

Box 2045

Rochester N. Y.

Sept. 26 - 1860

Dear Sister Millie

It is pretty near the end of today, being I think about the 59th minute of the eleventh hour, but as I had predetermined to write to you today I will at least begin. I should have written before but have been so occupied in enjoying myself that I could not spare the time. How don't you think I am supremely selfish? If I tell you that I have written to no one except Emma, save a business letter or two - will it lessen or increase your indignation at my delay? I am in the same old room which I occupied last year. O! you can't imagine how cozy and homelike it seems here. I have not worn out the luxury of being here yet. It seems a little odd

just now for Chum has been
out all the evening, a thing very
unusual for him. I suppose he
is at a political meeting down at the
court-house. I met him on his
way there and cautioned him against
his growing dissipation. Since his return
he has become a very earnest politi-
cian. I pursue the even tenor of my
way entirely undisturbed by the political
tumult around me. The Douglas party
is very strong here and Chum gives
it his earnest support. Douglas was
here last week and I went away
across the river to hear him speak, but
there was such a great disorderly crowd
of drunken border ruffians that I could
not stay with any comfort and so I came
back to my chamber and my book very soon
after he began to speak. It was the mean-
est crowd I ever saw. They pushed and
crowded, stamped and yelled like **Paul**
dies at a Wake. I verily believe that

it took me at least an hour &
a half to regain sufficient con-
sistency to cast a shadow after leav-
ing that crowd. I am much pleased
with my studies this term. Even the
Mathematics are not so detestable as might
be. It takes a good deal of study but I
manage to prepare myself so as to get
a line every time that I recite. We have
under Dr. Cutting Thomson's *Lectures of Thought*
— a most excellent treatise on Logic, which
of course, I like immensely. You know
Logic is one of my favorite studies and
I have more pride over being the first
scholar in that department than anything
else connected with a college course. I
suppose it was because I knew too
much there that I lost the Sophomore
Appointment, for I used to dispute with
the old Dr., considerably. This term how-
ever I have made sure against any
such evil influence by bracing my soul
ing very smooth. I think some of adept.

some means to obliterate former
bad impressions on his mind.
I know of no better way to do this than
by procuring a bottle of strongly perfumed
Hair Restorative and pouring it over
the old sinner's bald pate. I think such
a nullifying mixture would without
doubt secure me a place on the Paris
Exhibition. One thing however is settled.
I can't be a Faculty Prof. I can't like the
Faculty's Govt. I don't fancy such deli-
cacies. But ~~God~~ we have Sophocles' *Tragedies*
especially the *Oedipus Tyrannus*. I like it ex-
tremely well. It is rather hard Greek but it
suits my fancy and that you know is
all-sufficient with me. Besides that Dr Ken-
drick's lectures and explanations are per-
fectly invaluable. He is a walking Encyclope-
dia and knows something - no - everything
about everything. Finally to give us a little
recreation we have Chemistry under
Dr Dewar. It is glorious sport. He is an old
man - 78 yrs old but we do have such fun
in his room. He has a funny sort of habit of ask-
ing a question and answering it himself. Thus
he will say "Oxygen united with another substance
forms - what?" Oxides - are they not? Eh? Yes.
He does this so much that one takes become accustomed
to roar out - Yes - just as soon as he says "Eh?".
Sometimes when his back is turned from us we per-
ceive an ex permanent we all leave the room.