

Vassar College
April 18. 1867.

Dear Belle;

We had not forgotten our promise, yet twas sweet to be reminded in such a way. Thanks for your kind remembrance of Sixtyone's special weaknesses. We think that we may safely assert whatever others may say that Michigan knows how to make cake, if those you sent us are a fair sample. We have enjoyed our box very much.

I am sorry to write you a letter tonight, and should not do so, did not regard to truth constrain me. It is a principle of mine never to write letters when I am tired, for I am afraid that they always carry the undertone of the writer's depression of spirit down into the heart of the reader. I have received such letters sometimes. Havent you? How we spend our time you know, only we are busier this year than we were last, both of us I think. I have four studies this ^term [crossed out: year]; Physiology beside those I had last. I wish you were here to study it too, it was always a hobby of yours so, and you would like Miss Avery in class. The dry bones and manikins would delight your heart- I am getting quite philosophical; it would take considerable to make my blood run cold now. I have learned also that knowledge is better than ignorance; you may bring back your doctor-book, and put it in the what-not-shelf, next year, if you like.

I have Spanish lessons semi-occasionally, too, not that it amounts to much but I could not resist the temptation of studying it, having so little to do otherwise. But the chief of my toils, the greatest of my trials, is yet to be told. Do you remember Sam Weller's descriptions of his father's, or rather I should say his father's description of Sam Weller's being led to the matrimonial altar "a deluded wictim and thinking in his innocence it was all wery fine." Such was I and such were my feelings when I agreed to write a poem for "Founders Day". I had never tried verse for such an occasion, and little realized what I had undertaken.

It is ended however at last. All the bright week of vacation, while Sarah was in New York and the girls were reading novels, and doing fancy work, and having good times, I was up in that detestable room 0, badgering my unlucky brains, and courting the muse. Imagine me a week from next Monday evening, with a crowded house breathless [obscured by object] my stirring strains. I [should] have written to you long long ago, if I had not been so busy. I am sorry, I have to neglect my friends as it is one of my greatest trials at Vassar. College exercises continue just the same for me tomorro, although it is Good Friday, so you will excuse the brevity of this epistle. Some day when I am at home again and have so much to say I hope to write a long long letter
With much love.
Louise