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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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The Vassar Miscellany.

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MARY SOMERVILLE.

In the world's history, the instances of women who have attained eminence in mathematical pursuits are very rare; but these women, with minds developed to a clear and large comprehension, while they stand as arguments for the widest opportunity, are incentives, also, to their sex to give the little things of earth their rightful place, and "Go up higher." Hypatia's name brings to mind not her melancholy story only, but the enthusiasm of the historians who perpetuate the memory of her as the philosopher. Maria Agnesi of Milan, whose skill in mathematics merited from the Pope her appointment to the Professorship at Bologna, is allowed by the mathematicians, in view of her *Instituzioni Analitiche*, to have had the rare gift of the inventive faculty. In Paris, during revolutionary days, Sophia Germain quietly prepared a memoir on the curvature of surfaces, and for her mathematical works she received the medal of the Academy of Sciences.

And Mary Somerville, with her *Mechanism of the Heavens*, takes rank with these. Having felt her presence in the world but yesterday, we may well gather up a few facts of her

history to keep her real to us, till our interest shall ripen in the years into a better knowledge and appreciation of what she has accomplished.

She was Mary Fairfax, the daughter of Admiral Fairfax, born in Jedburgh, Scotland, December 26, 1780. In her education she owed nothing to public school or university discipline. The branches commonly taught to her sex in that country at the time were quietly pursued at home. But more than the fine needle-work, music, drawing, French and history, a few works on navigation, in her father's library, interested her. It was her habit, too, to take her sewing into her brother's study, where she listened to his lessons in geometry until the new world of law and order became alluring, and she began to study her brother's books in her own room. An involuntary answer to a question upon which her brother hesitated, surprised the tutor into an interest in her which discovered that she understood the first principles of mathematics, and then "took care that she should have liberty to go on in her own way." Proctor says: "We shall never know certainly, though it may be that hereafter we shall be able to guess, what science lost through the all but utter neglect of the unusual powers of Mary Fairfax's mind. We may rejoice that, through an accident, she was permitted to reach the position she actually attained; but there is scarcely a line of her writings which does not, while showing what she was, suggest thoughts of what she might have been." "In her own way," therefore, she went steadily on. Upon her introduction into society in Edinburgh, where the circle of eminent men of literature and science was not expected to include a woman of kindred interests, she was advised by her friends to conceal her studies. She had, however, met with a difficulty in not being able to read the *Principia*, which led her to appeal to Prof. Playfair to know if a woman might, without impropriety, learn Latin. Prof. Playfair was then one of the few who appreciated the higher mathematic analysis, and thought that to learn Latin for the sake of reading the *Principia* might be not only safe but good, for a woman, and his encouragement was: "Persevere in your study;

it will be a source of happiness to you when all else fails, for it is the study of truth."

Mrs. Somerville was twice married. Her first husband was Captain Greig of the Russian Navy, an accomplished scientific gentleman, whom her studies did not offend. They had one son. Her second husband, Dr. William Somerville, was her cousin. He made every effort to secure her time for her studies, not hesitating to relieve her himself from many household cares. They had three daughters, two of whom are still living.

Her original name, Fairfax, suggests a claim she is said to have made to a connection with the family of Washington. Anne Fairfax, of the Scotch family, was the wife of Lawrence, the half-brother of General Washington. When Mrs. Somerville's father, as lieutenant, was ordered to America, he received a letter from General Washington, inviting him, as a relative, to his house. Lieutenant Fairfax did not obtain from his superior officer the necessary permission, and the two never met.

Before the publication of the *Mechanism of the Heavens*, the work which made Mrs. Somerville's reputation, she had become known to the public by a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1826, describing her experiments on the magnetizing power of the violet rays of the solar spectrum. The results of these experiments, delicate in their nature, and made under the disadvantages of the climate of Great Britain, were not considered conclusive evidence of such magnetizing power, but the statement of them was so simple and unpretentious, and showed such a rational manner of working, that she was brought thereby into favorable notice.

Her *Mechanism of the Heavens* was, at the request of Lord Brougham, undertaken for publication by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but exceeding the suitable limits, it was issued independently in 1832. It is well for us, though we should never do more, to look at the subject matter of this work, that we may see, however dimly, with what this woman was dealing.

It is based upon the "*Mécanique Céleste*" of Laplace. After Galileo had discovered the laws of falling bodies, and Newton

had demonstrated the application of these laws to the motions of the heavenly bodies, the theory of gravitation was developed, step by step, until every inequality in the planetary motions could be referred to it for its cause, and so be subjected to rigorous computation. It is in the grand work of Laplace, in which the results of his own researches are combined with those of Newton, Galileo, Lagrange and others, that this force of gravity is handled in the whole range of its influence, from the first principles of mechanics to the laws of the elliptical motions of the planets, including all deviations comprehended in their perturbations, and from these laws to the conservatory principles which ensure the stability of the solar system.

In the preliminary dissertation to the "*Mechanism of the Heavens*," Mrs. Somerville gives, in a popular form, a general view of the effects of gravitation. It is much condensed, but clear and comprehensive—according to Sir John Herschel, "in some sort an abstract [of Laplace], but an abstract so vivid and judicious as to have all the merit of originality, and such as could have been produced only by one accustomed to large and general views, as well as perfectly familiar with the particulars of the subject."

The work itself, Mrs. Somerville arranges in four books; the first is the demonstration by formulæ of the laws which govern the motions and equilibrium of bodies and systems of bodies, solid and fluid; the second shows the wider application of these laws in the planetary theory, the elliptical motions and mutual perturbations of the bodies of the solar system; the third book embraces the lunar theory, the proximity of the moon to the earth, as it causes more perceptible inequalities, necessitating a special analysis; the fourth book treats of Jupiter's satellites, the eclipses of which furnish a method of determining terrestrial longitudes.

Mrs. Somerville's work has not the character of original discovery, and lays no claim to such. But it is far removed from a detail of results, in that her endeavor is "to explain the methods [of Laplace] by which these results are deduced from one general equation of the motion of matter." And because of its

faithful adherence to his methods, scarcely less mathematical knowledge is necessary for the study of the *Mechanism of the Heavens* than would be required to cope with the original work, of which Laplace himself said to Mrs. Somerville: "I write books that no one can read. Only two women have ever read the *Mécanique Céleste;* both are Scotch women,—Mrs. Greig and yourself." It cannot, therefore, take the place to the student, of Dr. Bowditch's translation, which appeared in this country about the time of Mrs. Somerville's publication in England, the copious notes of which greatly lessen the difficulties of the original. Mrs. Somerville's work was, however, used as a text-book at Cambridge for a time.

It is worthy of note that, in the representation of Sir John Herschel, this work appeared, not when all England was thrilling with interest in science, but before she had fairly recovered from the apathy which followed Newton's grand discoveries, when the whole nation seemed to be resting upon his laurels, and little effort was made to ensure the progress of mathematics at home, and little interest shown in the triumphs in that direction of Continental neighbors, so that an English work that should give a complete and effective survey of the celestial mechanism was not, until now, supplied. It is unfortunate that a work of the kind should be liable to the charge of laxity of language, a fault which he attributes to such perfect familiarity with the quantities that words which stand for them are disregarded. He testifies to the perfect simplicity of character and the entire absence of vanity or affectation, with which the work is executed, characteristics which must accompany sentiments like these, from the preliminary dissertation:—

"Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation, wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupation of consummate interest and of elevated meditation. The contemplation of the works of creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble, accomplishing the object of all

study, which, in the elegant language of Sir James Mackintosh, 'is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty—especially of goodness, the highest beauty—and of that supreme and eternal Mind which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness.' By the love, or delightful contemplation, and pursuit, of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them."

Mrs. Somerville's work on "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," published in 1834, is an exposition of the state of the sciences at that time, beginning with Astronomy in an elaborate and complete development of the preliminary dissertation to the *Mechanism of the Heavens*, and including Sound, Light, Heat and Electricity. This attempt to give a general and associated view of the sciences is especially commendable, as the tendency to isolation of pursuits was already felt, the recognition that in the grandeur of every study "One science only will one genius fit"; and though literature was now rich in works in the separate sciences, and the world was teeming with the discoveries of the general principles which bind them, no previous English work had attempted to expound their connections.

Her motive in writing for a wider circle is doubtless expressed in the simple words of the dedication to the Queen: "If I have succeeded in my endeavors to make the laws by which the material world is governed more familiar to my countrywomen, I shall have the gratification of thinking that the gracious permission to dedicate my book to your Majesty has not been misplaced." It is to her countrywomen, then, that she repeats the helpful words of the preliminary dissertation: "A complete acquaintance with physical astronomy can be attained by those only who are well versed in the higher branches of mathematical and mechanical science, and they alone can appreciate the extreme beauty of the results, and of the means by which these results are obtained. It is nevertheless true that a sufficient skill in analysis to follow the general outline—to see

the mutual dependence of the different parts of the system, and to comprehend by what means the most extraordinary conclusions have been arrived at—is within the reach of many who shrink from the task, appalled by difficulties not more formidable than those incident to the study of the elements of every branch of knowledge."

The *Physical Geography*, published in 1838, seems to continue the effort to send broadcast, as fast as obtained, the knowledge of the physical world. It would be difficult to find works like those of Mrs. Somerville in which so vast an amount of valuable information is compactly, yet clearly, systematically and agreeably, set forth. Following science from its bold reaches and large laws to the refinement of microscopic observation, Mrs. Somerville published in 1869 one more work, *Molecular and Microscopic Science*, and so kept up active devotion to the service in which she had enlisted almost to her ninetieth year.

This service was recognized in various ways: she received a pension from the English government, was made a member of the Royal Society, in whose library her bust was placed, and was presented with a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society.

Her latter years were passed in Italy, on account of the health of Dr. Somerville. It is said that "the long exile which occupied the latter portion of her life was a heavy trial to her. She carried a thoroughly Scotch heart in her breast, and the true mountaineer's longing for her native country sickened many an hour of many a tedious year. She liked London life, too, and the equal intercourse which students like herself can there enjoy; whereas, in Italy she was out of place. She seldom met any one with whom she could converse on the subjects which interested her most; and if she studied, it could be for no further end than her own gratification. It was felt by her friends to be a truly pathetic incident that, of all people in the world, Mrs. Somerville should be debarred the sight of the singular comet of 1843; and the circumstance was symbolical of the whole case of her exile. The only Italian observatory which

afforded the necessary implements was in a Jesuit establishment, where no woman was allowed to pass the threshold. At the same hour her heart yearned toward her native Scotland, and her intellect hungered for the congenial intercourse of London; and she looked up at the sky with the mortifying knowledge of what was to be seen there, but for the impediment which barred her access to the great telescope at hand. With all her gentleness of temper and her life-long habit of acquiescence, she suffered deeply, while many of her friends were indignant at the sacrifice."

In Naples, November 20, 1872, this "gentlest and kindest of human beings" died. True to the interest expressed in the dedication to the "Physical Sciences," she left directions for her mathematical library to be given to some institution at which high mathematics are taught to women. It is probable that her daughter will bestow it upon Girton College, near Cambridge.

With all the amount and variety of her learning, Mrs. Somerville did not neglect the more delicate accomplishments; she spoke several languages, and was a fine musician; representing the full attainments of most women, as model housekeeper, good wife and mother, she seems to have added with perfect ease this large and masterly work of hers which leaves all the world richer. And to her countrywomen, whom she professedly desired to help, and to all women looking bravely to the best endeavors, there comes a hope and an inspiration from a life like this.

"So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all."

E. O. A.

HISTORICAL FICTION.

It is no new thing under the sun. The myths of the ancients had a tracery of truth, and their annals comprehended the most fabulous events. The first fiction was history; and the first history, fiction. Nor was the intentional blending of fact and fancy unknown. Long ago they were twisted into a double cord which has drawn to Homer and Virgil the admiration and imitation of all succeeding time. An innumerable throng following, have, in all ages and in all tongues, "sung of arms and of heroes;" minstrels have narrated the deeds of King Arthur and troubadours have sung the the valor of Henri Quatre. Shakespeare lent his genius to the portraiture of Antony, Julius Cæsar and Macbeth; Schiller gives us Marie Stuart.

In all of these, however, the measured rhythm acts as a charm upon our ear, lulling us to a forgetfulness of any historic foundation for the characters. Knowing the license of the poet in regard to language, we instinctively suspect him of a like liberty with facts. Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* and Portia in *Julius Cæsar* are equally real to us. Shakespeare's Brutus and Cassius are to us figments of the brain no less than are his Hamlet and Lear. The hero whose deeds are thus celebrated is no more present to us than when we knew him only through the ponderous tomes of the state records. The hero of the ballad or drama, and the veritable hero are two distinct beings: one, shadow; the other, substance, it is true, but a skeleton lacking so many of its parts that it has not even the interest that attaches to anatomical symmetry. For the perfect man, one impression must be incorporated with the other. The dry, disjointed bones from history must be reunited in the proper form, must be clothed with flesh, and into the clay must be breathed the spirit of life which we saw dimly and dreamily in the verse. Awe-inspiring is this approach to creation; but its accomplishment has been seen in our century. Our writer of historical romance is the wonderful magician. What are his potent spells?

First, a power of accurate analysis of character, a knowledge

of the secret springs of human action, a profound understanding of the "mysteries and internal workings of the wondrous machine of life;"—these are needed, to combine the scattered hints of history, and to complete the main outlines of the character, just as a knowledge of animal structure and analogies enables an Agassiz or an Owen to reproduce from a few disconnected fossils specimens long since extinct. Then, antiquarian erudition, a knowledge of the manners, customs and marked peculiarities of the time, of its impulses, prejudices, moral and religious sentiment, are employed to fill up and give complexion to the growing structure. Finally, the *genuineness* of the writer, his vigorous and sympathetic personality, a poetic enthusiasm, infuse themselves into his work and make of it a "palpable presence," which is loved or hated, revered or abhorred,—which we recognize as one of the same race as ourselves.

In the historical novel we see the hero's face, not the dust of oblivion which has settled over his features, and which, by leaving only prominences visible, gives us a monstrosity, no human individuality. But careful fingers, guided by a knowledge of the "true proportions of a man," must sweep away the dust, or the last state, where a false representation is held up to us, is worse than the first, of manifest deficiencies. These creations of the true historical novelist may be likened to half-defaced pictures with the missing parts supplied by the hand of a master.

As we have said, the glory of this grand achievement in literature belongs to our century. The name of Walter Scott immediately suggests itself as the pioneer in the new territory; but in reality *dux fœmina facti*. A decade before the appearance of the vanguard of the host of Waverley Novels, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* won for Jane Porter an European renown. *The Scottish Chiefs*, four years after, was equally successful. The popularity of these two books was due mainly to their novelty; but they must have had some element of power beside, for a work of pure fiction from the same pen, *Sir Edward Seaward's Diary*, was criticised as a true history in a leading re-

view of the day; a compliment similar to that paid to *The Man without a Country* by our cousins across the water. Either from this vital spark or from hallowing associations, these two books have not sunk even yet to a place of eternal repose on the shelves of circulating libraries—hallowed by the tears of our mothers and grandmothers, they are not easily supplanted by their most brilliant successors.

Still, the school for which Miss Porter furnished the models would never have attained such wonderful renown, had it not been for the genius of her first imitators. While Jane Porter wrote works that were translated into many languages, Sir Walter Scott influenced many literatures. Her connection with the mighty revolution which he inaugurated, is that of the modest taper to the bonfire which it lights,—a great bonfire which attracts all by its splendor. Multitudes light torches therein, and nations sickly with the creeping chill of Sentimentalism, gather around it for warmth and health. The analogy to a bonfire might be extended to the whole course of historical fiction in our literature; it blazed brilliantly at first, dazzling all in the conflagration. This impetuosity exhausted, it soon smouldered in the ashes. It is no light shining more and more unto the perfect day. Since Scott, though the name of historical novelist has become Legion, there have been few of even transient fame.

A short time ago, preposterous burlesques of this style of literature were rapidly evolved from the American press. The avidity with which the spurious coin was received is so great a burden of shame, that there is a consoling reflection even in the fact that our language is not responsible for the originals of these works. But already their popularity is a thing of the past. The public taste, nauseated with their reproduction of court gossip, intrigue, and scandal, may for a while repudiate all attempts to combine history and romance.

