

June. 7. 1874.

My dear Mother,

I have just finished a letter to Evie and feel completely written out but I guess the best way will be to make this a repetition of hers. I shall be delighted to see Pappa next Friday week and if my examinations are over by that time, will be able to show him around my self, if not a guide will take care of him, and he may hear any recitations that he likes except of course mine, that I protest against, but I hope all mine will be over by Thursday night.

The French teacher gave a lecture In Chapel on Wed evening about "France of to day", she made France out a perfect nation, and a perfect martyr, and if that was her object she succeeded admirably: she gave a dig at one of our Senators, I dont know which, saying that when in Washington she had asked the opinion of one of our most influential men concerning the issue of affairs in France, to which he gave a moat absurd answer, she gave said answer, but the part I understood did not seem so very foolish to me. I wish she had told us who the Senator was.

Last week was full of events we had two concerts, the first the last [prep?] one of the season, and was consequently very good, all the finest performers of the college took part, the second which took place yesterday after noon, was a private one but Miss Butterfield, one of the performers invited me, so I went to that one too: it was an operetta the "Miracle of the [Rosie?]" and was very prettily sung.

On Thursday Miss Terry gave out in the dining room that the cadets from R would [crossed out: g... their] drill in front of the College, and she wished the young ladies, as she always dubs us "to look at them from the windows and not to show themselves on the grounds". It was a very novel sight to me and consequently I enjoyed it very much, but it did seem strange to see those great big men salute their commander who could not have been more than sixteen or eighteen, and who was evidently fully alive to his importance We went on our Botany excursion across the river yesterday morning and came back In time for dinner, it was very warm, and our Gym. suits very uncomfortable, but the ride across the river and our view from the hill repaid us, which the number of flowers we got certainly did not. Poor Miss Haskell was I am afraid quite disgusted with my lack of enthusiasm, but I just squatted myself on the grass in a shady place, and took it easy until the bugs and worms drove me away. We were all glad enough to get home, I can tell you.

I had a letter from Mame Evans yesterday, she said that perhaps Cousin Louise would go to P. with me, but I am afraid either want of clothes or of a girl will prevent her.

I had intended writing to Hugh today, but every thing has gone in this letter, so I will try to find time during the week.

We had some delightful strawberry shortcake with ice cream on it twice last week, but that is the only time we have seen them. Evie writes that she revels in them at Washington, it seems to me they revel in every thing there, even have a horse and carriage again. I believe this is all the news, lessons are about as usual, we

generally get up an hour or more before the bell rings, it is so much easier to study early in the morning.

It strikes me that this letter is rather mixed up, I think I had better number the pages. Good bye.

Your loving Daughter

[Mary E. Gaston, ex-'78]

Dont for pity's sake dont let Pappa change his mind I have set my heart on his coming for me.

I hope you are taking it easy this warm weather.