey gym drawers. She looked too funny. She was followed by Miss Warden, dressed in an old calico and faded shawl, with brown hair front and great bonnet. On her arm she carried a basket holding, I should think, a peck of peanuts, and a box of candy kisses. We feasted on these and bye and bye they brought in ham sandwiches, olives, coffee and whipped cream. We had a nice feast and more dancing and then gathered around the piano to sing. Among other things we sung, "Here's to Vassar College, The fountain head of Knowledge." Then "Here's to '82, We'll see what she can do." Mis Glenn, C.,

rushed up to Miss Darling and cried, "I think they ought to sing here's to '81 for us, don't you?" At first Miss Sanford cried "no!" but then said, "Well, we don't begrudge it. What shall we sing with it?" What has she ever done?" cried Miss Howe. So we sung it with a will, and soon Miss Lyon (who was also going to join 81) came up and said, "Miss Howe, that's the brightest remark you ever made!" Then we sung "Here's to Vassar's '80, Otium cum dignitate." And "Here's to '83, who's excluded from our spree." Then, as the Silent Time bell had rung, we started for the College, singing, "Here's to '83," and "Goodnight, Ladies."

Oh, we had such a jolly time! We wore our peanuts and roses next day. Every one was asking about it. They all thought it real nice. Prof. Braislin said she thought it was it was [sic] such a nice idea to have the faculty and everybody. She said if she had known she would just as [leiafve] let the girl who had her part take some of her clothes. Prof. Backus met Miss Howe in the corridor and said, "Goodmorn-

-ing Professor.' And to Miss Koontz, he said, "Look here, Miss Koontz, I don't want you to call me 'Backus'."

I think it was a grand success.

Sunday, Feb. 15th. 1880

Alpha's Play.

At last Alpha had her play. It was real good. Light and amusing as an affect to the Danicheffs. The play was Cinderella. It was bright and amusing. Then there was music. "The Babies on our Block." The music struck up and soon various [babie] cries struck in. The curtain was drawn; and behold half a dozen girls dressed out baby-like, [dandling] dolls. It was very cute. Then the committee came on the stage. They looked all dragged out. One had her throat tied up. One had a hammer in her hand. One had a broom. One had a big note book to put down things and her hair was tumbling down. One had her head tied up. They wore dirty of torn aprons and were altogether a forlorn looking set. They sang

in a doleful tone their trials since they had been appointed committee. Every stanza ended with "Ain't it sad?" I had to speak in

Clio

yesterday. My subject was the "Franks and their Conquests." It was Clio's second meeting. Lots of girls were absent. They forgot it. We are going to have a very pretty pin. A large C and a quill.

Second Semester

began last Monday. I study Latin, Greek, and Calculus. In Latin we have Plautus and now Prof. Hinkle is lecturing to us, so it is not much work to get our lessons. In Greek we are reading Plato; but he takes about half the time to explain, wh. is very delightful. In Calculus, Prof. Braislin lectures half the period and the other half we recite what she gave the day before. She makes it so clear in class, we don't have to study it out of class. I went to one of

Mrs. Ray's Receptions

last Thursday. She has them every Tuesday and Thursday between dinner and Chapel. We had quite a nice time. Played copping quotations most of the time. We have a

New Parlor Mate.

Miss Hattie Walrath of Syracuse. She passed all but one semester of mathematics and one of French for Freshman. She is awfully jolly and quite nice. Jessie has been admitted to the Soph class. I am very much interested in politics. I want Sherman to be nominated for Pres. candidate.

Sunday, Feb 29, 1880

Delta.

A week ago Friday I recited Darius Green in Delta. The girls said I did it real well and were delighted Miss Julia Meeker read the Echo, Delta's paper. (It was real good. One piece in it was The Modern Romeo and Juliet. It was

very good. Then there were illustrated Mother Goose Melodies. Little Bopeep, Little Miss Muffet, Jack and Jill, Old Woman, old woman will you go a shearing, and When I was a bachelor I lived by myself. Jessie was the old woman in one and the young woman in the other of the two last. Then they had "Where are you going, my pretty maid," etc. It was really very nice. I handed in another

Essay

last Wednesday. It was due the Saturday before. But I was sick and I could not copy it. It was a character-sketch and Mr. Tucker, a gentleman at home, was the character. The next subjects are not out yet. I have been reading

Clarissa Harlowe,

by Richardson. It is a very unpleasant subject, but, after you have read a little way, it is very exciting. I have come to a place where there is a

lull in the excitement and I put it aside while I read

Tale of Two Cities.