But even if this new land is allowed to remain fallow, or is overrun with weeds and choked up with stones, the staunchest friends of Sir Walter need not be jealous for his reputation, nor regard as ephemeral the results of his labors. His influence

was deep and permanent, although impalpable and incalculable from its very subtileness. He was as a fresh breeze from the North, at a time when the whole literary atmosphere was heavy and stifling, and he swept away the miasmas that were poisoning or paralyzing all.

Scott "builded better than he knew." It is owing to him that works similar to the Waverley series are no longer necessary. In forging the connecting link between fact and fiction, his influence extended laterally, and we of this generation have fascinating histories and instructive novels. History is no longer staid, stiff, stately and statistical—mere details of miraculous spectres going forth to battles in which forty thousand were killed on one side and fifty thousand on the other; of vague ghosts that ascended a throne in such a year and descended in such another. The Novel is purged of its immorality, and, pure and elevating in its tone, has become a significant feature of our literature, "a vehicle of every species of popular instruction," the hand-maiden of every noble purpose. Froude, Motley, Prescott, Macaulay, but supply a demand that Scott has created. Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot feed a taste that he has fostered. Ivanhoe is alike the progenitor of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of John and Ursula Halifax.

Thus though the main stem disappear, it has not dwindled away, but has divided into two luxuriant branches, from which the nineteenth century plucks her laurels. It is her glory that now, for the first time, the novel is raised to a place of honor and is a power favorable to virtue: it is her glory that "History, considered as a High Art, has never stood higher than in these times of ours."

A LEAP-YEAR ROMANCE.

Scene—A carriage-house—coachman polishing the harness; two children playing in the carriage.

"I say, sis, let's play we're Miss Flip and Major Tile. Sit up close and look sweet, and open your eyes as wide as you can." "What shall I say?" "Nothing; just *look*,—that's the way they do." "O, I don't want to,—it makes me feel silly. What *did* mamma mean, anyway, by saying Miss Flip had better propose to the Major right out, as it was leap-year? What *is* leap-year? Pat, what's leap-year?"

"Lape-year! Sure, an' don't yez know what lape-year is? Well, I'll inform yez. Afore I came here I lived with an intellectional gintleman, an' I heard him explain it. In the first place, ye're in coorse awar' that the earth is revolvin' around the sun, like that caterpillar on Miss Arribelly's bunnet—"

"O! O! get it off quick, Tom!" "There ain't any there; he's teasing you."

"I meant to say, if there was one there it would be jist like it. Well, there's a procession of the equinoxes, (and what thim is I don't know, but I take it they're haythen) and yez know that yez can't niver get by a procession whin it's a-movin'; no more can the sun, in consequence av the which he gets behind time, which would av coorse niver do, so ivery four years the great folks gives him an extra day to catch up in. If that wasn't done, he would get so behind that there would be snow in June."

"Pshaw, Pat; I don't believe that."

"Well, yez can do as yez likes; but I heard masther say it came to that pass in the time of one Misther Gregory, afore things was regillated."

"I don't see what that has to do with Miss Flip and the Major."

"Sho, child; lape-year the girls is afther proposing to the bhys." "O, ho, I don't believe it; what makes them?"

"What makes thim? Lape-year makes thim, to be shure, and maybe there's a thrifle av the natural inclination added to't. If

yez ax me *how* it makes thim, I couldn't altogether explain the matter to yez. But it's some in this way. Ye'll find out whin ye're oulder that things is behindhand in the world, and the women think they could arrange thim better if they was a-top of the heap. Now my opinion is jist this, that the women won't help the matter by thryin' to be top crust. They are the *mate* av the pie now, and that's the important part to my thinkin.' What's the good of bein' the crust? I tell yez——"

"Why, Pat, what are you talking about? Do be in earnest, and tell us if girls do really ask boys to marry them leap-year?"

"Av coorse they does."

"What, hop right up to a man and say, 'I love you awful, and I've asked your pa, and *do* say yes, for I'll die if you don't, and what would my 'xistence be without you?'"

"Be jabers, an' where did ye learn the likes of all that?"

"O, out of a book sister studies at school; she brought it home with her 'rithmetic to study nights. What makes you wink so?"

"There's a bug in me eye."

"Won't you please tell us if they do so?"

"Not intirely. Some does it wid their eyes, some does it wid their back hair, more does it wid their pa's money. But I had the acquaintance av a girl that did *ax* a boy to marry her without any palaver of any kind."

"O, do tell us about it!"

"No, I shan't nayther; it's not a story for childhren, and it would make yez cry, maybe."

"No, it wouldn't; do, please, Patrick?"

"Won't yez let the dog foller yez out an' get lost, nor ate cake in the carriage, nor put cats in me bed on April-Fool's Day? 'Ye won't?' Then ye just be dacent and respectful, an' I'll tell it to yez. Afore I came to this counthry I lived in Dublin, where they spake better English nor—"

"O never mind, Pat, you told us that before; we want to hear about that girl."

"If yez interrupt me before I begin, how can I tell yez. Wait till I begin again. Her name was Mary Maloney, an' she was a

rale beautiful girl, an' a lady that was boardin' at the same hotel wid my master had her for a Frinch maid, for all she was clear Irish, an' had the beautifulest rid hair that iver ye seed, an' wore a little white cap wid ribbin on it. An' whin she would carry the baby along of her misthress, what same was a great black ugly thing, all the gintlemen would say, an' fine ones they was too,—'Be jabers, there's a pretty girl.' But the waiters that was in love wid that girl to onct was astonishing. Jim Flannigan spint a month's wages on a bristpin for her, an' him an' O'Phalen had a fight on the account of O'Phalen's saying he seed a gintleman kiss her. Well, she wouldn't have none of thim. One evenin' I was conversin' wid Tom Burns, a particular aquaintance of mine, an' head waiter in the hotel, whin Mary come along wid the baby. She was a little crayture, an' had a way of puttin' her foot to the ground that would 'a made ye wish for a fiddle, an' whin she saw us she began to go—'tiddy, iddy, diddy'—to the baby, an' says I, 'O Tom, an' wouldn't ye like to be that baby?' 'No', says he, 'I don't want to be nayther a fool nor a baby for the likes of her,' says he. 'Maybe ye don't like her,' says I. 'Maybe I wouldn't let on if I did,' says he, 'she ain't got no heart.'

"Well, that very night the hotel took fire, and there wasn't such distraction since Sudden and Gomorra', wid the wind a-blowin' the fire an' smoke, the women screamin', the men swearin', the wather squirtin', an' gineral consternation. I seed one old fellow wid petticoats on, thinkin' he would be taken for a woman an' assisted, an' a woman a-runnin' without her wig, an' a rich girl as hadn't walked for a year a-hoppin' about as lively as a toad. Well, Mary's room was in the extrame top of the house, in a wing, an' the fire burned ivery staircase, an' the opinion bein' that the people was intirely extricated, the engines was stopped. Jist then, Mrs. Duran', that was the misthress of Mary, began to scrame, an, says she, 'O my baby! my baby!' An' on that, what did we see at the top av the house, lanin' out of the windy, but Mary an' the baby. Begar, it was awful; an' she wid her hair stramin' an' a-shinin' in the fire, an' the shmoke black behind her, an' her face

as white as air, an' holdin' out the baby. 'Holy Vargin!' says Tom, 'hoist up the ladder!' 'Ye're crazy,' says ivery one,—'she'll be dead afore ye get there, an' anyways the ladder wouldn't hold the two of yez, for its nigh burnt in two now.' 'Whisht, boys,' says he; an' in a jiff the fellow was upon it. Ye should have seen the thrembling av it. Well, he was about half way up, whin Mary disappeared, smothered, ye understan', wid the smoke an' hate of the place. An' thin the yellin' there was for him to come down! but he into that windy, an' ye may belave there was white faces till he come out of it wid Mary in one arm. Well, he was descinded till maybe a half of the distance, an' the roof of the place fell in, an' the burnin' pieces come flyin', and among thim a crooked piece of wood, the which—begar, blazin,—fell directly upon the arm of him. D' yez think he let go? By Saint Patrick, that fellow held on till he was within some feet of the bottom of the ladder, an' it burnin' the flesh off of him, an' the blaze on his very face,—'twould 'a turned the heart of ye to see it. A wonder he wasn't killed intirely. It was long he was in the bed o' the hospital. His arm was ampitated, an' whin he come out ye wouldn't have known him, for he wasn't the handsome fellow he was before that scar on his face."

"Didn't Mary come to see him?"

"Yes; that is to say, she come agin and agin to the hospital, but he wouldn't see her. One avenin' whin she came, I was a-sittin' forninst his bed, an' says I,—'Why don't ye see the girl?' Says he, puttin' up the only arm he had left, to hide the thremblin' of his lips,—'Twould make her feel bad,' says he, 'to see me; tell her she ain't beholden to me, for I'd a-done the same for any human bein.' 'Oh! would ye!' says I.

"Well, it's not aisy for two fists to get a livin' in Ireland at prisent, let alone one. So I came to America that year, an' Tom came wid me, an' the two of us sarchin' for work in New York was rather precarious, I can tell yez. Afther some time Tom got a place to open the door in a fine hotel for the grand ladies that come in, in orther that they shouldn't burst their kid gloves on the handle of the door. I got work on the docks,

an' the two of us inhabited a contagus ould hole that would make a pig seasick. But it was thryin' for Tom, as was used to work like a man for good wages, to sit there watchin' the well men passin' in the street, an' him livin' like a dog. One night I come home, an' found him walkin' up and down like he was distracted, an' says he, grippin' my arm, 'I see Mary in the street to day,' an' with that he put his head on the table, an' didn't spake a word. No more did I. Jist thin there was a knock at the door, an' in the name of all the howly saints, who should come in but Mary herself. As pretty an' nate as a rose, an' her white face a-lookin' out of her bunnet, an' she looked athim an' me an' the place, an' the tears come in her eyes, an' by the Howly Vargin she went right up to him, an' says she,—'Do ye hate the sight of me as has brought ye to this?' 'No,' says he. Says she, 'I've come here to ask ye to marry me, for I can't comfort an' help yez without,' says she. It's myself that was astonished thin. Says Tom,—'The Howly Vargin taught ye thim words,' says he, an' he—well, I was lookin' out of the windy an' didn't see what he did.

"Well. they was married, and Mary was head saleswoman in a shop, an' got enough for the two till she taught him figgers, an' he is a book-keeper at prisent, an' the two is as happy together as robins. An' there is a lape-year story for yez."

A. A. G.

A SUPPRESSED PRINCE.

Every human soul has its life dream,—some fair vision of honor, fame, success,—some aspiration to lift it out of the level of common things and strengthen it for new endeavor. This hope, this aspiration is at once a necessity to every nature,—an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and an index to every character. With this one steady star to guide us, no path can be quite dark or desolate; with this Beatrice always at our side the flames of purgatory seethe around us in vain, and roll their harmless waves back from our very feet. Whether life is to

bring fulfillment of the dream matters little,—it is as real, as alluring as if the end were already attained. Did the Angelic Friar of the Middle Ages work less lovingly on those wonderful Madonnas whose tender and spiritual beauty still glorifies the faded canvas, because the lovely vision that inspired him seemed always just beyond the power of his brush? Did the heroic peasant maiden flinch before the cruel flames in the market place of Rouen because her dream of saving France had not become a reality? I believe that the heavenly presence was nearer to her in her hour of mortal trial than on that spring day when it seemed to come to her as to the shepherds of old time, among her flocks and herds, in the pleasant valley of Lorraine. Savanarola died for a dream of religion, Sir Thomas More for a dream of honor, and history "counting o'er earth's chosen heroes," places first on her bead-roll those names which were blotted from the world's perishable records for their loyalty to just such visions as these.

Modern history affords a striking instance of the final accomplishment of a purpose that was the beacon-light of one earnest soul for a quarter of a century. A young prince of Sardinia, heir to a small kingdom in the Mediterranean, began in his boyhood to shape his life in accordance with the hope within, so that each day should bring him nearer his aim, till at last "possession crowned endeavor." His ardent soul was bound up in one thought,—the unification of Italy. Looking back into the past, he saw her in the days of her splendor, when, queen of sea and land, she knew no rival and feared no foe, and the fables of the Golden Age could not surpass her glories; then, turning to the present, he beheld her changed and desolate, brooding over her lost fame and broken beneath a foreign yoke, yet, in spite of dishonor and sorrow, still beautiful in her misery. This dreamer, whose heart was so stirred by his country's woe, became in time his country's savior more truly than Cavour, than Garibaldi, than Rattazi, and finally her king, Victor Emanuel.

After a youth of courtly inactivity, this prince found, at twenty-seven, that the time for hoping was over, the time for action

had arrived. But with the cares of a kingdom, and the responsibilities of a throne thrust upon him, — with Austria threatening sudden war upon his borders, and the edict of excommunication thundering at him from the Vatican,—disliked by his countrymen on account of his foreign bride, and branded as an outcast by the all-powerful hand of the Church,—he never for one hour lost sight of the over-mastering idea that Italy should one day be united. Austria's menaces turned to open war, and Sardinia, in her hour of need, was forced to call in Napoleon to her aid. With French troops pouring in from the north and French gold filling the treasury, the young king's heart grew more hopeful, but sank again when he saw the reluctance with which the other Italian states gave their aid,—a reluctance which bore disheartening testimony to the universal distrust of his leadership. He longed to proclaim to his nation and to the world how entirely his soul was devoted to Italy's welfare, and how safe her honor was in his hands; but Cavour, an ever present adviser, showed that such action would seem to point toward schemes of self-aggrandizement and ambition; so his lips were sealed, and Italy called him cold, while the hope that had fluttered so wildly in his breast folded its wings again. He burned to put himself at the head of the army and to meet the foe face to face,—to win by personal bravery those hearts that had withstood him for so long; but the cabinet held him back with iron grasp. Garibaldi took the place he coveted, and became the idol of the army, while Sardinia was dumb when her sister states taunted her on her peace-loving king,—a sting that rankled sorely and almost turned his hope to bitterness; but still that hope sustained his soul, and he was content to wait his time.

But human patience and discretion reached their limit at last. When the first enthusiasm of the war was over, and Italy, worn with apparently unavailing struggles, was questioning the use of further sacrifice,—the king threw advice to the winds, left his council-chamber, abandoned his former plans, and took command of the army. You know the story of the Ghibelline leader's sword, which had rusted on the wall for centuries till

the liberator of Italy should make it bright again,—how Victor Emanuel seized it with the cry, "This is for me!"—a cry that stirred the fiery hearts around him till the last trace of distrust melted away forever, and the nation at last began to make tardy reparation as it flocked eagerly around his standard. He led the army from victory to victory, and the story of his brave deeds flashing over the land, inspired Italy with new life and covered her with new glory. One by one his friends had withdrawn their support,—he proved himself above their complainings and unmoved by their desertion. Cavour, his trusty friend and tried right hand, was taken from him in the critical moment of success,—but the loss was almost a gain, since it taught him his own strength.

At last came that triumphant day when he entered Naples as the king and liberator of Italy,—when with that good old sword he had cut the cords so strongly knotted by Austrian and priest. But the king heard not the shout of joyous thousands around him, saw not the floating banners and the proud troops of soldiery,—forgot that the nation was ringing with frantic praises of her king; he felt only that, through a baptism of fire, his country was regenerate at last; that she had risen from her mourning and put on her beautiful robes of rejoicing, —that at last his dream was accomplished, and Italy, long divided, was free and united under the beloved tri-color once more.

And now the tumult of the conflict is over, the struggle ended, the hope attained, and Victor Emanuel falls back into his place to play the rest of his life's rôle in comparative obscurity. Not that he has outlived his fame,—not that his work is done; it is only that the flush of dawning victory has broadened to the open day of peace; it is only because the heavens are so brilliant that we forget the single star that led us through the twilight. And while there yet lingers about his name and story some heroic prestige, the words of the German poet float through our minds:—"I know not if a laurel wreath should be placed upon my grave * * * * but lay on my coffin a sword, for I was a good soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity."

M. G. T.

Department of the Alumnae.

