

New Haven. Dec 28th 1865.

Dear Bell.

I am afraid my letter is begun, so near the last hour, that it will hardly reach the College much before I do, still mindful of my promise I will commence now this stormy evening.

We had a very disagreeable ride down to the boat that night we started – there were eighteen inside the omnibus, beside at least three on top – I was not feeling well, and the motion made me sick and you may be sure was very glad when "at long last" we reached the landing. The boat had not yet come and we were obliged to wait a half hour I should think, in the office where there was a great scarcity of chairs. Mr Swan saw us safely on board the boat, I think he was very kind. We had a safe and prosperous voyage down the Hudson notwithstanding it was such a gloomy night; sat up in the saloon talking with Miss [Mitchell] and eating crackers and walnuts until past ten, of course we had a good time; Sarah and I had the bridal chamber, so she said, at least it was a very pleasant little state room with only one berth in it and that a broad one so that we were quite comfortable ~ except for the linen sheets, unless you have been between a pair of them in the winter time you can-not possibly realize our sensations. We did not sleep so very well, Sarah, of course, had made the most of her opportunities to take cold and had the neuralgia in the stomach – one of the Chidseys next door was sea sick and Miss [Mitchell] was in to see her, about three oclock in the morning. At four, the pumping, end splashing and shaking, and scraping ceased and we knew by that, that we were in New York; still Sarah could not be induced to get up for another half hour, saying that we should be tired enough before the day was finished anyway.

We started from the boat at about six and had a long walk through the streets of New York before daylight * and a long ride just at dawn, to the New Haven depot.

Miss [Mitchell], I do love so much, it will always be one of my happy memories that she kissed me good bye – when I had reached home at last – of course it was a very ordinary thing – but then I did not expect it from her She would have done it to any of her class of course as she did to me. Sarah took good care of me all the way – you may be assured – bought my ticket checked my trunk – and saw to me generally – I think she enjoyed it, I am sure I did – "the lame and the lazy" – you know "are always well cared for." There was no one waiting at the depot for me – Charlie was making his "maiden speech" and Father had gone to hear him – besides the New York papers said the Hudson was closed up, so that they did not much expect me till afternoon. I laughed all the way home as I walked once more along the familiar streets but when I reached there, I cried I could not help it. I wish you could look in upon our little circle tonight – from which I am so soon to be separated again. I have a very quiet time quieter than any of you girls would imagine – but just what I knew my Christmas would be – for we are very quiet people; still I have not been at home an evening before this week since Monday that is – I have spent two away, and that will probably be all – before I go back to College again. Of course it is happiness to be at home. I called upon Carrie Galpin the other morning – she stopped over night in Brooklyn at her cousin Rienzi's, had a safe journey and like my own I suppose without incidents.

Father just now looked up from his book and asked what I was writing - "a letter to Bell" I answered - he made some remark about Belle lettre - and of course after that speech, has subsided into his book 1 again. Clara is playing in the parlor "Ever be Happy" - there is something very sweet about that piece I think dont you? Mother sits sewing by my side in my new brown merino, in which I expect to appear next term. By the way what awful weather it has been, this is the fifth stormy day this week - I long for a beam of sunshine. It Is well I have torn off this half sheet or I might run on indefinitely longer - as it is my space being finished I must say good night to the friendly face that I have called up in imagination before me, hoping that when the real eyes see this scrawl of mine, they will not "view it with a critic's eye but pass by the imperfections of both the pens I have tried to write it with I really dont know which of them to make the most excuses for. Remember me to all the girls at the College that I know - and tell Miss Hubbard from me that if she wants to find true and lasting happiness, she must remember and be a good girl Keep up your spirits Bell and the credit of room sixty-one I think that is good advice

Yours with love

Louise

To Belle Treadwell