I like Dicken's [sic] very much and this is very interesting. I did not know he wrote any historical novels.

Lessons

go very well. Prof. Braislin gave lectures for a fortnight, which was lovely. I don't find it so very hard. I have got out everything by myself so far and it makes me feel good. Prof. Hinkle lectured in Plautus. But he has finished now. I study Latin with Miss Case. In Greek we've been having quite a nice time. But now he is giving very long lessons and does not stop to "explain", so it is hard. We didn't like it and Miss Berrigner told him the lessons were too long, so he said we might get what we had time and he would read the next.

Bad News.

I had a letter from home yesterday full of bad news. The Centre of Stoughton has had a fire which burnt lots of places. It caught in a livery stable and I believe all the houses but 2 were burned. A neighbor of ours was also burned out, and a hotel not very far off burned. My uncle [Arahel] is not expected to live. Uncle Frank cut his fingers most off. But those are better. And lots of folks are sick.

I never knew of so much bad news as has come to the College this year. Miss Semple's and Miss Fitzhugh's brothers died. Miss Penfield was called home by the sickness of her little nephew. Miss Gleason's grandfather died. Abbie Nickerson was called home because her father was shot at and is not expected to live. Another girl has just been called home and lots of others which I don't remember.

Sunday, Apr. 25th

Miscellaneous.

It is such a long time since I wrote that there is lots to say. But I will only put down the chief heads that I think of. I had a fearful cold, so I could hardly speak out loud just before vacation, so I got permission to go home Tuesday instead of Thursday. May went home with me and we had a lovely time. One day Mr. and Mrs. Pulsifer, Miss Clifton, and Helen spent the day with us. That was Saturday. The next Monday we went down to [Lynn] Beech. Tuesday we went to Canton. Wednesday May and I went to Wellesley College. The building is very beautiful. Much nicer than ours. The reading room is not very nice. That Chapel is not nice but they have an elegant organ. Their library is much prettier than ours but does not look so large and lots

of the shelves were empty. The catalogue says they have 30,000 volumes. But I don't believe it; for we have 12,000 and ours looks much larger. But their course can't compare with ours. Their grounds, with the exception of the Lake, are not nearly so nice. Well, Thursday May, Miss Clifton, Helen, and I went to Bridgewater Normal School to see Alice and Clapp. The principal there, Mr. Boyden, knows Prof. Dwight and four of the teachers in the school to which May went before she came here. We teased [sic] Alice and Clapp to come over to my birthday party, the next night. And they did, and my cousins Dean and Bert Southworth came over from Brockton. We had an elegant time. The next day we stayed at home. Sunday we carried Alice and Clapp over to Brockton to take the cars for Bridgewater, and Dean and [Nuisor] Southworth came over. Monday we had to come back for which we were very sorry. In Boston we

went around a great deal but not as much as we wanted.

A week ago Friday the Laboratory was opened. There were exercises in Chapel, and Matthew Vassar, the President, and Prof. Cooley spoke to us. After that there was an elegant collation in the dining hall. The after dinner speeches were very nice and very witty. We enjoyed ourselves very much. The preparatories had to take a second collation as there was not room for guests and all. We have had Goldsmith's play of "She Stoops to Conquer" here. Miss Hussey was in it. She took the part of Tony and was elegant. She is the finest actor in College. The next play is to be Our Boys and I am to be Belinda, the servant. I went into Po'keepsie to see Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle. It was perfectly elegant. I don't know when I have enjoyed any thing so much. Jessie has had pink eyes but they are

well [note] . Carrie has been in the Infirmary with measles over a week. She is better now but the Dr. says she can't study till the middle of May, so I guess she will go home Wednesday. She was down stairs two hours today. My last essay was "Shall Girls Go Away to School." It was in the form of a conversation between May, Carrie, Jessie, Madge, and myself. I guess I brought out the characters of May, Carrie, and myself very well. They all said I did. My next essay is to be the "Excellencies and Faults of Mrs. Whitney's Writings." May, Madge, Hattie, Jessie, and I went out to the green-house last Saturday to order flowers for Founders.