EDITED BY M. L. AVERY, '68.

"We ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadowed by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past."

—*Tennyson.*

FRITZ REUTER.

It is not a little strange that an author writing in a dialect by no means generally understood in Germany, should be perfectly familiar not only to Germans, but also to a good part of the English and American magazine-reading public. To account for a popularity so wide-spread there must be a vitality which we are not accustomed to find in the more learned productions of German literature. What is it which has made it worth while to translate Fritz Reuter's stories out of Plattdeutsch into High German and thence again into English? What is this fine principle of life which outlasts two removals, only one of which is the sure death of an ordinary writer?

If we reply that Fritz Reuter is the most comical writer of the day, we shall have answered only half the question. "Pickwick"

is deliciously comical; but we fancy that a German edition of it translated into Plattdeutsch might be just a little dull! Fortunately for us, the humor of Herr Reuter is of a translatable kind, and for this reason simply, that the effects which he seeks to produce lie not in words but in situations. Take for instance the following scene from "Seed Time and Harvest"; if it were translated into Chinese, would it not make a Chinaman smile? Fritz Tridderitz, you must understand, is apprenticed to Habermann, inspector of the Pumpelhagen estate, which adjoins the lot of Pastor Behrens. The latter has in his household Habermann's daughter Louise, for whom Fritz is nursing a tender but ardent affection, as is also Franz von Rambow, likewise an apprentice of Habermann's. The most desirable consequence of this double attachment is that the pea-field, which lies next the pastor's lot, is assiduously cultivated, causing old Habermann to remark that "if his peas fill up as they are looked after, he will have a plentiful harvest." But alas! our friend Fritz is one of those unfortunates pursued by ill fate with more relentless vigor than were ever the heroes of ancient tragedy. He is doomed to appear ridiculous. Have you not known one or more of these unhappy mortals, who are born to go against the grain of things? He indites the following epistle, and places it in the rosebush, near which the object of his affections is accustomed to take her evening walk.

Address:—"To one who knows." Superscription:—"Sweet Dream of my Heart!"

"This letter says merely what is necessary, and will be found on the *third* rosebush in the *second* row; other things by word of mouth. This by way of preliminary: when a cross is marked with white chalk on the garden gate, the *contents of my heart* may be found under the pot of the third rosebush in the second row. Waving a handkerchief from the Garlitz side betokens thy presence and desire for an interview; *my* response will be three whistles on the handle of my walking stick. (Our shepherd taught me that; love is an apt scholar).

"Rendezvous: the great water-ditch at the right of the bridge.

"Thine ever!!"

"*One whom thou knowest.*"

P. S.—"The loved one will excuse me for writing in my shirt sleeves, it is so infernally hot!"

But here the inexorable fate intervenes, and hands over the letter to the little Frau Pastorin, his aunt, who keeps her counsel and calmly awaits the development of events. This missive is soon followed by another, in which he asks for an interview by the great water-ditch at seven the next evening. At this moment Bräsig, the friend of the family and of everybody else, comes in. Bräsig, you must remember, is a fat little Dutchman, endowed with a great deal of benevolence and dignity, while the Frau Pastorin is a little Dutch pink of propriety, who has to support on her respectable shoulders not only her own but also the Herr Pastor's importance. She asks for advice. Bräsig suggests an ambush. The Frau is to put on Louise's hat and shawl and seat herself near the water-ditch, while Bräsig conceals himself in the bushes near by, ready to spring forth at the catch-word and assist the Frau in administering justice. They take their positions accordingly. Meanwhile Fritz is happily wending his way to the place of rendezvous, followed at a distance by Franz. As he sees his youngsters disappear in the direction of the pea-field, Habermann too takes up the line of march, and so the procession moves on. Fritz, as he nears the bridge, perceives the flutter of a white handkerchief, and rushes ecstatically into the arms of his highly respectable aunt, who, as she firmly inserts her fingers in his coat-collar, cries, in a clear voice, "the Philistines be upon thee!" Now Bräsig springs forward to the rescue; but, alas, one foot is asleep, and he precipitates himself, not upon the bewildered Fritz, but into the water-ditch, where he sits partially immersed as in a sitz-bath, while Franz and Habermann come upon the scene. The Frau Pastorin, meanwhile, though deprived of a valuable auxiliary, makes the best use of her time by freely expressing her mind to Fritz. The Herr Pastor comes down to see what it all means: finds his wife and Bräsig have had a rendezvous, and the scene is complete.

"His Little Serene Highness" is a charming little satire on German principalities, prettily told, and full of fun. It opens

by the presentation on Christmas Day to Dürten, his housekeeper, by the Herr Conrector, of a pair of velvet breeches, the deed of gift not to take effect until the following Easter, when the Conrector shall have received the salary which will enable him to buy some new ones. Dürten thankfully and attentively considers the present, and, after due reflection, decides that the only way to preserve those breeches from the wear and tear which would ruin all prospects of a speaker, is to make for the Herr Conrector a nice soft cushion, which she accordingly does. From this cushion arise many complications, which result in the happy marriage of Dürten and the Herr Conrector.

"His Serene Highness," Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of whom the story treats, has two horrors, one of lightning and the other of women. By his fear of the former he is so played upon by the cunning Conrector as to somewhat abate his prejudice against the latter. He protects himself against the lightning by placing himself in a large insulated cage; but all his efforts to escape the gentler sex are unavailing, and as the story ends, the four pairs of newly-married people, the history of whose love-making we have been reading, march into the court and receive the congratulations of his Highness.

But wit and satire are not Fritz Reuter's only resources, and in most of his stories he takes care that we shall have occasion for crying as well as for laughing. Take, for instance, the opening chapter in "Seed Time and Harvest,"—a scene so inexpressibly sad as to make the gayety and life of the following chapters seem almost harsh by contrast. It is a simple, matter-of-fact description of a very great affliction, told in a few words and without attempt at effect.

Like nearly all popular writers, he is a little inclined to sentiment. His Jew has a soft heart, and lends money on principles disastrous to business. Habermann goes security for a man whom he knows to be on the point of failure. In the end the principal characters unite to place the most of their fortunes in the hands of a worthless young man who has ill-treated them all; and, last and worst, the dénouement occupies a whole night, during which eight or nine respectable persons are kept

out of their beds for no other purpose than to explain and go over what could be a great deal better explained and gone over the next morning. But, on the whole, we rather like the sentimentality; there is a delicious freshness and greenness about the Dutch article which is wonderfully agreeable after the insipidity of much English and most French specimens.

Not the least charm about Reuter's stories is their homeliness; he talks of common things; his stories are stories of common people; and so when we have read them we do not come down from the clouds to go about our work; but, if we have looked for them, we have found lessons as wholesome and as true for us as for the Dutch men and women for whom they were intended. F. E. C., '70.

A WARNING TO FUTURE ALUMNÆ.

JUNE, 1873.

DEAR VASSAR STUDENTS:—In the midst of your busy College life, have you not sometimes paused a moment to picture to yourself the time when you too will be members of the glorious band of alumnæ? Has not your picture been a bright one, almost free from shadows? Let me, by means of the clearer light of my experience, hold up before you another picture, more faithful to reality,—one so dark and gloomy that you will be filled with dismay at the sight.

Listen, each one, while I describe a few of the trials to which, as graduates of Vassar, you will be exposed.

First, you will be liable at any time to receive a letter from the editor of this department of the magazine, begging for an article, and sure to contain the threatening words, "Vassar expects every Alumna to do her duty!" To what superhuman efforts will you often be driven by that sentence, from which there is no appeal! Some excuse might be given in such a case, by an undergraduate, but not by an Alumna, without disgracing her name.

Again, when you leave the College, you look forward to a season of rest. "No longer," you think, "shall I be driven onward by this unceasing pressure of work." Poor deluded mortal! Have you never heard of the power of habit? Do you not realize that the habit of hard work which you are now forming at the College, will cling to you through life, giving you no repose? Others may find pleasure in idleness or amusements, but not you. Wasted time, like a phantom, will always pursue you. For you, there will be no rest.

In the third place, you will find that, in the eyes of those around you, you have ceased to be a responsible being. You can no longer have the privilege of bearing your own sins, but they are all laid on the shoulders of your Alma Mater, whose reputation is as dear to you as your own. Vassar is held responsible for your most trifling actions. You cannot even consult your own taste in costume. If you appear in gorgeous array, some one inquires, "The young ladies at Vassar devote considerable time to dress, do they not?" If you affect simplicity, some one else remarks, "I suppose the young ladies at Vassar are above the fascinations of dress. Is it true that they always wear wrappers or gymnastic suits there?" You must seek diligently for the golden mean, if you wish for any peace.

Even the indulgence of being sick is denied to you, unless you wish to hear the pitying words, "Poor thing! she ruined her constitution at Vassar."

With regard to dress, still another trial awaits you, for your own conscience will give you no peace if you attempt to follow the dictates of fashion when opposed to good sense. Tight dresses, long trains, French heels, can no longer give you pleasure. Dr. Avery has opened your eyes to the folly of these things, and it is in vain that you sigh for blissful ignorance.

Again, you will find that your friends consider it their duty to inform you of all reports in circulation concerning the College, most of them taken from such a reliable source as the newspapers. If prejudicial to the College, they are readily believed and rapidly spread, and all that you can do is to comfort yourself with the thought that envy loves a shining mark.

Vassar must indeed be a shining mark, when even the "collars and cuffs" of her students can excite so much interest. The fact stated in the papers that the Japanese princesses were admitted to Vassar immediately after their arrival in this country, before they were even acquainted with our alphabet, has convinced many *friends* of the College that the standard of admission is exceedingly low. If they would only notice how the amount of Latin required for entering the Freshman Class increases every year, they might still have some hope for the future!

Worst of all, you will soon discover that in society, a graduate of Vassar is expected to supply the place of a dictionary. All doubtful points are referred to her. She must never hesitate for an answer. If she confesses ignorance, she sees the scornful smile go round, and hears the whispered words, "That College is only a sham after all!"

In view of such trials as these, have you still courage to press on? I fear that some of the Preparatories, young and timid, will decide never to enter the Freshman Class, that they may escape the burden of such responsibility by denying that they were ever members of the College. I beg the rest of you to take the advice of an old graduate, and make the best use of your advantages, for you will have need of all possible strength of body, mind and soul. You will not be long in learning the truth of the lines,—

> "I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
> I woke, and found that life was duty."

With many sighs over the future awaiting you, I remain,

Yours sympathetically, V. C. A.

IN MEMORIAM.

SARAH LOUISE BLATCHLEY.

"In words, like weeds, we'll wrap us o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more."

Those who, three months since, knew their sorrow through the pitiless announcement of a paragraph, will expect to find in these pages some words which shall enfold their common grief. Of their sense of personal loss and mine

"I fain would write. But if a cloud came down
And wrapt us wholly, could we draw its shape
As if on the outside and not overcome?"

So, dear classmates and friends who loved her, who know that many days will pass ere the

"Light of faith undimmed forever
By the falling of our tears"

shows us clearly that our loss is her gain, let us not attempt to analyze the sorrow which has swept over us; but, with all those who love grace and strength, let us contemplate that *life* which was in our midst, which in its purity and fullness is worthy to be read and known of all "as an ensample."

Among those who came to Vassar in '65, eager for its advantages, was one whose previous education had fitted her not only to appreciate but also to fully avail herself of them. Having pursued in New Haven the classical course designed to fit students for Yale, an additional year's study and a natural aptitude for languages, enabled her to take immediately a high place in that department. She became, also, a member of Prof. Mitchell's class in Mathematical Astronomy; and thus, in those first days, when, all new students together, we were ready without prejudice to acknowledge as leaders those whose scholarship was superior, Louise Blatchley, though so unassuming, found herself among the highest. Added to her scholarly attainments was the power of her personal bearing. Only those who remember the "sweetest eyes were ever seen," the

witching charm of the irregular but delicate features, and the lovely expression always animating them, can realize how, without any commanding grace of form or feature, she yet commanded all who came within her influence, even though they knew but partially the soul within. In the unusual literary talent she possessed was a rare surprise for even her nearest friends, when they heard at the first Philalethean entertainment the exquisitely poetical and thoughtful astronomical essay, entitled "The Shining Ones." Although she steadily pursued Astronomy three years, it was because she believed in it as a disciplinary process, for she had but little natural taste for mathematics. Her course in this matter illustrates the two most prominent traits of her mind. She would shrink from no labor in order to gain results she believed best; and yet while we ordinary plodders were painfully evolving a knowledge of "micrometer measurements," "collimation errors," and all the *prose* of instrumental astronomy, she delighted in "sweeping for comets," and from those lonely vigils upon the house-top would gather fancies, which, woven into the web of her deeper thought, would produce a fabric whose wondrous sheen called attention to its strength as well as its beauty.

For gradually we came to know that we had a true poet among us. The outside world heard only the "Alma Mater" on Founder's Day, '67, but her pen was busy noting the hidden meaning which everything had for her. One little poem will serve as an illustration. With true college zeal, we had decided that we must have "colors," and finally fixed upon "Rose and Silver-gray" for no reason except as a pretty combination. But we readily accepted her interpretation as it appeared shortly after in the "Transcript":

"Our morning dawneth on the hills,
A great and glorious day;
We take our colors from the East,
The Rose and Silver-gray.

The twilight with its dimming stars
Transfigured by his ray,
Brightens before the rising sun
To Rose and Silver-gray.

The old, the darkened skies of night,
Our night, are passed away,
And 'gainst their gloomy background gleam
The Rose and Silver-gray.

So, fair dawns morning on our hills
And bright shall be the day;
We take our colors from the East.
The Rose and Silver-gray."

She took great pleasure in dramatic representations, and always charmed those who witnessed her part in them, in Chapter Delta. One could not soon forget the animated, impassioned face and voice, when, as the "Princess," she exclaimed:

"They know not, cannot guess
How much their welfare is a passion to us.
O, if our end were less achievable
By slow approaches, than by single act
Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf, as talk of it,
To compass our dear sisters' liberties."

It was more than the ordinary homage to talent with which she was elected President of the Philalethean Society for '67–8. There was no rivalry and no strife about it; it was unquestioned that we should give her all honor. Says one of '68, from whose sick-bed during these five years have always come messages of encouragement: "I have been going back over the days of our life together, noting the rare purity and beauty of her daily walk and conversation, the charm of manner felt even by the passing stranger, her simple, earnest faith in God, her quick, loving sympathies for others' joys and sorrows,—and I do not wonder at the love, half reverential, wholly devoted, with which we of '68 regarded her. And now that she has heard the "well done," and obeyed the summons "come up higher," now that all her hopes of usefulness and labor for the Master are being realized beyond her fondest dream, it ill becomes us to mourn and weep at her promotion." Of this hope of working for the cause of Christ, she would speak with the greatest enthusiasm. Her mind was deeply religious, and her faith in God great,

Believing thoroughly the stern truths of religion, battling with the darkest problems of the soul's life, she was never depressed, but full of joy and trust and peace. It seemed to us who knew her power, as well as the loving nature which could not but constrain others, that God had in her a fit instrument of good, in a wider field of usefulness than she had yet known. It was undoubtedly this conviction which gave such force to her words, during those two days which closed our connection as students with Vassar. What heart did not throb as the thrilling voice of our class poet gave forth the story of the "White Fields," and then with growing earnestness went on:

"And while the June's white harvest
Is tossing like the sea,
Fulfillment, yet a promise
To our hearts may it be.

Fought is the fight and conquered;
Run is the race and won;
And bright the ray, at this close of day,
That gilds yon setting sun.

* * * * * * *

And hearts these years united
Till they learned to beat as one—
The years now put asunder
And bid depart alone.

Ah, white fields full of daisies,
With bee and bird-song gay,
Milk and honey, snow and sunshine,
We leave you all to-day!

We leave you,—but before us,
Beyond the iron gate,
I see the rolling uplands
Where riper harvests wait.

Lift up your eyes from weeping
And look upon the fields,
White already to the harvest,
Each richest treasure yields.

And shall we watch our daisies
And cling unto the past,
While life's harvest waits for reapers
And the years are flying fast?"

