

Correspondence.

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STONE HALL, Oct. 16, 1882.

Dear Friends at Home:

For the past week until yesterday, the lake has been like a silver mirror, reflecting the brilliant foliage that bends down and kisses lightly its semblance in the water, at every passing breeze. Then, too, all week long, the ripe brown leaves, have come drifting down, not in heaps but one by one, as they have ripened earlier than their fellows; the little striped squirrels almost tame enough for one to reach out and catch, sat chipping under the oak trees crunching acorns. Once in a while a gray squirrel shyly than the others would go scampering up the steep incline on the other side of the Longfellow pond from the road we take so many times daily, and far above the arching treetops the heavens were so deeply blue, that it seemed a storm could never brew. How mistaken, for yesterday morning the rain was pouring without even asking, by your leave, and before night if you could have seen the state of the road past the College of music, you would have asked no questions, why every girl is requested to bring a pair of rubber boots. At dinner one young lady remarked, "I got a pint of water in my shoe down by Music Hall." What large shoes you must wear, came dryly from her opposite. To see the inmates of Stone Hall start to chapel on such a morning is enough to provoke the mirth of the most serious; for a gossamer with the hood drawn over the head almost down to the nose, is never a beautiful article of dress but a striking and useful one. It is funny to see half a hundred such, within a hundred yards with no means of knowing whether they envelop a friend or stranger, for be the one they cover tall or short, thin or stout the general contour is the same and their appearance something like monks of the middle ages in masquerade.

To-day has been fairer and I have been with Reubena and a new friend down the avenue and out where the chestnut trees are, for an afternoon walk. We found a very few nuts and a great many burs, with their wide opened cups showing the brown velvety lining. They are lovelier in the morning when the dew sparkles upon them

like diamond dust. I brought one in to-day that was like a jewel case full of jewels.

Since I became interested in Miss Hollowell's Botany lectures, trees and leaves and roadside plants begin to have a deeper meaning, and I often repeat over Thoreau's thought when he first observed the beauty of the modest wayside grass. How often have you spoken to me but I never heard your voice before, nor saw you, though you have brushed my feet every morning as I passed. So I pluck the feathery grass for its own, as another does for Thoreau's sake. Our Botany programme was put on the board last week thus:

Thursday.—Lecture by one of the class. Quiz on lecture.

Wednesday.—Written examination.

Tuesday.—Lecture by Miss Hollowell and Laboratory work.

Before we began the study all were requested to purchase sketch books, pencils, rubbers, &c. Gray's New Structure of Botany for reference and note book. Each student is provided with a small table covered with white oil cloth, and a small tray to hold leaves for sketching. For the last five weeks we have had nothing but leaves and everyone is obliged to sketch every leaf in her sketch-book and write a botanical description with it. That is called laboratory work. The Quiz is questions from the teacher (there are two beside Prof. Hollowell) concerning former work, on every day except lecture days. The lecture by one of the class, was a review of the work already done, and the quiz was directed at her by the whole class instead of the teacher. It was fine for the majority but dreadful on the girl that gave the lecture. She did it all in a charming way but the quiz frightened and embarrassed her till I know she suffered from the effect all day. Miss Hollowell said she was sorry every one could not have a chance but the lectures by the class would not come more than a dozen times during the year and the lecturers should be chosen by lot hereafter. She appointed them this time, one for each division. In First Year Botany there two divisions each numbering about fifty. The written examination was not so bad after all, but embraced a good deal in a few questions. We had been given three papyrograph papers containing questions referring to top-

ics in Gray's Structure of Botany, though but few of these questions were asked at the written lesson. It finished up leaves and the lecture on Thursday was on the positions leaves take on the stem. The class had a twig of linden and birch to sketch and describe after the lecture. Miss Hollowell is one of the sweetest and most unassuming of little bodies, but her knowledge of the vegetable world is truly wonderful. I don't know how true it is, but they say instead of a final examination she takes her class over to the botanical garden at Cambridge for a picnic. The Botany lecture room and laboratory are the same and for 1st year are over the Stone Hall dining rooms, where we meet at 9 A. M. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays for two hours work. As we are obliged to go from here to the college at 8:20 for chapel service, it takes some vigorous exercise to get back here at 9 o'clock. I'll not say anything about my own sketches, only I begin to see that they do look some like leaves and I hope to be able by and by to write you some real Botany letters. For fear you may think this life is like a fabled dream, I must tell you that I have seen three girls in tears to day, they were so discouraged and homesick. My own eyes are almost out. I've got the toothache, the sole is coming off of my left shoe, my gossamer flies like a flag in the wind because the buttons are lost. I've broken my stylographic pen, my cuffs are all dirty, I want to go to Boston and can't, because I sent all the money I had to Europe for pictures, and I'm obliged to have a zouave gymnastic dress made this week and there is no use trying to number my troubles for I shall worry through in some way and somehow. I never saw a place so hard on shoes in all my life; nor a place so lovely in the gorgeous coloring of autumnal leaves. I remember well the autumn brightness of our own woods, but they do not equal these which are said to be exceptionally fine this season.

MARY STUMP.

From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

MAYSVILLE, KY,

Nov. 3, 1882.

At Paris I called on Elder John Sweeney, who was at that time busy with Major Powers from Washington, D. C., working up a contribution for the Garfield Memorial Church. A few minutes

sufficed to convince me that it would be neither pleasant nor profitable for me to remain at Paris. I went on to Cynthiana. At this place I was granted the use of the church, without charge, after putting into my hand bills "Lecture absolutely free. No collection will be taken." I had a good hearing Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The brethren expressed themselves well pleased. I enjoyed, while in Cynthiana, the hospitalities of Wm. Stanley, their preacher, a man of more than average ability and much experience. He and I were practicing law in Leavenworth City at the same time in 1857-9. Our reminiscences of those troublous and exciting times were very pleasant. I have enjoyed no similar period in my travels more fully and delightfully than the three days spent with Bro. Stanley. His very interesting family, composed of Sister Stanley, her three sons, and three daughters, added all that courtesy and kindness could contribute to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Thursday morning I took the train for Cincinnati, where I arrived at 12 A. M. I called at the Standard office, and learned that Bro. Errett was absent in Atlanta, Georgia. I called also at the office of the Review, but the editor was out.

At 5 P. M. I went aboard of the Maysville packet, and in twenty minutes was gliding over the placid waters of the beautiful Ohio; and in a few minutes thereafter some thief took my overcoat from my state room, and I saw nothing more of it even to this day. I immediately reported to the clerk, saying it was then on the boat, for we had not landed since it was taken. He seemed by no means concerned about it, simply remarking, should it turn up on the boat he would cause it to be left at the Maysville wharf on the return trip.

"Such things you know must be
In every famous victory."

I landed at Maysville at 4 A. M., went to the Central Hotel, where I waited until 8 o'clock, and after breakfast I set out in search of officers of the church. I soon found elders and deacons, all of whom thought a few sermons and a lecture or two would be most acceptable, if they could be had without money. I shall remain here-over Sunday. My health had not been good up to last Lord's day. Since then I have been quite well. Remember me kindly to the brethren

Yours in Christ,

T. F. CAMPBELL.