

The long poem in the Miscellany is the one Miss Brigham recited on Philalethean night. Dont read this to Pappa, it is so long.

May 2, 1875.

My dear Mother,

I wonder if half of this sheet will hold all I have to say, If not my last postage stamp will go. Of course the grand and indeed the only event of the week was our holiday, on Thursday. Annie came about eleven from New York, and from that time until dinner, we raced about seeing the girls and every thing that was to be soon, directly after dinner I had to rush and dress, for Miss Morse had asked me to be usher at the concert, and I discovered just before dinner that we ought to be in the Chapel at quarter past two to receive the first comers: I had just about twelve minutes, but with Annie's assistance succeeded in making myself presentable, and rushed up stairs: of course not a soul came until almost three, and I might just as well have taken my time. Annie fixed that beautiful lace you sent, and that with my new gloves, and black silk made me quite fine: the concert was a great success which was fortunate, as there were a great many strangers present, but I should have enjoyed it more. If I could have had the privilege of ^a seat for after walking about all the morning and (- - ?) several hundred people to their seats, we were (-?), and as Miss Terry doesn't like the ushers to sit we stood up until it was almost over: The first piece was one Evie plays but I like Evie's playing better, because this poor girl ^was evidently frightened and ill at ease. The Ballade was beautiful, not showy enough for a company but I think Evie would like it: the others I liked best ware the "Jagerlied" and "Wala" from Faust though some of the others were pretty too: Miss Zoller is a very fine performer, but her piece was interminable, as Evie probably knows, "The birds In the night" is the one I have, and was very sweetly sung. Miss Scott has the finest voice that has ever been in the college as Miss Smythe says: she almost took the roof off and ^was encored tremendously.

At five oclock we had supper and then it was almost time to dress: Annie wore a lovely, new black silk which she brought in a shawl strap, and I wore my lavender: I had ordered some roses for Annie and violets for myself the roses came but the violets staid away so Pally gave me some of her heliotrope; the first thing was the lecture by Mr Russel, vice Pres. of Cornell, and it was so long and so poky it almost put us to sleep: his subject was "Education" and he spoke of it first with regard to public schools; we certainly thought he must be almost through, when he said "We will now consider academies" and then he considered colleges, until we got so restless it is a wonder he didn't notice it. after that infliction was over, and it lasted almost two hours, we went to Dining hall to partake of coffee, sandwiches. Icecream, jelly and oranges: afterward we were to have gone to Gym. to dance and they had trimmed quite elaborately with evergreens, but it sprinkled a little, and so the dining room was cleared and we had two or three stiff square dances for Miss Terry wouldn't hear of anything more lively, though we had a band to play for us and I know every one was dying to waltz. The girls on the decoration committee were raving, because after all their trouble to trim the Gym. no one saw it: It was too ^bad especially as it didn't rain enough to hurt a fly, and matting was laid down between the two buildings, so the girls wouldn't have soiled their

white shoes if they happened to have them on: we went to bed at twelve first making out our washing lists as all holidays seem to come on Thursday, and next day we went to studying again. We are having orful times in both Geometry and Zoology: I think Prof Orton must be demented: he gave us a lesson for tomorrow, that I have already spent six hours on, aad don't feel very sure of [crossed out: it] yet. Part of ^the time I read in the Library: as we have to fill out his lectures by reading and particularly by observation, as he is always telling us. I wonder how much time we have to hunt poly wogs, and dissect insects, when every teacher is piling on the lessons [crossed out: of] as if her life depended on it.

I forgot to say that Annie went home Friday noon, leaving her black silk waist behind her: which I must send by express: she had a nice time I think but I was glad to hear her say that she did'nt have any desire to stay, because I was afraid that I should regret not coming back ^next year.

I want to hear all about the spelling match and I do hope Pappa did himself credit: If the paper has an extensive account of it, I wish you would send it to me.

I have got a splendid picture of Prof. Mitchell but I won't send it until Evie sends me hers: you mustn't show it to Pappa, because he called her an old witch, and she is just lovely.

I am dreadfully afraid you will get tired of this, but I must tell you how my poor essay was picked to pieces, not by the girls but by Miss Burling who took possession of it afterward. O the mistakes! poor punctuation, wrong use of words, even bad grammar wore all heaped to gether, and after I thought I had been so careful too: the reading out loud was nothing to that dreadful forty minutes in Miss Burling's room: she saw I felt badly and tried to comfort me by [...] telling me that one particular idea was was quite bright: I did feel better, until it struck me some time afterward: that just that very idea, had been given me by Mary Spalding, who writes very well: there is no use trying I cant write, and never could: the only consolation is the other girls ware almost as bad, and some worse, only this was my first experience and it seemed dreadful: in two weeks we have to hand in another. Miss Burling wants me to write on my native town so if you know of any little historical facts or any thing funny do tell me for I am in despair. Good bye.

Your loving daughter

[Mary E. Gaston, ex-'78]

Sand me samples of the thing Evie got in N.Y,