Letter from Wellesley College.

WELLESLEY, MASS.,
Oct. 13, 1879.

My dear Vespertines:

I have just returned with some of the Dana Hall girls from a delightful walk, over the smoothest of roads bordered on either side with beautiful shade trees. A great variety of scenery is here crowded into the least possible space,—wooded hills that one can almost stand at the bottom and look over, charming little lakes, meadows the size of our pear orchard surrounded by stone walls, little brooks with bridges over them, and sign boards everywhere pointing out the way.

I am beginning to understand the descriptive stories we so often have read and talked about around the fire of winter evenings, that I then thought were made of words only, but which I now find had fact at least for a foundation.

My pen pictures are anything but perfect, but I must try to tell you how the minister in the village church appeared to me the first Sunday evening I heard him preach. He reminded me of one of those wonderful little men whom, sister Mary says, never walk abroad except between the covers of a book; his head was bald except a fringe of black hair around the back of his head, which extended in a graceful curve over his ears, widening a little on the sides of his face, and then rose in another charming curve over his upper lip. His voice was very pleasant and sermon good, but he looked more like a lawyer than the pastor of a village church.

I must tell you something too, of the founder of the magnificent pile of buildings known as Wellesley College, (not Wellesley Seminary, for girls have the opportunity of studying here just what their brothers do in any first class college). His name is Durant, and he is now an old man with long white hair that curls slightly, a gentle pleasant face and the general appearance of having just stepped out of a band box that has been sealed up for a couple of centuries. He was a very wealthy gentleman whose pride and hope were centered in an only son, who died before his father's hopes were realized, and in the name of that son the stricken parents dedicated these beautiful grounds, furnished most of the means for the immense buildings, gave most of their extensive private library in order to give young women privileges of education, that they have in no other school in the United States. Mr. Durant is at the college every day, helping to arrange books and looking after different matters; he keeps half a dozen men at work on the grounds different parts of which are named according to his fancy; down near the lake is a level place, smooth as velvet, which is, Daisy lawn, but of all the names I think Pell Mell the most suitable, for it is a steep rocky descent, a few feet from the college, which the students cannot walk down without getting into a run before they reach the bottom.

I think I promised in one of my first letters to give you a description of the college building, but now, since I have become acquainted sufficiently to find my way anywhere I wish to go, I do not feel capable of giving you a correct idea of its belongings, but I can tell you something of my first impressions upon the day of my arrival. I stepped from the carriage upon the granite steps of the front piazza which is of marble with granite pillars, as are also those on the south and east. I sent my card to the President, and was shown into the reception room, to wait till that lady had time to see me. That room is large and is plainly furnished entirely in red and black, even the walls are red with black mouldings; just to the left is the office where all the business of the college is transacted. I felt at first as though I had made a mistake, and entered a hotel where they were all women but the cashier, for there were girls going and coming, it seemed, from everywhere; some from walking and rowing, some with large tin boxes containing botanical specimens, some going fast and some going slow; some studying as if afraid to lose a minute, and others who appeared to have nothing in the world to do. The center of the building is arranged something like the Palace Hotel, only, of course, not nearly so large; the court extends from the first floor to the roof, which is of glass. The first thing seen on entering is a garden of tropical plants in the center of the court, around which is a slate colored marble wall, perhaps eighteen inches high; this breaks the monotony of the long halls, one of which is so long that the large door at the opposite end of the hall from where you are standing, looks like a very small window (don't get your imagination up too high). There are four grand stairways and an elevator that is constantly in use by the students of the fifth floor. The walls everywhere are hung with pictures, historical and allegorial paintings, portraits and autographs of every famous body I ever read about, and very many I never even heard of, and lovely landscapes that I admire more than all the rest, one of which, an oil painting of California scenery hangs in the lower hall, near the south entrance. It is said to have cost $5,000. Stiff walnut chairs are in the chapel, library and rooms for common use. They may be conducive to energetic study, but I would very much like a cushioned rocker for myself sometimes. Statues, statuettes and busts are on pedestals, tables and brackets; they, like the pictures, include poets, statesmen, philosophers and *literateurs*.

The hall floors are of hard oiled wood with drugget to deaden the noise; the most immaculate neatness is everywhere, and if there is any friction in the wheels of this household, it is not perceptible to the uninitiated.