And yet another day brought the entreaty that we would not be satisfied with the "Common Task." In the hushed stillness which always attends the delivery of a valedictory, with a sweet dignity peculiarly her own, she seemed to gather into her frail person all the strength of those years of trial, all the help and sweetnesss of our college life, all the hope and faith of which we were capable, and to let it fall upon us like a benediction. So she went forth to the life which awaited her, with faith unwavering.

In '69 she returned to the College to deliver an address on "Individuality." She pleaded for a perfect development of each soul untrammeled by prejudice. If ever a soul rejoiced in its own peculiar existence, it was hers. She knew her power, and was happy in the knowledge. She desired to exercise it, and could brook no unjust repression, and yet her protests against injustice were uttered with such gentleness and consideration for the opinions of others that she seldom gave offence.

Of this address one of her audience remarked, "It was a string of pearls," intimating that it was beautiful but disconnected. Her imagination so warmed whatever she was considering that she sometimes failed to make clear the cool logical plan of her argument. The plan was not wanting, however, as those knew who closely analyzed her productions. In fact, she was keenly alive to logical defects in thinking.

She was one of the most enthusiastic of those who went soon afterward to Iowa to witness the solar eclipse, and both then and in '70, when she made one of the same party in "dear, delightful Delaware," she was so bright and happy, so eager for all the work and joy of life, that she seemed the embodiment of vital activity. During this time she pursued her studies with great zeal, especially German and Sanskrit, and enjoyed to the utmost her home, for which she had a passionate love.

But the following winter, a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, resulting in a cough, revealed the fact that the delicate form and color indicated a constitution not strong enough to resist so fierce an enemy. Everything was done that physicians or the thoughtfulness of a devoted family circle could

suggest, and she was quite hopeful of recovery. From Savannah, in Dec., '71, she writes. "I think I am going on in the good cause of getting well. I am beginning to have patience with the long, slow disease. I am trying to conquer. I am decidedly better; I can walk two miles without trouble, and have breath enough to take singing lessons. I am reading D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, to keep me out of mischief. I sing a little, I practise a little, but I accomplish a great amount of nothing during the week." Again, in June, '72, "I am strong, and brown, and rosy, and hope after a while to get rid of my morning cough;" and in Feb.: "If I can trust myself, I am getting well, slowly, surely, completely, and I will not lay one straw in the way."

Undoubtedly her life was prolonged by this hopeful spirit, and by her enjoyment of nature. She wrote enthusiastically from Florida; "Day after day the heavens are one cloudless arch of blue;" and of her stay in Franconia: "We spent six delightful weeks in that nest among the mountains. We went up Mt. Lafayette on horseback, and we also made the ascent of Mt. Washington, one of the clearest, brightest days that ever shone on his stony old crown." In October, 1872, on her way to California, from a steamer in the Atlantic, she writes, "The long days go by like happy dreams." In the Pacific, by reason of an accident to the engine, they were, for nearly a week, in great peril and anxiety, the result of which she indicates in a letter from San Diego. "There was not much left of me to come into San Diego, and I do not yet sit up all day, but am improving slowly."

So the courageous heart never failed, although the delicate frame was slowly wasting away. All through this long sickness, her letters were full of sympathy for others, of thankfulness for her blessings, of interest in everything pure and noble, of hope for the future. What wonder that we thought she could not die! But the beginning of the end was near when she wrote in Feb., "I am really an invalid in earnest." One who was then near her, says: "The last three weeks she suffered greatly from restlessness and nervousness. She bore

it with the utmost sweetness and patience. When I talked to her of the great change that was coming, she expressed perfect resignation to the will of God, but would believe she should get well. Finally we told her there was no hope. I expected it would be a great shock to her, for I knew she had always had a morbid dread of death, but it seemed to be good news. I shall never forget the lovely expression of her face, as she received it. She passed away about six o'clock, as quietly as a child going to sleep. There was the most rapt, beautiful look in her eyes,—she seemed to see into the other world."

S. M. G., '68.

The Watch Tower.

"We know what belongs to a watch."
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

How has the prospect changed since last we climbed to our airy station! Lo! the season of strawberries, dust, and—College Commencements. On every side come up spectators to assist in these high solemnities, and the voices of Class-Day Orators are heard in the land.

Class of 'Seventy-Three! we give you the right hand of fellowship. Alumnæ, no longer *in posse*, but *in esse*, we welcome you to the rights, privileges and immunities of bachelorship, well assured that you will adorn that goodly estate. Go on and prosper. Carry the "Vassar spirit" with you, and nothing shall be able to break the fast-lengthening chain that binds us all.

This year sees the reunion of the Class of 'Seventy. Though all the Sisterhood may not be present, behold a fair company assembled to make known what these three years have done for each, and to repeat, one to another, their watchword, "*Perstamus et Praestamus.*" Now are the work and the fun of undergraduate days recalled with zest; now do the dark sayings of prophecy receive illumination, or fall before the logic of facts; now do class-banquets,—mysteries not to be profaned by the unprivileged,

witness confessions of every experience, from authorship at home to adventures abroad, from "engagements" to descriptions of "their wedding-journey." Ah, these blessed reunions! As we look on faces, the same, yet, oh! how different, we dimly perceive through its manifest workings, the beauty of this great law of change and growth that rules our lives, and we give thanks for the belief that its reign shall know no end.

Hand in hand with joy, comes sorrow. Over against a beloved name, we read with brimming eyes, "*Abiit ad majores.*" One who stood foremost here five little years ago, pointing the reapers to the waiting harvest, has climbed—by how short and steep a way!—to those serener heights, whence we yet hear her voice. Listening to its message, our loss is forgotten in the thought that while the beauty of so fair a life remains our common heritage upon us is laid therewith the work that she had longed to do.

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The College year is ended, and with one last glance around the horizon, we lay down the telescope and prepare to descend into the plain. "Here's hoping" that the field may be watched each year by a clearer eye, and that the trumpet may in other hands give forth no uncertain sound. Girls! the honor of Alma Mater is in your keeping. Do we not know that it is bravely upheld by word and deed? Here, in these pages, behold your opportunity; and with Mr. Pumblechook we beseech you, "be a credit unto them as brought you up by hand."

De Temporibus et Moribus.

——— The sky was never bluer, the sun never shone brighter, than on the memorable morning that saw the scientific expedition from '74 *en route* for the Lehigh Valley and other points of interest which lie along the way. To its members who had toiled diligently among the real and ideal formations and uplifts of science, the poetry of their labors seemed about to begin.

It was rather prosy to miss the train from New York and to wait in an unpleasant depôt, where inquisitive strangers counted our number and cast pitying glances at the professor who constituted our sole escort. But time passed gayly, and we were soon whirling over the Trias of New Jersey. Easton, Pa., was to be the first stopping-place, with Lafayette College as the attraction. Arriving in that city, we found that our fame had already gone before us, and we were greeted with the joyful cry, "Oh ! here they are!" while the beaming faces of the hackmen were turned upon us with greedy expectation. Declining their disinterested offers, we arrived at the hotel in time to do ample justice to waffles and broiled chicken, which disappeared with astonishing rapidity.

We expected, of course, to see the Lafayette students, but we were agreeably surprised by the delightful serenade with which they welcomed the party on the night of its arrival. Friday morning was occupied in visiting the College, through the different departments of which we were most courteously conducted by some of the professors, assisted by friends of the party. We were not prepared for such a degree of modesty in the students as was manifested in their agility in dodging behind convenient pillars and window-blinds; and, remembering

certain tremblings of our own on similar occasions, we were secretly rejoiced to see the Freshmen grow pale before the row of thirteen girls who listened to their recitation in Geometry.

After visiting the blast-furnaces at South Easton, we were again on the way, and arrived at Mauch Chunk just as the sun was going down behind the mountains, and just as the inhabitants of that picturesque town, evidently expecting something in the Van Amburgh line, had turned out in full force to greet us.

At Mauch Chunk we "did" everything,—the Switch-back, Pavilion, Summit Hill, Coal Mine No. 5, and the burning mines, which latter carried us, without much aid from imagination, back to the Trohu and Bohu of the early days of creation. At Mine No. 5 the ride of two and a half miles under ground reminded us of nothing more cheerful than a visit to Hades.

Genesis and Geology were not so much at variance in our minds as to render the interpretation of the "Book of Nature" a forbidden occupation for Sunday, and we shall not soon forget the "Flagstaff" as viewed in connection with Sunday thoughts.

Perhaps the most beautiful place that we visited was Glen Onoko. As yet but little known, it is unspoiled by the attempts of art to improve nature, and its succession of falls and massive moss and fern-covered rocks, preserves the true sublimity of nature's handiwork.

The shortness of time we too clearly realized when our arrival in Philadelphia gave warning that the vacation was nearly ended. Here both science and art furnished many objects of interest, and here also, for the first time, we rebelled against the spirit of inquiry that pervaded the party. What would have been the feelings of Selous had he heard the scientific voice that asked if the walls of his "Jerusalem" were limestone, and the half-whispered remark that they would effervesce with acids!

Girard College, the United States Mint, and the Academy of Natural Sciences opened every department for our observation, and the all too hasty inspection of the latter made us wish for a longer acquaintance.

A rainy, dismal morning found us on the return voyage, with everything dampened but our spirits, which rose in inverse ratio to the cheerfulness of our surroundings. The excursion was a complete success, and we render thanks to all who so kindly facilitated our researches.

———Founders Day brought with it the brightest sunshine, the loveliest flowers, the finest music, and the most entertaining speaker of the season. Even Philalethean, "in the bleak December," had to hide its diminished head before the beauty of this spring festival. The corridors were decorated in an unusually graceful manner, and many original ideas were brought out in the floral arrangements, that did credit to the inventors and executors. Even the wall-flowers, and on grand occasions they are many at Vassar, were uncommonly ornamental. The guests were passed around among the usual number of ushers, and then conducted to the chapel, where a fine entertainment awaited them. The Organ Voluntary was well rendered, and was a fitting prelude to the delightful literary treat which followed. Rev. Phillips Brooks addressed the audience. His delivery is good, his enunciation rapid, but distinct, his language choice, and his sentences finished. He does not show as strict an analysis as many speakers, and does not dwell at any length on even important points. He seems to pour forth ideas letting the individual sentence answer for itself in power and excellence, rather than aiming to enlarge on some prominent and preceding thought. The subject of the address was the "Discipleship of Life," or one might say, "The Force of Personality." He spoke of our age as being preeminently personal, in poetry, in the novel, in history, and even in theology, since it studies principally the personality of Christ. He also laid down precepts for cultivating character, called it the moving power in the world, and christened Founders' Day a festival of personality. Aside from the happy way in which he suggests his thoughts, he possesses the power of aptly illustrating them, making his discourse at once instructive, interesting, varied, and, at times, beautiful. In short, the students did not regret the obstinacy with which, for several

years, they have invited Mr. Brooks to address them, nor did they find that distance lent enchantment. At the conclusion of the address an Italian melody was charmingly rendered by Miss Chumar.

The "Invitation à la Valse," effectually resulted in a brilliant stampede to the dining-hall, where even the most enamored damsel must soon have realized that men are but mortal, and that the most fastidious of "Julius Cæsars" will get hungry. The promenade made up no small part of the evening's entertainment, notwithstanding the harmonious accompaniment which, at the last, the retiring bells kept up. The electricity which soon manifested itself in a storm without, is generally supposed to have been the cause of the lively motion of the bells within—let us at least, throw the blame on nature rather than on art.

Finally, it became evident that we must show our guests out into the rain. Nature, that had played us a trick in the matter of the bells, kindly wept at the departure of our friends, thus saving us the trouble, and sparing our good looks to the last.

——— To the oft-repeated slander that a woman's tongue is tied in the middle, is frequently added another: that she begins everything in the middle, proceeds now this way, now that, now endeavors to go both ways at once, and the result, conspicuously in historical narration, is disconnection, confusion, and certain elimination of all important parts.

That this is scandal, base and false, behold the proof; we can not—and at the same time remain at peace with our conscience—begin an account of the Physiological Trip, with May 31, when we started, or May 26, when we were invited, or last fall when Dr. Avery was invited to invite us. In sepulchral accents our inward monitor insists, "Is this, was that, the beginning? Do you there reach a verge beyond which you peer into the awfulness of nothingness?"

Terrified by the solemnity of its tones, we steadfastly gaze, and slowly before our eyes, shadowy forms take the features of Hippocrates, Æsculapius, Celsus, Galen, Silvius, Fallopius,

Vesalius, Eustachius, and Draper, reproaching us with pallid faces for our presumption. Wisdom may end with us and the knowledge of Physiology die with us, but haunted by this vision we dare not say it began with us. And if it did not begin with us, nor in our times, neither did the Physiological Trip, for was not K. P.—knowledge of Physiology—or at least G. K. —general knowledge of the subject (so closely allied in sound and sense as to be phonetic for the cockney slang *cheek*)—the very *sine qua non* of that expedition?

To obey the frantic voice of our higher nature, let us go into a little historical, etymological and metaphysical research. We will divide our discourse into two heads.

First, my dear sisters, Physiological;—pertaining to physiology. Physiology,—again referring to Worcester,—the science of bones and groans; bones, objective; groans, subjective. Who were the first who moaned, and, with vexation of spirit, articulated ethmoid and sphenoidal turbinated? With trembling fingers we point you to the worthies who just held a ghost banquet for our benefit. In the primeval forests they caught and flayed the sportive ape; in monastic solitudes they vivisected the stranger cat that strayed into the dreary corridors; and later, they rose to the mental strength and moral enlightenment of studying human subjects. And here let me say, for the glory of our sex, and to furnish a leader for *The Woman's Journal*, on Woman (capital) versus man (small letter), that the first dissection was of a woman. Fact was added to fact, and truth to truth; discovery has followed discovery, and lo! Physiology, as it is to day: clear as the mud, fair as the—same, and terrible as an army with banners.

Start not with surprise if we tell you that the origin of this mighty science is our secondly, the second word of our text. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. It was the first rude art of remedy that gave rise to the study of the human frame; and the first occasion for healing skill was a bruise or injury to primitive man, from a *trip* over some prostrate monarch of the woodland wilds. And beyond and behind this, is the fatal trip of his mother and ours, by which she was obliged to trip out of

Paradise, and he and all of us were made liable to bodily infirmities, physicians and physiology.

Herein we have carried the matter to a quintessence and finality where even our obstreperous moral organ—blessings on its orthodoxy—acknowledges that beyond is only voidness and chaos. It sinks to peaceful slumbers; and, having shown that physiology and trip have been indissolubly connected from creation, and our excursion, their perfected union, has been slowly forming through the ages, we can, with its full approval begin our account with May 31, 1873.

But first we would call attention to the strange vicissitudes of the word Trip. We found that it was the root of all evil, but Fate, the dancing master, has given it a little of the light fantastic, and now it is, not the beginning but the end; not the cross, but the crown; as it was the thorn that goaded to the study of physiology, it is now the rose garland for the good and faithful student!

On Saturday morning, the above mentioned date, or on Friday night,—depending upon the epoch to which you assign the wee small hours, our record begins. One unfortunate was still earlier; according to her story, she was awakened at the hour when churchyards yawn and ghosts do walk, the mystic hour of midnight. Her fond room-mate, not a tripper, defended her course on the plea, "I know it is too early, but *I* may not wake again, and you never wake yourself." In spite of protestations, she insisted, and her charge was soon sitting in the parlor, benumbed with cold and pinching herself to keep awake. She was heard to mutter in the ears, that, poetry to the contrary, she would rather be a barn-yard fowl than a lark; she then subsided and has since been noted for the pensive cast of her countenance.

Her companions, we fear, were more used to dissipation, for their festiveness was remarkable; so much so that as the cavalcade was driven through Albany in light private carriages with which Dr. Armsby met us at the depot, the populace were divided in opinion as to whether the deceased had been supported by us in affluence at the poor-house, or had remembered

us all handsomely in his will; all agreeing however that it was the cheerfulest of funerals.

