

Sunday, Feb. 14 [1874]

Dear Mother,

I wish ever so much that, I could be at home to go to church with you this lovely morning. Sunday never seems like its self here but there is no use in wishing and it is some consolation to think that seven Sundays from to day I wont be here. President Raymond delighted us very much on Friday by saying that Mrs Lippincott alias Grace Greenwood would lecture to us in the evening on "Indoors". Her lecture was bright and witty like her letters, but such affectation such rolling of eyes and wringing of hands I never saw. She wore a light silk, with s long train and an awimflm black vail oa her

head, something like Bell Tunison, altogether, she was frightful and reminded me mere of Mrs. Skewton in Dombey fc Son thsn anyone else.

Yesterday the Sophomores had their annual ceremony of burning their the

Trigonometries as idlest mathematics, they are obliged to take, there were addresses by the Sophs* & responses by the Freshmen and they

Written

ended by singing an original song^by one of the class. The programmes were in the form of a triangle and were very funny there was a picture oa them something like this I wish I could send

you a programme but as of course I did'nt go, I have none. The Phila-
lethean Society gave its grand play of the season yesterday The Merchant
of Venice. I was net asked to go for Annie Reed the only one I know who
would ask me was la the play herself and I suppose did'nt like to. Annie
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Barcaiw is out of the Infirmary and pretty well again, but she has
a heavy cold yet, she told me something that I was very sorry to
hear, that Kutz Schenck is dead, Tunison's store wont seem like
itfs self without him. Was'nt It one of the childrea who seat me that
horrible valentine? I thought it was a letter from some stranger
until I opened it, for the handwriting was entirely strange, you might
as well confess. Louise Kellogg is to sing in Po'keepsle this week
I am glad I have heard her for I don't feel tempted to go again. The
Cecelia Society gives a concert next Saturday* I hope nothing will
keep ma from going as last time, some of the girls play beautifully bat
none of thorn better than Evie. I caa Judge for sometimes they play
her pieces. Our bills come la very soon, this week, I think, shall I
send It home or la the world do you manage it? Tall Evie I am read*
lag The Vlrziaiaas", and I expect Miss Finch will give me a lecture
for reading It on Sunday, for she saw me reading It to day and looked
as solema as tea owls. Annie Barcalow's box came last week* aha told
me to coma down and gat all 1 wanted, the Idea Just as If I were going
asist- down there for anything she might send me up a piece of cake.

You may imagine me fating Ice cream for dinner aa Tuesday fc Thursday
no matter how cold it is. This letter Is awfully written bat Nettle Cornwall
Is here and such a chatterbox I never saw. It Is Just Impossible to write.

Your loving Daughter

(Mary E. Gas tea, ex-'78,x