Sunday May 16th 1880.

Phil Hall Play.

Well I must write in my Journal today, as something unusual has happened. Last Friday there was a Phil Hall Play, "Our Boys" and I was Belinda. Everybody said it was very funny and very nice. It is great fun to be

in a hall play and behind the scenes. It is nice to see the different things they do at different rehearsals and if they do the same at the final play. There were lots of nice girls in it. Miss Hussey was just grand as Middlewick. Miss Coleman was very good as Sir Geoffrey. Miss Sanford took the part of [Talbot] to perfection. Miss [Withey] was Charlie. She is always nice and handsome as a fellow. Miss Williams as Mary didn't have to act any and Miss Shaw was very nice as Violet and looked so pretty. Miss Van Kleek was over to some rehearsals and she complimented me on my acting, I guess she meant it or she wouldn't have put herself out to tell me so in such strong terms, for she is rather "high and mighty." After the play lots of the seniors came up on the stage and shook hands with and congratulated us. Prof. Hinkle came up too. He was remarkably pleased and I could

hear him laughing every little time. He was especially pleased when Susie Coleman said "Far from it", for his benefit. Susie had his hat. We enjoyed it ever so much. My costume was something superb. A brown silk dress with white figures on it, that looked like calico and was very delapidated. A red bit apron with patches and dirt on it. A black spot on my face, and my hair fixed wonderfully fine (?). There was an

Excursion

yesterday to Canaan Conn. They had a special car and went to two iron mines and a quarry. Ex. Gov. Holly joined the excursion and took them to his pen-knife factory. He presented Miss Brockway (the chief of the excursion) with the handsomest penknife she could find. They had an awfully nice time. Jessie went. I would have gone if I hadn't been too tired. I wanted to go dreadfully. There is not very much to say about

Founder's Day.

We danced over to the Gym which was horrid, and I caught cold and had to go to the Infirmary a little while next day. The collation wasn't as nice as usual either. But the literary exercises were especially fine. Mrs. Livermore addressed us. I danced twice, the Lanciers. Once with Jessie and once with Madge. I guess May, Madge, Hattie and I will apply for the [firewall] parlor, second south. Prof. Backus addresses the society of Religious Inquiry tonight and I am going.

May 23rd 1880

Tree Exercises.

We have chosen our tree, an elm on the Lake path, next below 78's tree. We had our celebration Friday. The same day the Juniors and Seniors went on their excursion down the river to West Point. The Freshmen to be in the style, had

a fancy dress party in the Gym, to which Carrie and May went as [Corridor] and Phyllis. The poor preps were left to a "drop of comfort" in the shape of sour lemonade, and to peek around to see what the others were doing. We had a Mother Goose party in connection with our tree exercises. Miss Shove sent for permission to have chapel directly after dinner and Mrs. Ray sent back word that we might, but that she wished us to leave the hall directly on the ringing of the silent bell. "And" said Miss Shove in class meeting, "As we go to the tree afterwards, we will leave the hall at silent time and go to the tree for our exercises there." She was greeted with a storm of applause. We had two meetings Friday in Miss Warder's parlor, as Mrs. Ray didn't want us to have a class meeting and would not read the notice. The Fresh debated in meeting whether to send us a bouquet or not, and so heap [ovals] of fire upon our head. They are

fearfully mad at us because we did not have any Trig ceremonies. Well, about seven o'clock we began to assemble in the Lyceum. Miss Glenn was Mother Goose and wore a yellow skirt with black geese on it and a red figured overdress and a tall pointed cap. She was real nice. The room was nicely fixed. There was a picture of Mother Goose riding on a goose, drawn on white paper and cut out and put on black. Then the whole was framed with the leaves of the Mother Goose book. In the closed curtains of the stage were the pictures of the cat with the fiddle, the dog laughing, the cow jumping over the moon and the dish morning after the spoon. Miss Baldwin was mother Hubbard. Miss Brittan was Bopeep and she looked very pretty and her costume was becoming. Miss Buckland was "my pretty maid." Miss Case was the main all tab-

