

Got up and sent off my letter to Bayard Brasher. It is a most doleful letter, and I ought not have sent it, but I knew I could not write a better one in my present state of mind, and, as Bayard had already written two letters to me, I made up my mind to post the obnoxious thing, and <sup>to</sup> let it take care of itself. To day I received a letter from papa in answer to my letter of the 4th inst. To day is the celebration of the marriage of papa and mamma. Twenty years ago! I expected to go home to a party, which papa intended to have on to day, but, in his letter, he says there is to be no party, and consequently John will not be able to go home. Nothing of much moment occurred to day. Blume, our professor, it is true, told some of his jokes or puns, but they were as unintelligible <sup>as ever</sup> although we to all appearances, we enjoyed them highly. I wrote part of a letter to papa to day. I did not go to early bed to night for the reason given in ~~of~~ the account of yesterday's wonderful doings.

TUESDAY, 14

To day I sent off <sup>two</sup> letters <sup>one</sup> to papa and <sup>the other to</sup> Mary. I had not time to punctuate either as the bell <sup>rang</sup> just as I was ending. To day the sun came out in full force and made quite an impression on the snow. But as the bright luminary did not keep in sight for over eight or ten hours, the snow is still the master of the situation. This day is celebrated by the arrival of a letter from Miss. Welch. I wrote to her about a month or rather about three weeks ago and here is her answer to that letter. Her apology <sup>apology</sup> was miserable, but, as she threw herself on my mercy, and as she was a female — Bayard Brasher's letter also arrived in the same mail. Speaking of my diary, he says it reminds him of a remark or saying of Mark Twain to the effect that "The reason for diaries commences with the first day of the year, and ends <sup>with</sup> about the end of the first week in February." I commenced an answer to Bayard to day, but have not yet finished it. The Credit Mobilier trial is still the absorbing topic of the day. The New York Sun <sup>is</sup> my favorite paper. But in what ~~matter~~ does that refer to the way I went to sleep on this particular occasion?

WEDNESDAY, 15

Was learning and reciting my speech during the recreations. A miserable day. Very busy in doing nothing. Latin Class was, usual the place of jokes. For many a joke had he, meaning of course our friend Blume. Horrible attempt at poetry! If I keep on I may acquire as great a name as my friend Jack Milton. While he will ~~not~~ still keep the name of the greatest poet, perhaps I may reach a position in verse that I will ever be remembered as the poorest poet of them all. But what mean <sup>attempt</sup> to attempt the filling of a diary with such trash. I had better go to bed and perhaps I may dream a dream. In which hope, Wednesday, thou dreary day, fare thee well, a long far well.