We drove through the new park, through the grounds of the Penitentiary, past the new State House, in process of erection, and at last arrived at the State Library. There are collected a hundred thousand volumes, including one of the finest law libraries in the country. Many valuable relics attract the attention, prominent among which is a frame enclosing André's pass from Benedict Arnold, his boot-papers,—lists of troops at various points on the Hudson,—letters from prisoners, etc.,—and, vanity of vanities, the pen-and-ink portrait of himself which he made the day before his execution. In another case is a recent purchase from the widow of George A. Washington, of Virginia: two surveying chains, a sword, a brace of pistols, a sheet of household expenses, the manuscript of the Farewell Address, brought the modest little sum of $20,000. New York will be worse state's-rights than South Carolina if she withholds these possessions when requested for the National Capitol.

In the same building, after numerous ascents and descents by various narrow passages and winding stairways, we found ourselves in the Senate and Assembly chambers. We disposed ourselves in the reporters' chairs, the seats of the Honorables, recalled the sentiment, "But Linden saw another sight a few days ago over the Local Option Bill," had just worked ourselves up to the spirit of the thing, and lo! the rest of our party were gone. We wandered around aimlessly in the labyrinth, to the great amusement of the small boys there congregated. Saw a light ahead; rushed for it; found ourselves again under the blue vault of heaven, and, at a distance up the street, our faithless shepherds and their *pet* lambs. We gradually recovered our equilibrium, and by the time we arrived at the Medical College, were able to look with steady nerve on its most ghastly treasures. We looked into the countenances of giant skeletons, Lecture XLI. overwhelmed us, and with melancholy we inquired, "Are you the future hero who lay in his cradle a helpless mass of imbecility, not showing existence save by cries of pain? Is

that grin all you have left of the sunny smile with which you rewarded the anxious care of your mother?" Every organ, in all stages of health and disease, in bone, plaster-of-Paris and wax, bones detached and bones united, surrounded us in studied confusion. We exclaimed with Draper, "Anatomy has its wonders, but Physiology takes the wind out of its sails!" and suffered ourselves to be led to the State Museum.

Here we were introduced to all the dignitaries of the State; under their escort we wandered through the various rooms, where were minerals, fossils, insects and flowers, in endless variety and perfection of arrangement. Here,—repeat it not in general society, publish it only to your very particular——, one young woman whispered to a new-found acquaintance, "We have an alligator," No reply—she turned—no State dignitary, no new-found acquaintance; but, separated from the rest of the party, she was following and murmuring her confidences to an utter stranger.

From the Museum, hand in hand, like the youthful Minders, we parade the crowded thoroughfares to the house of Mr. Tweddle. We are received with a simplicity that is the perfection of hospitality. After a hasty renovation of our toilets we descend to the dining-room——my dear classmates, if Howell had only taken our group at that time! We rose from the table with "new strength to buffet the storms of life." When bread is brown and girls abound we will be sustained by the remembrance of what has been. The few remaining hours spent over pictures, in music, conversation or the private clinic in the corner, we bade adieu to Albany and the kind friends we had found among its inhabitants, and were on our homeward way.

Poughkeepsie, street-cars, cracking of whips, plunging of horses,—and we all realized that "the longest journey must at last terminate, and we must all sooner or later join our classmates in the Vassar Land."

———Before the ports of Japan were thrown open to missionaries and merchants, there was a flavor of forbidden fruit, a taste of stolen waters in hideous Chinese trophies which

travelers contrived to carry away from those enchanted islands. Now that all the world may sail through the Japanese harbors, the unlawful zest is gone, and the dust gathers on the once highly coveted tea-trays and fans, while the traveler from Japan expects an unenthusiastic audience.

Travel to Lake Mohonk shows the same capriciousness in the public sentiment; only, in the latter instance, the facilities for traveling preceded the desire of the public mind to avail itself of the proffered privileges. When it became impossible for the College to accept the generous invitation which Mr. Smiley tendered last May, every member of the College family expressed for the first time her wild desire to visit the Shawangunk mountains. Gymnastic dresses, which had been taken from their camphor beds, in the trunk recesses of sub-cellars, were sorrowfully replaced, while small stores of hoarded money were tearfully hidden again in the mouse-holes of the wall. A second invitation from the host of the Lake Mohonk House, called from their retreats both gymnastic dresses and pocket-books. A party of twenty left the College on the first Monday of Senior vacation. It is needless, perhaps, to state, that since the lower classes were not excused from recitations, none but members of '73 filled the hired band-wagon, which surpasses in aristocratic elegance all chariots known at Vassar, not even excepting the two dollar hacks, or the deceased omnibus.

Since last year's reporter was so accurate in details, and guide-books such cool summer reading, a minute account of Lake Mohonk scenery is unnecessary. The everlasting hills rose as grandly as of old, and the clear, blue lake echoed back the moonlight-inspired song. Glorious beyond description was the sunset seen from Sky Top, while the half-past four sunrise was appreciated by a small but wide-awake audience.

We sincerely pity the enthusiasts of last summer, who, passing through Crevice and Labyrinth, dared not enter the gloom of Neulin's Cave. Five of our party penetrated its dark, damp chambers, and passed ten awful minutes of horrible midnight, groping over yawning abysses, and under overhanging bould-

ers. One young lady proved to her own satisfaction, if not to that of her guide, that a court train was a superior mountain dress. As a triumphant refutation of the bloomer dress arguments, she settled the toilet question by extinguishing the last tallow candle which made Neulin darkness visible, with a sweep of her demi, thus reducing the tourists to the state of the patriarch Moses, when his candle blew out.

The end came to our two days of merry making, and a very dusty homeward ride powdered our sunburnt faces as we returned to the College on Tuesday evening, laden with ferns, birch-bark and a regretful memory of our last Vassar good time.

Editors' Table.

Experientia docet,—to be sure, this is one of the expressions which early in our career we determined to banish from these pages; that and "the powers that be," and a whole list of standard quotations of the college press,—but in this case we must break the most solemn of our editorial vows. *Experientia docet* a lesson so bewildering in its newness and strangeness that we are forced to resort to the sonorous and impressive Latin to express ourselves fittingly. We have found strange specimens overthrowing all our preconceived ideas in regard to the classification of the human family.

In the first place, we were in our infancy taught by precept as well as by example; these doses of precept were placed in our hands, sugar-coated into delightful little tales; in these tales always figured some brave though childlike form who would meekly and sweetly say "I'll try," and immediately do the work of ten able-bodied men. "I'll try" was the distinguishing characteristic of the genus World's Workers. It was the sentence that prefaced every plunge into glory; an open sesame, the mere utterance of which would level every Hill Difficulty. Modesty expressed its worth in no other formula. No wonder that we arrived at the years of discretion when we, in our turn, wrote for the elevation of the race, with unlimited faith in a master will and force behind these words. We made our first personal solicitations for contributions to the *Miscellany*. There was an amazing development of the virtue humility, before our very eyes, in most unexpected quarters. It was however a somewhat peculiar manifestation of *modesty:* for each one supposed herself the first and only person asked to contribute. Each recommended a number who wielded wiser, better, more graceful pens than her own. We courteously informed her that all these had been asked — a long time ago, we added, in aggravating instances. Daunted by our implication that we did not expect from her the best thing possible, she fell back to first principles of self-abasement and declared that it was a mental, moral and physical impossibility for her to unite two words grammatically on paper. So for an hour we plead, recalling various chapter triumphs and essays famed in the Literature Class. At last the young woman besought, says "I'll try." Of course, with our early education, we consider our task done, our point gained, and we depart relieved. To be sure, there is a little misplaced emphasis and stray circumflex on the last word; there is less of incision and ring, exultation, inspiration, enthusiasm and hope, than they had been accustomed to have, echoing in heroic peals through our fancy. But we were ingenuous and free from guile, innocent and suspected nothing. Afterwards, we noticed a strange shying up the fire-wall stairs, or a sudden disappearance on the transverse, as we came down the main corridor; but still our suspicions were not aroused. At the time we had announced as an

office hour to receive the promised articles, none were forthcoming. We went for them. (Extend the personal pronoun back a line or two to include the miscreant writers). A startled, guilty look appeared upon the faces of the offenders. Their invariable claim for absolution was, "Indeed, I did try, but could do nothing." We became speechless,—an anomaly in human history. The battle cry "I'll try," prophetic of victory, subsiding into the burial hymn "I couldn't." Distrustful of all our previous settled convictions, with our most abiding faith provisional, with the idol of our youth fallen, with the star gone out which was guiding our path, we mourn at the grave of our ambition and hopes. From out of our sorrow and the bitterness of our experience, we say to our successors of the gay deceiver, "I'll Try," "Trust her not, she is fooling thee," and to the writers of the moral tales, "Such is *not* life."

That periodic spirit of "breathes there a man with soul so dead" is peculiarly prominent at present in the American press and on the American platform, probably on account of the near approach of the Centennial. The special manifestation both in lecture and editorial is—in a word—Yo Semite. There is condensed that element of superlativeness visible everywhere in our beauteous and glorious land; to it, as to a Jerusalem, Mecca, and Pool of Bethesda, every true patriot must turn for mental vigor, religious fervor and physical strength. Animadversions are poured forth on the perverse, the low-lived, the ignorami, who dare go to Europe before making a pilgrimage to this mystic region. So violently are they abused,—so emphatically are they called impious idiots,—so meekly have they resisted the proverbial nature of creeping things to sting the heel that crushes them,—that we are moved to plead in their behalf.

Before beginning, we wish it understood that we have nothing personal against Yo Semite. We rather approve of it, and may favor it with a visit some day. (Thanks to the devoted persistency of its admirers, the trip has come to be regarded as a gracious act of kindness to the Goddess of Liberty in general and the Western wilds in particular.) If we are forced to speak of Yo Semite in any unpleasant connection, it is with exceeding regret and pain, and it can only blame the immoderation of its fanatical devotees, echoing from its mountain-side, in the choicest Chinese or Modocan, "Save me from my friends." For listen to the ordinary experience, and agree with us that the praises of Yo Semite have been carried to the limit of human endurance.

You venture upon any of the long-cherished dreams that have been your delight from the time you were first able to read history or poetry. Melrose Abbey by moonlight! Mont Blanc by sunrise! To wander in cathedrals! To float in delicious reverie along the historic Rhine! To bow before the grand old originals of pictures we all love!

You grow enthusiastic; and forthwith are caught and strangled with—Yo Semite; you resist, and are shunned as a pariah or a traitor. It is abominable and has become unendurable from its frequent repetition. It is not that we love Yo Semite less, but there is an older love that can not be readily ousted for this parvenu which is very respectable, most worthy, and all that, but without centuries of associations. If you are sitting at the feet of beautiful old age, which has been the companion of all the poets and speaks to you in their accents, you object to the interruption if fond parents insist upon your admiring the symmetry of a lusty child of perfect mould. Too many poets, painters and elegant prose writers have pictured Yo Semite with the loving touches of reverential admiration for us not to appreci-

ate its awful grandeur. We only ask, *is* it, like the great African lion, the only one of its species? Has Switzerland no scenes as magnificent? As there is no overwhelming negative to our catechizing; since, though individual tastes differ, it is generally allowed that Nature has been impartial and favored other lands, we will, for the purpose of our argument, call attention to additional subjective advantages possessed by Chamouni. There is a difference between Yo Semite and Chamouni only to be compared to the difference existing between the impressions received by a tourist who should view either valley for the first time when heated and exhausted by a dusty day's journey, and those of him who should reach it at evening and awaken to its dewy glory and morning charms after a refreshing slumber. The ocean voyage before the one is as a restful sleep; the old life slips away old affairs are adjusted, and the mind prepares itself for new. The enthusiasm, the expectation, essential to the full enjoyment of travel, grows within us and possesses us. We are ready to hail the new land and its life with the eagerness and interest of little children.

But suppose we do not go abroad; suppose that some leader in *The Tribune* pierces us with the Parthian arrow of remorse, and we blush that we ever had the intention of visiting Europe. We turn our backs to the rising and our faces to the setting sun; we reserve seats, and check our baggage on the *Star of Empire*. But alas! it is an accommodation train: there is an old neighbor in Omaha, a cousin in Denver,—various friends and relatives scattered along in all the towns between New York and San Francisco. Though we have not a particle of interest or affection for any one of them, and could live a year in our native town directly opposite them without crossing the street, we must stop at the hotel of the place, send our cards, accept the invitation to drive and to take tea, and resume our way, only to repeat the same performance a few stations beyond. By the time California is reached, this semi-hypocritical course of social commonplaces has frittered away our time and exhausted our energies; we inwardly yawn, and remember that the earth is hollow, even in the presence of Yo Semite. Herein is a patent difference between pleasuring in the old world and the new, with the advantage in favor of the former. And why have not the editors and lecturers perceived it and realized the absurdity in their patriotic exactions? We know the reason, and sympathize with our excited brethren. We too feel mortification that so many of our representatives abroad are what they are. We too think that those who go "t' Yurup" without any knowledge of the pervading spirit, the unwritten laws, the motive impulses, or, to come down from the high horse of exalted sentiments, the history and geography of their own land, those shoddy parvenues, are a national disgrace. We ourselves would gladly be crier to call the court that would put chains upon them and sentence them to—Yo Semite, to prevent their bringing reproach upon our country.

But looking at the question more mildly, as far as their own improvement and profit are concerned, if their home education and surroundings have been so deficient that they have arrived at maturity ignorant even of the existence of such a thing as culture, they may spend the rest of their days in prancing from Maine to Texas, from the Carolinas to Oregon, and, so monotonously homogeneous is the American people, their dying hour would find them as coarse and ill-bred as when they started. There is a bare chance that if they went abroad their attention would be arrested by the marked difference in the governments and the peoples; thought would perchance be awakened and thus, indirectly, they would be taught. O editorial friends, endeavor to see this silver gauze which may line the black cloud that is con-

cealing our glory from the eyes of the nations of the earth; struggle against your lack of self-control and absence of a calming judgment. Do not get so indignant and excited at these people of the baser sort as to raise a hue and cry against any one's going to Europe, until he has become *blasé* from very acquaintance with his own land.

Early in the current academic year, we mentioned the inconvenience resulting from the absence of locks on our closets and bureaus. Inconvenience was then the only evil we thought of; but of late one more serious has presented itself. To speak the hateful truth in few words, theft has become common here. We need not now discuss the facts, only their lesson. However deeply the miserable doer or doers may have sinned, are not the College authorities also to blame? Strong temptation has been thrust in the way of the unprincipled persons whom this community of course includes. For certain articles, such as money, which must be kept at hand, yet cannot be carried about by the owner, there is no place in the rooms not open to curiosity and covetousness. The consequences are natural. So suspicion has sprung up among us, and though the present culprits be detected, it may at any time be caused anew, so long as the circumstances remain the same. But now we have a right to demand some means of protecting ourselves against future depredations.

The duties of the newly elected editors of the *Miscellany*, beginning as heretofore with the October number of the magazine, have been found by experience to involve much inconvenience and some perplexity to those unused to editorial ways and means. To obviate this difficulty, it has been thought best to adopt the plan pursued by many of our college cotemporaries, in making the annual change of editors nearer the middle of the college year, thus giving the new committee a chance to begin its work under much more favorable circumstances. In accordance with this new arrangement, th · editors for the coming year will resign their duties after the issue of the April number; and the new board, taking the July number into its hands, will have ample opportunity to make a leisurely beginning. The work of each committee will be the same in the end, and we believe that the change is in every way desirable, both for the sake of the economy of time which it promotes and the greater convenience it insures in making out the plan of the year's publication.

It would confer a great favor upon the editors, if their friends who do not wish to preserve THE VASSAR MISCELLANY, would forward to them No. 1 of Vols. I. and II., April and November, 1872. The editions are entirely exhausted, and applications are continually made for these numbers to complete files.

In closing our official connection with the *Miscellany*, we would thankfully acknowledge that life and the public have dealt very kindly with us. As we look into each others faces we cannot perceive even the slightest marks of past toils and anxieties. Only the good times have left their imprint. And now, instead of the feeling of relief which we were prepared to experience, something almost like regret is stealing over us. Perhaps it is only the effect of these last days when we linger to say farewell; or perhaps we have actually, as it would seem, learned to sympathise with Hawthorne in his affection for his readers. In either case, we cannot consign these readers to the mercies of the new corps, without expressing the heartiest good-wishes for both.

Home Matters.

