

January,

Friday, THURSDAY, 31.

1873.

Studies are resumed to day. What a miserable race we are. Here we have had two weeks recreation and when we wish to resume our classes we find that we are lazier than before we got those two weeks. And look what is ahead of us: thirteen theses of Logic. I received a letter from Bayard Brasher to day. He says he has just left my house where he went in the hope of seeing my friendly face thinking that I had come home to stay the rest of the week after doing myself so proud. He adds "My feelings were rather mixed at that time, but the one which predominated was anything but charitable when I thought of those who had allowed you to come home for two or three hours a time just about long enough to make you want to stay longer." It is unnecessary perhaps to say that I "fully concur" in all that has been said by my friend. To day is the last of January truly the month of snows. Last night's "Advertiser" (newark paper) has quite a notice of our exhibition and among other things notices me as the son of my father no I don't mean that as the son of W. E. Robinson.

February,

Saturday, FRIDAY, 1.

The month of February put in an appearance to day. Feb old boy proved to be anything but agreeable on his first introduction. Some people might have thought that with him would come the sun would go the snows. But Feb made answer "Oh dear no not for Joe not for Joseph if Feb knows it." Hence it is that instead of getting better the weather is as bad as ever. Enough for one day, at least about weather. The South Orange Bulletin has got a notice of our exhibition in it. Although the account is almost taken almost word for word out of the "Newark Advertiser" our village paper does not acknowledge its obligations to the Advertiser in the least but sticks it under the column "Doings at Home" (or some such heading) as if it obtained it all by itself. Talk about city impudence? Give me Jersey and South Orange and I will say "Come on me suff." Of course I do not mean to say anything against the Bulletin for considering the <sup>article</sup> village it is quite a remarkable little sheet.

Sunday, SATURDAY 2.

What did I do to day? Such is the question which John asked of himself. The result a pounding of the head a state of excitement a gradual subsiding to settled despair. H. W. Beecher speaking of the Seasons says of February "The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frost-lock. They strive to gether, but the Darkness and the Cold are growing weaker. On some nights they forget to work." Henry Ward may be a very fine speaker and is without doubt a pleasing writer but he often makes mistakes in his assertions. The idea to say that the Darkness and the Cold are growing weaker, no indeed! They are growing stronger at least the Cold. Instead of adopting itself according to what the great speaker of adoration and writer has said it ought old Cold has been cutting up in a manner that would indicate anything but a disposition to give up the battle. I fill up a good deal of space writing about nothing. How would the Pastor of Plymouth Church feel if he found out I was using his name merely order to fill up the pages of a diary.