

March,

Friday, THURSDAY, 6,

1874

Today we had more snow. It was pleasant in the morning and continued so until four o'clock in the afternoon when the frozen drippings from the clouds' pail made things lively. I attempted to smoke and ruined a cigar if it could be ruined as it was not a very good one.

Saturday, 7th.

Recreation on account of the 600 (or thereabouts) anniversary of the birth or death of St. Thomas Philosopher. Mass in the morning about eight. Weather indescribable. Ice and snow on the ground grain in the air and the wind coming in as a chorus. Intended to have gone home. Went to the village in the morning and was satisfied that to go home and come back the same day would not be pleasant. Wrote to Mary and Bayard.

Sunday, 8th.

Snow Sunshine Snow Sunshine all day long. Eat pies at Carson's ~~and~~ the New York Confectionery. The Confectioners wife and an old lady ~~so~~ known as Grandmother were in good spirits. There were some words which ended in Squire Blume being sent for.

Monday, FRIDAY, 9.

Cold. The Sun which I subscribe for did not arrive. Visited Father Gas. I saw the Sun on his desk. Reason^{ing} Sun nor Herald allowed in the College. But Father James the Times is taken ~~at~~ here and which is the worse paper. Do not intend to argue the matter. Upshot I have changed the address. Letter from Bayard. As I go to bed the wind is blowing hard.

Tuesday, 10th.

Slept well. Slept over. Morning cold. Am writing to Aunt Jin. Have passed a written examination in that branch of Metaphysics known as Psychology. No composition on account of Examination. ~~Lecture~~ ^{Lesson} by Father Daly.

Wednesday, 11th.

Continued writing letter to Aunt Jin. I have to write in short spells. Still little effort works it and and I expect to be able to bend the letter off before Saturday.

Thursday, 12th.

Went home. No body but the children and servants at home when I arrived. Papa soon came in. He and Mary had been to see Mrs. and Mrs. Williams at New Brunswick. He had left Mary in New York. Mary and Mamma came in about seven. Bayard called at five and accompanied me to the Barclay St. Ferry. Returned in the eight o'clock train.

Friday, SATURDAY, 13.

Finished letter to Aunt Jin and mailed it. Did not look over it carefully for want of time. One of the coldest days in the year. Even inside of the college it is cold. Latest freak of Father Gas. H. Cornigan is that he is going on a pilgrimage on the 10th of May. The result is that he is going to rush our class right through our studies. I have an immense amount of work on hand.

Saturday, 14th, 74.

Not so cold as yesterday. Within doors quite pleasant. Chas. Sumner is dead. He is a great loss to America. He died on Wednesday. He suffered a good deal. Have received a letter from Bayard.

Sunday, 15th.

Beautiful weather. Played ball during afternoon. Everything looks bright.

Monday, 16.

Still pleasant. In afternoon a slight prospect of snow. Double lesson in Philosophy. One would think we had not enough to do. In the evening sleet. At night rain. Smoke and retire. Wrote an essay or two in Philosophy.