In the matter of Senior vacation, '73 hit upon the golden mean between the too scanty measure with which '72 contented itself, and the over extended liberty granted to the classes preceding '71. Two weeks proved exactly long enough for the completion of essays, practice in delivering the same, collecting the goods and chattels amassed in four years, packing, dress-making, note-copying, farewell calls, attentions to friends who came on to visit the College before Commencement, and last and sweetest, long enough for every one to experience for the first time since her eyes beheld Vassar, a feeling of leisure, of comparative indifference to the flight of individual minutes.

The second north became for the nonce a sort of lotos-island, a castle of indolence, a region of *dolce far niente*, *otium cum dignitate*, and all the rest of it—all comparative however. The remission from ordinary duties during the last fortnight of the term tends to save many in each graduating class from falling, after Commencement, into a listless idleness, which is too apt to become a habit by the time the original cause, fatigue, is removed.

Rooms have been drawn for next year in accordance with the plan adopted twelve months ago. Seniors will occupy the second north; Preparatories the third, fourth, and fifth north corridors; while the rest of the building is given up to the three lower classes.

During the past semester, Prof. Mitchell has given the Sophomores five lectures on Popular Astronomy.

Miss Charlotte Cushman visited the College on May 28th.

Saturday, June 7, was election day with most of our societies. The balloting resulted as follows:—

In the Students' Association:

Pres't,—F. M. Cushing,
Vice Pres't,—J. S. Bennett,
Sec'y,—K. Roberts,
Treas.,—M. F. Buffington.

In the Philalethean Society:

Pres't,—E. W. Barrett,
Vice Pres't,—M. W. Marvin,
Sec'y,—E. A. Seidel.
Treas,—L. Sellers.

In the Senior Class:

Pres't,—F. F. Fisher,
Vice Pres't,—L. L. Hamlen,
Sec'y,—M. L. Skillings,
Treas.,—A. E. Cutter,
Poet,—E. L. Hoyt,
Hist'n,—J. S. Bennett,
Sibyl,—A. G. Howes.

The editors of the *Miscellany* for 1873–74 are Misses L. A. Stow, A. G. Howes and A. L. Meeker, from '74, and Misses K. McBain and M. E. Tappan, from '75.

The College badge, first worn by the Class of '73, is a small pin, formed of a slightly ornamented V in frosted gold, surrounding the characters '73 in black enamel, and entwined with a scroll of dead gold, bearing the Class motto,—*A posse ad esse*. The design and workmanship were furnished by

Stevens & Co., New York. The pin, as before stated, is to be adopted, with a change of inscriptions, by each successive Senior class; and any alumna desiring one can obtain it by applying to Miss F. M. Cushing, Vassar College. The price is $9, or with a guard, $10.

Three new boats, of excellent build, have been launched on the pond, and twelve pairs of new oars placed in the boat-house.

The long-talked-of German play in Delta was given on March 21st, and in point of both acting and German, surpassed the highest hopes which had been formed in regard to its presentation. We regret extremely that circumstances have made it impossible for us to publish a criticism in detail of "Von Sieben die Haesslichste," but we are assured that no Philalethean entertainment has ever given more satisfaction.

On the evening of March 27th, Miss Harriet Brittan gave a brief address in the chapel, concerning the Hindu zenanas.

Dr. Felix Hickel, professor in the University of Helsingfors, in Finnland, was a guest of the College, April 24 and 25.

Dr. Chickering of Portland, Secretary of the American Temperance Association, preached in chapel on May 4th, Mr. Mingins, of New York, on May 11th, and Dr. Jewell, of Albany, on June 1st.

We hope that the curtains, which hang in the doorways on each side of the chapel platform, may soon be replaced. The present ones have vexed our eyes long enough. They are too short to hang gracefully, or to conceal persons in the withdrawing-rooms; and their color, a purplish crimson, does not contrast well with the red in the chapel carpet.

The Exoterics have chosen for their colors blue and silver-gray.

'75 held a delightful reception on the evening of May 24th, to which '76 was invited. Supper was served in Society Hall; dancing and other amusements were carried on in the gymnasium.

The dome party this year, on June 12th, was even more charming than usual. Instead of the customary poetical games, birthday odes proved to be an opportune diversion, and the festivities were prolonged until after midnight, so as to include a second anniversary.

The usual Gymnastic Exhibition on Class Day was this year omitted, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Instead, there were private examinations of the several classes, all occurring during the first week in June.

The Junior party for the Seniors came off on the 7th of June. The second central corridor was changed into a brilliant suite of apartments, comprising drawing-rooms, supper and dancing-halls, music-room, and *conservatory*,—for into this last, was Room H, by means of flowers, greens, and rock-work, transformed. "The beginning of the end" was made almost pleasant to '73, by the friendly thoughtfulness of their entertainers, which manifested itself in the universal social enjoyment.

Union meetings have ceased to be an experiment. From the very doubtful success of "Queen of Madagascar," with its ambiguous costumes, the society meetings have this year attained an excellence that has given us "Money" delightfully rendered. Sagacious committee-women know that it is not always easy to get a play from the mail-box to the stage, and our restrictions of this sort, coupled with the angelic infrequency of our dramatic entertainments, raise us to a terrible pitch of excitement when we do go to see our play-actors. The Faculty should consider this nervous strain upon the audience.

The play is well known and needs no comment. The acting was unusually good; our stars were excellently supported. Miss Hamlen's *Alfred Evelyn* won golden opinions, and surely a rendering that could make Bulwer's moral platitudes really affecting must be acknowledged fine. *Clara Douglas* and *Georgina* were good, and especially interesting were *Lady Franklin*, *Smooth*, and *Stout*. *Sir Frederick Blount* was a poor "Dundreary," and the melancholy *Graves*, with his touching reminiscences of "poor dear Maria," would have been infinitely more amusing had he been somewhat less amused at himself.

There was more care than is usually shown in the management of the dramatic situations, there was less acting *at* the audience, there was less imitation of that second-rate ranting and foaming-at-the-mouth sort of acting which is often noticeable on our stage. We rejoiced to observe that the actors seemed really to have attempted what they supposed the characters would have done under the circumstances, rather than what they supposed some actor whom they had seen would do. The costumes were in good taste, and offered a striking contrast to instances we have known, in which the glory of the principal characters appears to have been reached by a wholesale robbery perpetrated upon the rest of the company. On the whole, it was capitally executed, and it is to be hoped that Philalethea may send us many more.

After Commencement several of the Senior class pictures were found in the various rooms. Two cards were eleven by nine inches in size; two, ten by seven. Any one missing a card from her set, can probably obtain it by addressing Miss E. D. Swift, Poughkeepsie, and describing the picture.

Due honor and praise be unto Beta for her perseverance in seeking out a play free from demoralizing tendencies. That this was no easy task we can well believe, seeing how fruitless have been the endeavors of both Alpha and Delta to do likewise. The story of David Copperfield is so familiar that most of us have decided opinions concerning, not only the character, but also the personal appearance of David, Emily and Uriah. They are to us old friends rather than mere creations of fancy. We never should have recognized in the Uriah of this play our old acquaintance. The actor's personal appearance reminded us more of the "Heathen Chinee" than of the long, lank figure which Uriah certainly must have possessed. But if the face and form of Uriah Heep were wanting, his humility was rendered provokingly enough to satisfy even Dickens. David, we thought, kept his countenance strangely unmoved while tears and blessings were showered upon his head. As for great, noble Mr. Peggotty, he did his part to perfection, bringing tears even to the eyes of the stoniest when he tenderly raised himself on tiptoe to pat the chin of his "poor faded lily." All the actors were thoroughly interested, and the play proceeded in a very animated manner. Beta has reason to feel fully repaid for the trouble the drama cost her.

Many were the hearts which throbbed with unlimited expectation before the inhospitable doors of Society Hall during the better half of Silent Time, May 9th, 1873. It would certainly require *some* effort to fulfill half the generous promises of that puffy Cecilia programme. Moreover, the *last* appearance of the *unrivalled* Infant Orchestra, assisted by several great unknown cantatrices, was *positively* announced. No wonder anticipation was rampant. The concert opened with Thalberg's *Fantasie* from *The Huguenots.* At the first sweet notes of the Andante every eye was turned towards the modest piano corner, and when the music ceased, "Well done" was the impromptu verdict of the audience, echoed after the lovely, but almost too low *Il primo affetto.*

Perhaps we yawned a little before the long reading was over. We wanted *Die Vogel Kantate*, and Friday evening couldn't last forever. Finally the curtain rose, and with deep interest we watched Fraulein Nachtigall emerge from her nest. The *Kantate* was well sung, though the voices of the performers were smothered by the comical beaks. The *Kinder Symphonie* would have been better had it been just one-third as long. In ten minutes we looked for the end; in twenty the conversational buzz waxed loud, and at the finale everybody heaved a sigh of relief. As the instruments were rather defective, more fault belongs to them than to the performers, whose zeal was certainly commendable. Considering the entertainment as a whole, its excellencies far outnumbered its defects. It is to be regretted that the overcrowding of the Hall prevented many auditors from deriving their due share of enjoyment.

March 26 and 27, the classes in Zoology and Physiology assembled in Room D, to listen to two lectures from Dr. Hailes, of the Albany Medical College. He prefaced the discussion of his subject, the primary tissues of animal bodies, by a brief narration of the benefits to histology and the impetus given to that science by the successful combination of camera and compound microscope. He then exhibited on a screen a series of micro-photographic slides, representing the various tissues. Explanation and illustration so closely linked rendered material assistance to his audience in their respective studies.

The three lectures delivered in chapel on the art of nursing, have given us practical hints in a manner so entertaining that it will be impossible to forget them. We thank Dr. Avery now, and are assured that whenever it falls to us to have care of the sick, we shall repeat our praise and gratitude for her valuable advice.

The Giraud Ornithological Collection has lately received additions to the families of the *Fringillidæ*, *Sylvicolidæ*, and *Alcidæ*, also a fine specimen of the *Tachypetes aquilis.* The Cabinet is becoming much too small for the number of its specimens, and we hope soon to see a more commodious apartment prepared for their reception.

The Junior Logic Class being interested in Banking, and other questions of Political Economy, recently had the pleasure of listening to a short lecture, by Matthew Vassar, Jr., on Stocks, Bonds, Mortgages, and business matters of general importance. Mr. Vassar's ability as a business man, his enthusiasm, and love of fair play in public and private transactions, are so well known as to make it unnecessary to say that he deeply interested his hearers. The class is indebted to him for one of the pleasantest mornings of the whole term.

Most of the class pictures and views of the College, by Mr. Howell, have been received. The likenesses are generally good, but their mounting, both as regards the quality of the paper and care in finish, gives indifferent satisfaction. It is true Mr. Howell's prices have been extremely low ; still, his promise, that the work should be done in his best manner, stands by no means fulfilled.

The class of 1873 is the largest which has ever been graduated from Vassar. It is composed of forty-seven members, whose average age is twenty-one years and four months. Nineteen of them are from New York, three from other Middle States, fifteen from New England, nine from the West, and one from Kentucky.

"No Autograph Albums taken after June 5, 1873," was the *cave canem* on a door on the Second North.

The friends of Thomas, the self-regulating, self-adjusting, self propelling, double-back-action, perpetually-moving factotum of this institution, include, we know, all who have ever been connected with the College. Every one has often had reason to thank his strong, willing arms, and his faithful attendance to his duties as general porter. The same respectful "Yes, miss," answers each and every request, from "Thomas, come up to the fifth floor and lift my dictionary off the table," to "Thomas, strap these five trunks together, and carry them immediately to my room." No wonder '73 considered her album incomplete without his picture, and paid his way to New York and Howell's.

The register-book of the College exhibits many well-known names since our last record,—Miss Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. Girton, prominent in connection with the cause of education in England, John B. Gough, and others mentioned elsewhere. Miss Nourse, of Cincinnati, spent several days at the College, early in the spring. Sister Edith, of St. Agnes' School, in Albany, was another guest whose profession gave her a deep interest in the workings of the institution.

The ruling passion strong in death, tolled the knell of '73 with the auctioneer's hammer. In former years, before Mammon ruled supreme, retiring Seniors kept their memories green (or blue or maroon, according to the color of lounge, lambrequin or table-covers) by bestowing parting gifts on under-class-women. But the last class preferred hard cash to sentiment, and on one of the last Saturday mornings of the term posted handbills throughout the house, announcing the sale of the personal property of the Class of '73, magnificent paintings,—rich carvings,—luxurious furniture—fine lot of choice medicines,—stew-pans, articles indispensable to every student,—great sacrifice, —knocked down to the highest bidder;—long yellow handbills in startling capitals. By ten o'clock an expectant crowd was gathered under the red flag on the Second North Transverse. The three drollest spirits of the class mounted the block in turn, and disclosed their true vocation in their breathless narration of the excellencies, intrinsic and from association, of article after article, brackets, book-shelves, curtains, lounges, articles useful and articles ornamental, and articles combining both qualifications. "Here is a chair almost beyond price, beautiful externally, as you see, and with hidden charms. Phillips Brooks sat in it when he visited the Senior parlor,—perhaps Miss Cushman, too. Its value increases with its age; you will keep it

a hundred years and leave it as your most valued possession in your will. Who'll begin to bid, at double the original cost?" "This wall-pocket has held all the exchanges of THE VASSAR MISCELLANY during the year. Its very pores are saturated with wit and wisdom." "Here is a bottle of the renowned Sun-Light Cordial, so-called because it must be kept in the dark: a clear case of *lucus sed non lucendo;* gives elasticity to the step, brightness to the eye, bloom to the cheek, fatal to freckles, cures headache, fever-and-ague, and toothache,—who bids? who bids?" In spite of the merriment, (perhaps on account of it) business was lively and bidding brisk. The Grand Closing-Out Sale was so successful, and there was such a general transfer of goods and chattels, to be delivered on the afternoon of Commencement Day, that not a Senior packed with a certainty of rightful possession, anything but the sheepskin indelibly inscribed with her name, and valuable only to the original owner.

For once there has been equilibrium in a Poughkeepsie assemblage. Usually Collingwood Opera House presents a decidedly feminine appearance, Vassar occupying a goodly section, and every adult male accompanied by a girl's boarding school. But on June 18th, the editorial convention, the brassiest of bands, free seats and Henry Ward Beecher, proved a combination irresistible to the masculine mind, and we were no longer the majority that rules. The knights of the quill impressed the common mind by their solemn phalanx on the platform, broken in the front by five empty chairs, left, we suppose, for the editors of THE MISCELLANY. Mayor Eastman soared to oratorical heights. Poughkeepsie, for the first time on record, cheered the mention of the College, in a manner, however, more indicative of a conservative acquiescence in the sentiment, "The Ladies– bless 'em," than of a growing reconciliation to Vassar. Mr. Cook then read a humorous poem by B. P. Shillaber, at whose dirge-like cadence all relapsed into pensiveness. Mr. Beecher soon aroused them, however, as he spoke earnestly and powerfully on the rising of the profession of journalism to a rank with those of law, medicine, and theology. He spoke with moderation, not exaggerating its present or future position. It would never usurp, he said, the influence of the pulpit, but would become the medium by which the word spoken to a few hundred is carried to as many thousands. It would not displace books, but be the sea on which they are buoyed up. The publication of the *The Tribune* extras had increased, not diminished, the sale of scientific books. He made an eloquent appeal against the great space allowed in otherwise respectable papers, to revolting accounts of butchery and beastliness. If the public demanded this, it denoted the same fatally corrupt taste that took Romans to the brutal contests of the gladiatorial arena. His terrible earnestness could not but have impressed all; and we may hope that the eyes of many editors were opened to the frequent offences against the purity and morality of society.

This deliberative assembly spent Thursday between West Point, Newburgh, and a banquet in the evening; on Friday came to the College, were welcomed by the President in the chapel, and then, in numerous groups, were conducted over the building, under the direction of the various trustees and members of the Faculty.

The string concert of May 23d was universally acknowledged a musical treat of a high order, embracing so many pleasing and well-executed pieces that it would be difficult to select those most worthy of notice.

The concert opened with a trio by Miss Walton and Messrs. Matzka and Berg-

ner. This was followed by a Sonata for violin and piano by Mendelssohn, the piano part of which was sustained with great correctness by Miss Adams.