-tered and torn. Miss Cecil was Old King Cole and was the best disguised one there. Misses Coleman, Kornitz, and Foos were the king, queen, and knave of hearts. We knew Miss Foos at once by her quick, nervous actions. She looked so handsome in her black velvet suit and hat. Misses Warren and Easton were Jack Spratt and his wife. Miss Howe was the queen when the dish of blackbirds was opened. Miss Howgate was "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" and distributed bunches of flowers with strings of dangling cockle-shells. Miss Macadam was the priest that married the maiden all forlorn. Miss Moore made a very cute Jack Horner and she had a big pie and went around pulling out bon bons for every body she met. Miss Shailer was the one who brought his bride, Gorgie Morrill, home in a wheel-barrow. Geogie looked as sweet as could be. Miss Nickerson was the old woman with eggs to sell and Miss [Learned] the old man who want a-

round clipping her dress. Miss Patterson was Daffodil. Miss Peck was the little man who had a little gun. Miss Phillips was little boy Blue and was very cute. She was all dressed in blue and had her hair in long curls and had a horn to toot. Miss Richmond was the maiden all forlorn and looked real pretty. Miss Sanford was "Mary had a little lamb." She had her braided in four of the littlest braids, and dragged a toy lamb after her. Miss Stanton was "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son," and she looked very cute and had a pig made of white cloth. Miss Varnes looked very pretty dressed in black velvet. She was little Miss Muffet and had a red spider. Miss Warder was Little Red Ridinghood, and looked so pretty with her hair down. Miss Charlotte Wheeler was the Lady of the Jessie was the little boy with the bow and ar-

row. Stematz was the woman who rode the broom stick. She looked lovely. She had her hair streaming. It is very, very long. I was Mother Goose's son Jack. We danced the Virginia Reel and round dances. The girls played on the piano, banjo, drum, and triangle, and the Glee club sang. For collation we had strawberries, ice-cream, fancy cakes, banana cakes, coffee, and lemonade. When the silent bell rang we formed a procession to go to the tree. I marched with Miss Yamakawa. We started off merrily with drum beating and horn tooting. We saw people at the College windows and cheered for '80 and the Preps. When we got to the tree, Miss Howe, our orator, spoke. Her "oration" was a poem, and was very nice and cute. Then we had a song, composed for the occasion by Miss Brittan, class poet, by the Glee club. Then we cheered [almost] every body and every thing and went back to the College. Oh, we did enjoy it so much.

Spread.

The girls in the next room, and Jessie, united with us in a spread yesterday, consisting of strawberries and cream, fruit-crackers, lemonade and olives. We enjoyed it very much. I wish they would have strawberries at table. Jessie and I walked to the creamery for the cream. The man who kept it was away, and after a great deal of questioning we found some one to get it for us but he had to go off quite a way. So we sat on the piazza and waited and saw the babies. The mother or grandmother, whichever she was, seemed highly delighted because we took notice of them. My

Class Essay

has been changed. I was to read my Character Sketch. But Miss Hiscock liked my last one "Faults and Excellences of Mrs. Whiney's works better. I feel awfully sorry that we are not to have Miss Hiscock for

our essay critic any longer.

Sunday May 30th 1880

Weather.

It has been dreadfully hot and dry, but today is wet and cold enough to make up for it. The Observatory register shows that this has been the hottest May since the founding of the College. Really it has been too hot to do "anything but exist" as Miss Haskell said. But the girls noticed she gave them as long a lesson as ever. Most of the teachers however, gave short lessons. Prof. Backus and Dr. Webster dismissed their classes for one day. Dr. Hinkle wanted to give the whole school a holiday; but Prexy was away so they couldn't very well. I am extremely thankful that I haven't had much to do. Greek is getting easy and my other lessons are never hard. I have had just lots of time for reading. I read my essay on Mrs. Whitney's works last Thursday. The warm weather has been very good for the

Junebugs,

which I hate, they fly around so and make such a disturbance. One night they were so thick that Hattie and May pelted each other with them and Hat caught just piles of them and kept them under a glass. But I sent to town for mosquito netting and tacked it in the windows so now I take some comfort evening.

Sunday, June 6th 1880.

Elections.