I have had some little trouble getting my studies arranged, as the teachers have regular office hours, and cannot be seen on business at any other time; however my time has not been wholly thrown away, for it has been devoted to some magnificent volumes of Shakespeare that I found on one of the library tables. I never before realized how green were far off fields, till I heard here of the immense salaries paid teachers in Oregon schools and the low standard of scholarship in the same schools. Wonderful tales too, I have heard of California perfumes and the Victoria Regia that grew in the Golden Gate gardens with leaves broad and strong enough to bear the weight of children. The sixty thousand Massachusetts maidens evidently believe a most marvelous silverland like unto a second Eden lies along our Western border.

"Down East" is a nice place, especially Boston, and I would like to have all the Vespertines here for awhile, but I would not like to think I had seen the last of the dear old home in Oregon.

Would like to tell you of my trip to the famous Baker's Gardens and the grand organ concert to which I was invited in Boston, and of the music, (I never really heard music before coming here), and so many many things which I now see with my own eyes, that always before I was obliged to take at second hand, but this letter is too long already and I will write again next week.

CASSIE STUMP.

—The total number of students enrolled in John Hopkins University is one hundred and twenty-three.

Literary Notices.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for November.—The November number of this delightful magazine is issued, and can be found at all the newsdealers' in the country or is sent to subscribers at the low price of $1.50 per annum, postpaid. The December number will appear in new type, new form, and with many improvements.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE for November.—This is another exceedingly brilliant number of one of the most popular periodicals of the day. The title might convey the impression that it was of a sombre character; on the contrary—there is nothing brighter in literature. The leading paper, "The Religion of Shakespeare," by Rev. John Bayley, is a brilliant article, profusely illustrated, and making the reader familiar with the fact that but for the Bible and Shakespeare's faith in religion, he never would have been what he is now acknoweledged to be. Rev. Dr. Rankin, an authority in lyric, gives his opinion of Luther as a lyric writer A very pleasing paper is Rev. Dr. Palmer's "Recollection of my Pets." Each number contains 128 pages quarto, and nearly 100 engravings. The annual subscription is $3; single copies 25 cents; sent postpaid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, N. Y.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY for November.—Always liberally and tastefully illustrated, the *Domestic Monthly* for November, is if anything, more replete with valuable information regarding the beautiful prevailing styles of fashions than usual. Never has there been a more charming variety of materials and patterns from which to make a judicious selection.

The *Domestic Monthly* is published by Blake & Company, 853 and 855 Broadway, New York, at $1.50 per year, inclusive of pattern premium. Specimen copies, 15 cents.

A Spider Story.

One chilly day I was left at home alone; and after I was tired reading "Robinson Crusoe," I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny playmate, wasn't it? Well I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run around the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think over it. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put treacle on the stick. A fly came but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited, and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in the woodshed again.

—Persevere against discouragements; keep your temper; employ leisure in study and always have some work on hand, be punctual and methodical in business and, never procrastinate; never be in a hurry; preserve self-possession and do not be talked out of conviction; rise early and be an economist of time; maintain dignity without the appearance of pride—manner is something with everybody, and everything to some; be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak; and never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions; never be backward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask; think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent; rather set than follow examples; practice strict temperance and in all your transactions be honest.

—Last year the average daily attendance of New York City schools was 120,000.

Lost Everything Inside.

Mal de mer—as the French call it—is the great bugbear to ocean voyagers. One poor passenger who had it describes the stages of the terrible feeling—first, he was afraid he would die, and then he "wished he could."

In a book by John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield, O., the author gives an account of a trip to the Sandwich Islands, Professor H. R. Geiger being one of the party. The Pacific Ocean seems at times to have been almost anything else rather than pacific; at least the whole party got sick. The friends of Progessor Geiger will enjoy the following statement of the author: During the day I went on deck to get a breath of bracing sea air.

I found the professor sitting in an easy chair, looking pale, weak and faint.

"At this juncture the captain happened to come along, and with his usual civility asked the professor how he felt. In the feeblest tones imaginable he replied: "'Miserable, miserable; I am sick, captain; I'm sick. I have paid tribute to Neptune until I have lost everything.'

"'But,' said the captain, 'I see you still have your boots left.'

"'Yes,' said the professor, faintly, 'but they were on the outside.'

The Physical Paradox.

It has been said that "the blood is the the spurce of life." It is as truly the source of disease and death. No life, that is to say, no healthy tissues can be generated from impure blood, no organ can normally perform its functions when supplied with impure blood. The fluid that should carry life and health to every part, carries only weakness and disease. Blood is the source of life, only when it is pure. If it has become diseased, it must be cleansed by proper medication, else every pulsation of the human heart sends a wave of disease through the system. To cleanse the blood of all impurities, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets the most effectual alterative, tonic, and cathartic remedies yet discovered. They are especially efficient in scrofulous diseases.

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