Haydn's *F major Sonata*, by Miss Bliss, was played with grace and that simplicity which should always characterize Haydn's music.

The two gems of song rendered by Miss Jacobs, called forth hearty applause, as did the last movements of Mendelssohn's B flat Sonata, played with sweetness and a clear fine touch, by Miss Stevens.

Much study and brilliancy of execution were displayed by Miss McBain in her interesting selection from Goldmark's *Suite*.

The *Ave Maria*, by Miss Kellogg, was followed by a Hebrew melody charmingly rendered by Miss Stow.

Miss Wilson's execution in the final trio was brilliant and finished, closing most acceptably a programme which, though of a greater length than is generally desirable, was heartily enjoyed by the audience.

There will be no further necessity for the expenditure of half-dollars upon the small boys who bring telegrams to us. We are informed that the Western Union Telegraph Company has accepted an invitation to extend its line to the College. It is now thought that all arrangements will be completed, and an office established here, before the opening of the fall term.

Personals.

We are this year obliged to chronicle the death of another of our trustees. The Hon. Joseph C. Doughty, one of the gentlemen originally chosen by Mr. Vassar to aid him in the establishment of the College, died in Poughkeepsie, after an illness of several weeks, on the 7th of April last. The funeral services were held from the Second Reformed Church, where the Rev. Dr. J. E. Elmendorf pronounced an impressive discourse from Isaiah iii., 1–4. "The Lord hath taken away the honorable man."

Mr. Doughty had long been engaged in business connected with the Upper Landing, at Poughkeepsie. In 1863 he was elected Member of Assembly, by the Democratic party of this district. As a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, his relations with Vassar College, especially during the last year, were of the most important nature.

Professor Orton sailed for South America, June 23. He is accompanied by two members of the graduating class from the New York School of Mines. The main object of his research and exploration will be the physical geography of the Upper Amazon, the natural history of the region being, however, a prominent incidental. Professor Orton will not return until after the winter holidays.

Professor Mitchell sailed for Europe, June 28. She will return early in autumn.

F. Shouse, of '74, left College early in April.

M'lle. Villiot sailed for Europe, June 21. She will not return to Vassar.

Miss Kapp also sailed, June 21. She will return to College in September.

Miss Segur sailed for Liverpool, June 28. She expects to remain in Europe at least one year.

Miss L. M. Washburne has left the Freedman's High School at Hampton, Va., and is now teaching in California.

L J. McMillan, of '74, sailed for Europe, June 21, intending to return to the College at the beginning of next year.

Miss. E. S. Eastman, formerly of '73, graduated this year from Cornell University.

"Fraulein Mina," is the first book written by Miss Norris, of '70. It is intended to show, in a pleasant, natural way, that any one may make great progress in self-culture, by using a little energy and perseverance, and also to hold up a better life than the aimless one led by most girls after leaving school. The author has not altogether failed in her purpose: yet the book is, on the whole, less than we had a right to expect. Several marks of bad taste are apparent; for instance, the unnecessary and, to our thinking, affected frequency of German words and phrases. Glad as we are to see our alumnæ "in print," as an evidence that they are busy about something, we want them always to do themselves justice.

Married.

In April, 1872, M. Stearns to Herr Friedrich, formerly of Bern.

August 27, 1872, Louise Kapp to Herr Alfred von der Leyen.

April 29, 1873, Eda I. Hurd, of Evanstown, Ill., to George S. Lord, of Chicago.

May 7, 1873, Rebecca Read to Charles B. Cooke, both of Fall River, Mass.

May 15, 1873, at Manhattan, Kansas, E. J. Williams, of '69, to J. Wells Champney.

May 21, 1873, Eva Ramsay, of '74, to W. R. Hunt, of Philadelphia.

June 3, in Chicago, J. K. De Clercq, of '69, to Birney J. Moore.

June 5, in Norwalk, Ohio, Annie L. Baker, of '68, to James F. Brooks.

Varieties.

"So dark and yet so light," as the man said as he looked at his ton of coal.

Some one was sending off a postal card. "It won't get there as soon as a telegraph dispatch, will it?" inquired a looker-on.

"What handy things these are," said a man, as he enclosed his postal card

in an envelope, stamped it and sent it to the post-office. "I wonder that they didn't have them long ago."

"Half-past twelve, I declare," said a student, returning late at night after last vacation. "Good!" said her companion, "I shall count that on to-morrow's exercise."

A place for everything and everything in its place. A man at Princeton College nails his slippers on the wall, four feet up, and then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them.

An applicant for a pair of boots, at one of our stores, was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, "Why, two, of course."

They don't believe in using harsh terms down East. The *Danbury News* says that a stern parient *fondled* his son with a trunk strap, because the youth liked scientific terms, and had frightened his mother nearly to death by telling her that she had been eating acephalous mollusks.

A little boy who had been indulging in a story, just for fun, was told that it was wrong, and that he must ask the Lord to forgive him. After thinking about it for a moment, he kneeled down and gravely said: "Dear Lord, can't you take a joke? Amen."

Western editors still indulge in their aboriginal love for figurative language, as is shown by the following, quoted from a Fort Wayne paper. Speaking of a man killed on the railroad, it says: "He was fast asleep, locked in the arms of both Morpheus and Somnus, and was only awakened by the glorious light that shone from the judgment throne in the land beyond the river."

The rich and pretentious shoddyite who wanted to know "what the dog was after him for," when a dealer showed him a picture "after Landseer," afterwards said that "he thought seers were able to guard against such accidents by their ability in foretelling the future," but added, "perhaps I have been mistaken in regard to land seers; I don't know much about them." —*Commercial Advertiser.*

"Prof. R. quite frightened me," said a lady, speaking of a recent lecture on chemistry. "I had no idea nitro-glycerine was so dangerous. Think of the children! I went right home and took my bottle of glycerine and carried it on a pair of tongs down to the bottom of the garden, and buried it under some rubbish. I only hope that no beggars will find it, and hurt themselves."

Those who remained at the College during Commencement week will agree with the following extract from a letter of Sidney Smith's, written in July, 1836:

"Very high or very low temperature extinguishes all human sympathy and relations. It is impossible to feel affection beyond 28° or below 20° Fahrenheit; nature is too solid or too liquid beyond these limits. Man only lives to shiver or to perspire. God send that the glass may fall and restore me to my regard for you, which in the temperate zone is invariable."

We learn from a Leipzig correspondent that there are now in that most frequented of all German universities a number of female students from

abroad, attending lectures on Medicine, the Natural Sciences, and Jurisprudence, and that one of them, a Russian young lady, Miss de Ewreinow, who also has been for a longer time attending the lectures on Law, has quite recently been solemnly graduated a Doctor Juris, after having previously handed in to the Faculty a satisfactory law dissertation, and passed the so-called *Examen rigorosum*. She proposes to continue her studies for the purpose of pursuing the career of a writer in the field of jurisprudence.

When a boy is in haste to go somewhere on his own account it is not exactly the time to send him elsewhere on your own account. But a fond Danbury mother thought differently. She wanted her boy to carry something down stairs, when he thought he ought to be out doors tickling the carman's horse. But he took the things. He put a mirror under one arm and a clock under the other. Then he took a chair in each hand, and hung a pail of dishes around his neck, and filled his pockets with tumblers, and started for the stairs. Just as he got to the top to commence the descent, the mirror slipped, and in an endeavor to recover it he lost his balance, and went shooting down to the next floor, accompanied by all those articles, and making an earthquake at every bound. Coming up the stairs at the same time was the carman. He saw the danger, and had sufficient presence of mind to shout: "Hey, you! go back!" But the boy did not hear him, apparently, for he kept right on, and by the carman, leaving that unfortunate man to follow on his head. The cries and the crash brought the rest of the family to the rescue, and the disconsolate youth was saturated with arnica and tears, contrary to the advice of the carman, who suggested that he be driven into the earth with a mallet.—*Danbury News.*

College Items and Exchanges.

We could no more omit a mention of the *Yale Lit.* than *The Quarterly Review* could ignore the *Atlantic*. And this time it is the purely classic element as exhibited in a short and simple annal of a poor college student of two thousand years ago, that claims our praise. A judicious use of critical and imaginative powers has discovered a gem of purest ray serene, in the unfathomable depths of *Arnold's Prose Composition;* and Balbus and Caius will go down the ages with Tom Brown at Oxford.

Birds in their little nests agree, and it would be a much less painful sight if College papers did not let their angry passions rise in regard to *The Harvard Advocate*. We regret this exhibition of spirit, and, as a disinterested observer, would drop the caution that all this pecking and scratching may be construed to be the unrestrained expression of jealousy of a fine bird with very fine plumage. To be sure, *The Advocate* is very aggravating, showing so evidently in every movement that it regards itself as the proud cock of the walk. Its treatment of its exchanges is characterized by an absoluteness of statement that, as *The Nation* would say, is out of place anywhere but in an inspired writer,—Isaiah or King David. Nevertheless, it has a kind of right to all its high mightiness, for the superior and finished style which characterizes most of its articles. However, even Demosthenes seemed to Cicero, at times, to nod. By the way, a rash youth in foreign parts, lately rendered the passage from Quintilian,—"cum Ciceroni dormitare interim Demosthenes videatur,"—"Demosthenes was seen to go to sleep while reading Cicero."

A Dartmouth Sophomore sighing for an *Anthon's Analytic*, is connected by strong bonds of sympathy with Vassar Seniors. Their cry is "A pony on Calderwood." Is this "Moral?" There must be some subtle, demoralizing influence in the study which would, *a priori*, be supposed most elevating; for '72 also was a victim. She was wont to bet her last lead pencil and best ink eraser on the chances and probabilities of individual rehearsals of the higher spiritual faculties and virtues. But what adherents to the delightful *dolce far niente* these Dartmouth students must be, when the following dialogue can be chronicled of that part of the course where Greek and Calculus are optional:—

Professor.—R., what is the object of studying Calculus?

R.—To get rid of Greek, sir."

Chicago weather is sometimes wonderful; but there is nothing mean about it. It aims to be cosmopolitan. It wants to give everybody a chance. Young Spooks came down town the other day with an umbrella, a buffalo over-coat, a linen duster, a pair of snow-shoes, a Panama hat, a seal-skin cap, and a Japanese fan; but as it was the day for a tornado, he made use of some strong words to give expression to his feelings, because he had forgotten his accident policy. *The Palladium.*

As the surest sign of the revived prosperity of Union University, *The Spectator* states that Alumni and friends are coming forward with substantial aid. Large additions have been made to the college endowment fund, and $5,000 to the Dudley Observatory is to be spent in the interest of meteorology, spectrum analysis, and kindred branches of scientific research.

The following comes under the head of smooth translations; "*Cæsar in Germanis silvis bellum fecit*," rendered, "Cæsar made a bell of German silver." *The Annalist.*

An active little girl, whose parents adopted the repression system of keeping the Sabbath, once confidentially informed a visitor that she "would like to be a minister, so that she could holler on Sunday."

The College Journal.

There are several interesting expeditions being planned for the summer vacation by different professors. A few students will be permitted to join the parties. It is an opportunity to study a specialty seldom offered. Prof. Eaton will botanize in the White Mountains. Prof. Verrill will dredge for zoological specimens along the north-east coast. Prof. Marsh's expedition to the plains is widely known. *The Yale Record.*

The following periodicals have been received as exchanges during the past year:

Association Monthly, Boston Journal of Chemistry, College Courant, Harkness' Magazine, Woman's Journal, Voice from the Old Brewery, Academy, Acorn, Algona Collegian, Amherst Student, Annalist, Anvil, Bates Collegian, Beloit College Monthly, Blackburn Gazette, Brunonian, Cap and Gown, Central Collegian, Chronicle, College Argus, College Courier, College Days, (Lancaster City,) College Days, (Ripon), College Express, College Herald, College Journal, (Georgetown), College Jour-

nal (Pittsburgh), College Times, College Spectator, Collegian of Kentucky University, Cornell Era, University Hunter, Dalhousie Gazette, Dartmouth, Denison Collegian, Dickinsonian, Easton Daily Free Press, Emory Banner, Georgia Collegian, Geyser, Hamilton Literary Magazine, Harvard Advocate, Hesperian Student, High School Gazette, Hobart Sentinel, Index Niagarensis, Indiana Student, Irving Union, Lawrence Collegian, LaFayette Monthly, Leaflets of Thought, Madisonensis, Magenta, Marietta Olio, Miami Student, Mills Quarterly, Mt. Pleasant Reveille, Nassau Literary Magazine, Naeolian Review, Olive Leaf, Owl, Orient, Our Student's Record, Packer Quarterly, Palladium, Quiver, Qui Vive, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Simpsonian, Spectrum, Stevens College Chaplet, Student, Targum, Tilden Enterprise, Trinity Tablet, Tripod, Tyro, Union College Magazine, University Echo, University Herald, University Missourian, University Reporter, University Review, Virginia University Magazine, Volante, Western Collegian, Westminster Monthly, Williams Review, Williams Vidette, Yale Courant, Yale Literary Magazine, Yale Record, Young Cadet.

Commencement Week.

——The weather on Baccalaureate Sunday was cool and cloudy. Service in the chapel began at half-past three in the afternoon. The President preached from the text: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."—Job, xxxii., 8. His sermon treated of the antagonism of science and religion, with especial reference to the theory of evolution, as set forth by Darwin and his disciples. While admitting that science, in its progress, may destroy many prejudices, and some dogmas hitherto held as inviolable truths, Dr. Raymond showed it to be impossible that the human mind, if it would maintain its own character, should ever assent to those extreme conclusions of the evolutionary theory which would annihilate a creative God.

His charge to the Seniors was very impressive. He exhorted them to encourage, and examine with fairness, every advance-step of science, as an approach towards truth, yet never to relinquish the highest privilege of their nature by renouncing their faith in God. The discourse was one of the President's best efforts, and eminently adapted to the occasion.

——The "high state-and-festival" concert with which the Musical Department "crowns the work" of the year, was marked this season by the omission of two characteristic features,—the fervent heat and the grand thunderstorm finale which have usually afflicted performers and audience. The programme was remarkably choice in selection and happy in arrangement.

The large audience showed itself interested and appreciative, though one might here and there behold the familiar expression of polite but "unclas-

sical" despair, which seemed to say, "'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would 't were done!"

Bach's noble *Prelude and Fugue in E minor* gave Miss Ely an opportunity to exhibit the progress which she has this year made in the study of the organ. Moscheles' *Les Contrastes*,—that eccentric but charming interweaving of fugue, andante and rondo, was creditably performed by Misses Clarkson, Kelley, Beetem and Jacoby. The duet from *Der Freischutz* well displayed the clear soprano of Miss Kellogg and the sympathetic tones of Miss Lough. The *Capriccio Brillante in B minor*, of Mendelssohn, was well interpreted by Miss Poppleton, accompanied by Miss Webb. In the *Romance* from *Mignon*, Miss Jacobs charmed her audience, though we cannot but feel that a different selection might better have suited her voice and style.

Liszt's Transcription of the *March* in *Tannhauser* was played with precision and brilliancy by Miss McBain. Misses Bliss and Shepard performed the *Adagio* and *Rondo* of Weber's *Concer to in E flat*, and with much credit to themselves. Miss Durand sang Gluck's beautiful "Che faró senza Euridice," and we wish that Miss Cary's rendering of that exquisite lamentation did not so haunt us as to render a just criticism perhaps impossible. The *Andante* and *Allegro vivace*, of Mendelssohn's wonderful *Concerto in G minor* were admirably performed by Miss Stevens, accompanied by Miss Stow, and may fairly be called the success of the evening as regards instrumental music. Miss Ireland then gave *Nobil Donna* from *Les Huguenots*, and that difficult aria displayed grace, skill and an admirable method, which led us to forget that her success is due quite as much to art as to nature. Miss Walton closed the programme with a brilliantly executed *Paraphrase* of airs from *Rigoletto*, by Liszt, and the assembly, which had been generous in applause, departed in peace.

We must thank the Musical Department for showing us that under the training of our Professor and his assistants, difficult solos and duets may be executed with precision from memory, and that Vassar's musicians are not of those damsels who "can't play anything without their notes."