Saturday was the day for elections. Most of them were unanimous. Student's Association nominated Miss Stockwell Shaw for Pres. Miss Shaw got it. Secretary, Miss Phillips. Miss Cora Glenn also nominated Miss Sanford but that nomination was withdrawn. The nomination ought to have come from our class. Miss Gardiner, now out of College, was nominated for Vice-Pres. Misses Shove and Howe criers. Phil. nominated Miss Durand for Pres. Miss Abbot, not Venus, for vice-pres. She withdrew

and Miss Erskine was nominated. Misses Durand and Erskine are both out of College. Miss Paterson, secretary, and [I] as treasurer. In our class for pres. Misses Foos and Stanton. We have not voted yet. Vice-pres. Miss Warder; Secretary Miss Broadhead. Miss Ling, treasurer. We wanted to have all our nominations unanimous. Miss Shove said it was not a very important time and it didn't make much difference, so they ought to be unanimous. For her part she didn't care about any officer except pres. and she hoped they wouldn't nominate more than one, etc. Miss Foos was nominated first. Then Miss Shove herself nominated Miss Stanton. I was surprised and indignant after what she said. It seemed clear to me that she meant to nominate Miss Stanton first and have it unanimous. I hope Miss Foos will get it. She has been put up once before. Miss Stanton has been up twice before. Neither are universally popular.

Exoteric Play

came off last night. "Coupon Bonds." It was in itself an uninteresting play but it was pretty well acted. Misses Blanchard and Rollinson as Pa and Ma Ducklow did very well indeed. [Taddy], Miss Halliday, was the life of the play. Miss Iddings made a very fine-looking sick officer.

July 8th 1880.

Last Days.

I want to write a few words about our last days at College. Miss Foos withdrew from the position of candidate for the Pres. of our class, so Miss Stanton is Pres. Delta's officers are Miss Harrison, Pres. Miss Vernes, Vice-Pres. Miss Meeker, Secretary. Miss Platter, first critique. Miss Southworth, second critique. May went Thursday night. Hattie went Friday and the other girls Sat. Miss Hendon, Miss Cole, and Miss Thompson were in my parlor during Commencement. Commencement Concert was the nicest one

I ever attended. I enjoyed it ever so much. Class Day was lovely most of the Seniors were elegantly dressed. The history and prophecy were very funny and nice. Miss Withy and Stockwell, the tree orators also did very nicely. It was, fortunately, a beautiful day. All the scholars marched in a procession to the tree. The Band Concert in the evening was very enjoyable.

It was the nicest Commencement Day as well as Class Day that we will ever have, I guess. In the discussion Miss Barnes had all our sympathetic and prejudices on her side. But we all went over to Miss [Sultiff] after she had talked a little. Her arguments were very convincing and her essay very bright. It was the saddest Commencement parting ever known they say. The Pres. Nearly cried when Miss Reynolds addressed him, and her voice was very shaky. Lots of the girls cried. Miss Pass sat right opposite me, weeping co-

-piously, so I didn't. The Pres. forgot a part of his little Latin Speech and had to take his notes out. The Seniors had a class supper at night. We Soph's serenaded them, standing on the front steps. The Seniors were in the Lecture Room and threw [carnation] [pinks] down to us. I believe I never told how we sent the Seniors a present the night they had a jollyfication because they had finished all their studies. It consisted of daisies and buttercups, peanuts, candy, gum, etc. and some poetry by Annie Lyon. They returned the Compliment by sending back an '82 baked out of bread stuff, adorned with myrtle and pansies, and some more poetry. That was great fun.

I started for home on the Mary Powell Thursday morning. Miss Brown was with me. I fell in with Miss Hussey and her sister, cousin, and two friends. Also

Miss Sutliff's mother and sister and a Yale fellow of '80 a friend of theirs and Prof. Dwight's. We had a lovely time on the boat. I went around New York with Miss Brown. Abbie Nickerson joined us on the Boston boat. Miss Hussey's party was there, too. So it was very nice. Miss Hussey says she may be in Boston next year studying for the stage. I think she will make an elegant player if she does. We arrived in Boston 7.30. I got home 8.30, and so ended the first [Laef] of my Vassar Career.

g. Eleanor (Holmes) Duane, 1928