——The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees occurred on Tuesday, June 24th. Among the actions taken we note the following:

The vacancies caused by the death of Joseph C. Doughty, Esq., and the resignations of Judge Reynolds and the Hon. George H. Andrews, were filled by the election of F. D. Huntington, Bishop of the Diocese of Central New York, Howard Crosby, Chancellor of the University of New York City, and Reson A. Wight, Esq., also of New York.

The Trustees appropriated $1,000 to be applied, (with a like sum contributed by several gentlemen of Poughkeepsie), for the purchase of a complete collection of Photographic representations of the history and progress of art, in architecture and painting, from the earliest periods to present dates, to be selected by the Rev. J. C. Corning and Prof. Lubke, of Stuttgart, under the direction of Prof. Van Ingen.

The subject of soliciting and establishing scholarships, for the benefit of indigent students of superior acquirements and promise, who are unable to meet any of the College charges, was favorably considered, and an outline of a plan was submitted to the Trustees, and referred to a committee, to be considered, matured and reported upon at the next annual meeting.

CLASS DAY.

EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL.

Music.

Address, ... *L. F. Corliss.*

Music.

History, ... *A. Skeel.*

Music.

Poem, ... *M. G. Townsend.*

Music.

Prophecy, ... *E. Weed.*

EXERCISES AT THE TREE.

Presentation of the Spade.

Senior Charge, ... *S. S. Dana.*

Junior Reply, ... *M. W. Marvin.*

Burial of the Records.

——The sun came of course—he always does: such methodical regularity has astronomy established in his movements,—but he did not *see* Class Day, was conquered by the grayness and perversity of intervening clouds. A general mental sombreness was the result of his pusillanimity and ignominious defeat. To think of '73 standing in a ridiculous light on the chapel platform, singing round a tub-pomegranate or an oleander tree! Or worse yet, what if the threatening storm should delay, allowing the ceremonies to advance well into the open-air stage, then should burst forth, coming like death to Deacon Jones' consumptive mare, "surprisingly suddint at the last," while Juniors and Seniors lost pomp and pride, running with draggled trains to shelter!

One of these alternatives, devoid of all poetry, sentiment, or grace, seemed destined to mar the complete success of the day. Those immediately interested could be readily distinguished from the common herd by their heavenward gaze. We fear that their guests did not receive undivided attention. "Ah!—yes; excuse me,—but is not that a bit of blue near the horizon?" The poor guests wandered aimlessly everywhere, but principally into the way of the Decoration Committee, spent their energies in getting up an interest in graptolite or armadillo, languidly regarded the surrounding landscape, paddled a little on the lake,—until every high-minded student, from sub-alumnae to sub-freshmen would willingly have foregone our enjoyable tree exercises, would gladly have welcomed a regular Fourth-of-July thunderstorm, if it could have restored vitality to the ennuied strangers. We ourselves, in our official capacity, did what we could for three gentlemen connected with the New York press, who had "done" every Commencement at Vassar since its foundation eight years ago. We offered them a package of car-tickets, with which to amuse themselves by riding in and out from Poughkeepsie, till afternoon.

But the longest morning, even under the depressing influence of a murky sky, will at last come to an end, and two o'clock came, finding corridors, parlors, stairways and chapel, in addition to a delightful little reception-room (Room J transformed), in their usual holiday attire,—also, the same Marianas at the moated grange of Room F, refusing to derive comfort from the maxim, "They also serve who only stand and wait." THE MISCELLANY, a year ago, plead for these victims of a misplaced confidence in American youth, and in their understand-

ing of the "R. s. v. p," on the cards of invitation. It endeavored to excite in American youth a laudable curiosity in regard to these cabalistic letters, and to spur A. Y. to an ambition to penetrate their meaning. Its efforts have signally failed, as Philalethean, Founder's Day, and now Class Day, bear witness, and our missionary spirit (the result of our connection with the Society of Religious Inquiry) urges us to advance further in the good work of enlightenment, and proclaim to the benighted that R. s. v. p. is acrostic for "Regret Sending, Very Polite," "regret" including "acceptance," as man includes woman. By the eye of faith we already see disappearing in blue smoke all further cause of complaint, so we lay aside the mantle and staff of apostle called to preach the gospel of good manners, and, again reporter, gather our note-books, and proceed to the chapel. Scarcely are we seated before the band announces the entrance of the class whose day we celebrate. They are successfully marshalled by Miss Knowles, to whom is due much of the smoothness and absence of confusion which characterize the exercises throughout.

As the music ceased, Miss Corliss ascended the platform, to welcome the guests, and by an amusing amplification of the programme to raise their expectations high in regard to the entertainment that was to follow. Then '73 grew confidential, and disclosed to the public the Past, Present and Future,—her Past and Future by means of History and Prophecy; her Present of literary fame through the excellence of each and all of her chosen representatives.

Froude, Motley, and Macaulay sunk to the mists of the horizon as a new and brilliant luminary appeared in their sky. The historian of '73 displayed such force and vividness in narration, such earnest fidelity in antiquarian research, such broad appreciation of the philosophy of history, that we predict, should she continue in the career her class has thrust upon her, that even the tutelary deity of the Freshman L. L. L. L. Club (Livy, Latin, Lord and Larks) will become a name unknown, that Skeel and Skeel alone, through her Universal History, shall instruct the masses. In this, her maiden effort, her keen perception of hidden causes amounted to an inspiration, when she made the strict economy (parsimony to the evil eye) of '73 Seniors the natural outgrowth of a certain disappointment of '73 Sophomores. In their survey of the farm they had corrected errors in regard to a new purchase, and saved the College six hundred dollars. They felt a confident assurance that six hundred dollars would be transferred to each and every one of them as a reward for youthful accuracy and ability. With such great expectations they had been a little extravagant, slightly spendthrift, in fact. But their hope had failed them, and in their old age, which should have been spent, in comfortable ease, stern necessity had driven them to auction and acrobatics. The real wit of Miss Skeel's production made it heartily enjoyed, even by those who understood few of the hits.

The poem was gracefully written and gracefully delivered. When metre changed, and manuscript was laid aside, '73 recognized familiar lines that had fallen long ago from the same lips. As memories crowded, of the class that then stood together after but two years of common interest, of the many diminutions of that number whose remnant time was knitting so closely together, '73 felt that she was indeed listening to a "Message from the Past."

Finally the Sibyl approached, from her long interview with the Fates. Her intercourse with the supernatural had left its traces. There was something uncanny about her as she stood revelling in the consternation of '73, and consequent amusement of the audience, at her statement that she was merely the mouth-piece of her class-mates, repeating that of which each had individually advised her. Her manner throughout was a potent auxiliary to the

generally pleasing effect which her prophecy produced. One or two unfortunate allusions had the appearance to the uninitiated of bitter personality. In these cases there had not been sufficient regard paid to the unfavorable construction that might so easily attach itself to jesting words said in good part. A Class Day audience does not expect to understand much that is said; but it should always be apparent that there is *something* to take the sting out of seemingly ill-natured hits.

The elements still continuing their masterly inactivity, the marshal directed the company to proceed to the tree, an elm heading the row which borders the path leading from the south wing of the College to the lake. A rope ring surrounding the tree made a dusty arena, in which assembled the Senior and Junior classes, each with a chosen champion on the raised dais in the center. These two were to endeavor to settle the old score, then, whatever the result, ever after to hold their peace. They measured swords, and found them nearly equal, made from a common store of ingenuity and class-spirit. Perhaps Miss Dana used hers with more of grace, the metal appearing all the sharper for the flowers that wreathed it; while Miss Marvin found good service in a certain bluntness of her weapon. One cut skilfully, the other dealt powerful blows. Miss Marvin's line of defence was the practicalness and literalness of a very Traddles. Ignoring metaphor, deaf to irony, stoical to satire, she quoted from Miss Dana's charge only to condense her elaborate figures into commonplace sentences, inimitably delivered. After much dexterous practice, that would have done credit to West Point, the swords which had been in active use for three long years, were thrown aside, and earnest words of parting mingled with mutual good wishes, showed that '73 and '74 had each, through all, regarded her foeman as worthy of her steel.

The class records were next enclosed in a metallic case by the class secretary, and while the President of the class was turning the first layer of earth on the entombed archives, the plaintive cadences of the class song rose and fell. With the words "our last farewell," the Class Day of '73 became itself a matter of history. The feet that had been now tripping gayly, now loitering as memories were sad—and four years can but contain many such,—strove to accommodate themselves to the more stately, even pace of Commencement Day.

——The annual address before the Philalethean Society was delivered at half-past seven o'clock on the evening of June 24th. The speaker of the occasion,—Miss M. W. Whitney, of '68, having been introduced by Miss Blanche Wilder, the President of the Society, announced as her subject,—"The Discipline and Spirit of Culture." A discussion of this topic must always arouse keen interest in an American audience; at this time that interest was much enhanced by the circumstances as well as the manner of its presentation. Miss Whitney's general views seemed to accord with those of the most liberal and scholarly thinkers of our time; she gave them vividness and point, by a somewhat detailed application to that class of her auditors for whom her remarks were especially designed. Her style was clear and forcible, her inferences logical, and her arrangement symmetrical. As regards literary execution, almost the sole fault of the discourse was a tone so even that it produced the effect of monotony, and made the chief points of a really exact and comprehensive analysis, obscure to all but the most close and unremitting attention. This defect combined with Miss Whitney's imperfect elocution, to impair the fine effect of a lecture which, as a whole, deserves the warmest commendation. We hope that the Philalethean Society

will see fit to publish it; it can not fail to gain higher appreciation from a careful perusal.

——No one ever doubted that the Commencement exercises of '73 would be a grand finale to their College career; but few were prepared for the unrivalled success of Wednesday, the 25th of June. The weather was unexceptionable, and at an unusually early hour the guests began to assemble in the corridors and parlors. The company was larger than on any previous occasion, and included many distinguished persons, among them Bishop Huntington, Benson J. Lossing, David Dudley Field, Dr. Bellows, Miss Mary Carpenter, and Mrs. Wilbour, President of Sorosis. The guests of the Seniors more than filled the goodly portion of the chapel reserved for them. The students, with the exception of the graduating class, marched in procession to their seats in the gallery. The trustees, members of the Faculty, and teachers, were then ushered to their respective places on the platform. Last of all came the Seniors, and in a few moments both seats and aisles were completely filled.

After the organ voluntary, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Lathrop. At the close of the prayer, Miss Swift welcomed the audience in a Latin salutatory, which was gracefully tendered and appreciatively received. The applause she obtained was due equally to her mastery of the language, her manner of delivery, and the high standing she occupied in her class.

Miss Phelps' essay treated of Thomas Arnold as an educator. The speaker's genuine enthusiasm for her subject was united with force and directness of expression, and made her countenance the index to her thoughts. The figures employed were few but striking, and agreeably relieved a terse and antithetical style. By means of bold, accurate strokes she vividly portrayed the nature and life of a man, the simplest description of whose character cannot fail to constitute a noble picture.

Miss Perry delivered her essay on "Life in the Deep Sea," clearly and pleasantly, without any attempt at oratory. She described life and its conditions at different depths, and brought out many important facts in an interesting way. She had little opportunity for imaginative writing, but handled her topic judiciously, with a thorough understanding of cause and consequence, and holding up the great rewards which Nature offers to whomsoever shall penetrate this vast province of her unexplored but not uninhabited regions.

The *Finale* of the *Fifth Symphony*, which followed, showed in its execution that the performers understood the grand work. The light passages were delicately rendered, and the heavy strains came out full and bold. There was no hurrying in the time, and no lack of unity in the conception of the composer's idea.

When the symphony was ended, Miss Brewer delivered an essay on the "Theory of Perturbations." The subject was treated with a simplicity and dignity worthy of such a sublime theme, and gave evidence of research and hard study. She spoke of the influence of the planets on each other, of their relative necessity to each other, and of the harmony which their seeming irregularity produced. She mentioned some examples of the accuracy of early astronomical calculations, and brought forth plainly and strongly the immutable laws of the universe. Her essay was particularly appreciated by those sufficiently advanced in the science to comprehend fully her theory.

In fine contrast to Miss Brewer's essay came the two which discussed the literature of the age, the one regarding it as critical rather than creative, the other as creative rather than critical. They could scarcely be said to

constitute a debate, since Miss Wilson seemed to admit all that Miss Wilder had said; they were rather two able arguments, combining to prove that the age was both critical and creative. Miss Wilder was the more ready and brilliant; her analysis was clear, her illustrations apt, and her quotations to the point. Her essay united fire and enthusiasm with elegance and harmony of construction. Among the great names she chose to support her views, were Macaulay and Thackeray, and her arguments seemed to possess something of the exhaustive power of the former and the keen penetration of the latter.

Miss Wilson was calmer and more poetical; her ideas were abundant and exquisitely polished in their expression; they were harmoniously blended rather than sharply defined. Goethe and Coleridge were chosen to represent the creative element in the literature of the age, and their influence wove into the essay the weird fantasy of the one and the broad theorizing of the other. The delivery of the two speakers was in perfect keeping with their contrasting methods of thought: Miss Wilder having more sparkle and spirit, Miss Wilson more dignity and repose.

Miss Chumar's charming rendering of Haydn's *Aria*, "With Verdure Clad," may justly be called one of the most delightful features of the morning. Exquisitely appropriate to the occasion, the selection was also perfectly adapted to the voice of the singer; and the chaste dignity and simple grace of her manner and execution, no less than her sweet and highly cultivated voice, called forth unaffected and universal manifestations of pleasure.

Next came the French essay. Miss Hopson drew a fine parallel between Charles I. of England and Louis XVI. She expressed her thoughts in well turned sentences, and showed an acquaintance with the causes by which both revolutions came to pass. One seemed to be revenge for the past, as the people had been goaded to desperation by governmental tyranny; the other, hope for the future,—a hope of elevating a government which had sunk low in the depths of degradation. Miss Hopson's enunciation was distinct, and her manner agreeable.

The subject of the next essay was "The Political Influence of Uncle Tom's Cabin." Speaking of matters interesting to all, Miss Gerrish riveted the attention of all, and won no less favor by the rhetorical effect she produced than by the excellence of her criticism. That her sympathies were with the North did not prevent her from speaking justly of the South. Her oration was an admirable piece of work; strong but polished; enthusiastic but not extravagant; firm and determined in its judgments, but neither narrow nor prejudiced. Miss Gerrish was greeted with a merited share of applause, which gave place to an expectant lull, as Miss Hiscock came forward to say farewell in the name of the class.

Miss Hiscock deviated from the usual method of our valedictorians, making her whole theme nothing more or less than its name implied. After a few introductory remarks, she addressed the trustees, thanking them for their liberal ideas of woman's education, defining those ideas perhaps better than they themselves could have done, assuring them that all noble minds would in time co-operate with them, eulogizing their execution of Mr. Vassar's great scheme, and bidding them farewell. Then came the finest point of all, —the farewell to the President, matchless in its intensity and simplicity. To '74 and to her classmates, her words were few but appropriate. Every sentence was marked by power and earnestness, with sufficient pathos to indicate, rather than exhibit, hidden depths of strong feeling. There were no elaborate representations of their grief at leaving the past, nor of their high hopes for the future. The address was strong, dignified and unaffected;

and at its close the momentary hush spoke more for the impression produced than any prolonged applause could have done.

Miss Wilson soon filled the chapel with the brilliant tones of a *Scherzo* by Chopin, after which the degrees were conferred. A slight variation was introduced into the manner of distributing the diplomas. Miss Hiscock, as president of the class, ascended the platform, and, receiving them from the hands of President Raymond, transferred them to her classmates, who meanwhile remained standing in their places.

The graduating class did not, as a rule, adopt the customary uniform of white, but were dressed simply and in grave colors.

The Class of 1873 take with them the good-will and admiration of the undergraduates, who looked upon them as the literary pillars of the College. They will long be remembered for the universality of their talent, their honest, hearty labor, and their proud success.

If any subscribers fail to receive their due number of copies of the VASSAR MISCELLANY, or any other mistakes occur which the editors can rectify please apply to H. C. Hiscock, 72 West Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.; or, after September 20, to *Editors Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar College.

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