

Vassar.

May 12, 1872.

My dear Carrie,

You may be amazed to find me writing to you so soon again, but today the "spirit moves me" and I must write. I have been seated all the afternoon with my desk on my lap, and now I am rewarded by having finished five letters, which I shall have the pleasure of sending in the morning. For a long time I have allowed my unanswered letters to accumulate until now, the number has become quite large. But some of them are now off my mind.

Our window looks out towards the south and has a view of an orchard, just now full of apple blossoms. As I sit here occasionally looking in that direction, I am reminded of our roam at home when we can see the orchard full of blossoms. It seems pleasant to have it so. Some days since I received a letter from Grace Pike saying she would start for Europe some time during this month. Her parents wish her to complete her education in foreign countries, so, as some friends of hers were going to Germany, she finds it a good opportunity to accompany them. She may remain at school there several years. She has promised to write to me soon after her arrival and give her address. I hope she may, but when she sees so many interesting things I fear she will not devote much time to her old schoolmates. Miss Mary, Dame told me a few days ago that Florence Smith was now in Europe; that she went last fall. I was considerably surprised to hear so.

Did I ever write you that I went to an oratorio la Po'keepsie? It was Handels "Messiah." The singers were the Po'keepsie Mendelshin Society assisted by several stars, Mrs. Seguin being the most important. Never having heard an Oratorio, school in Elizabethtown. Won't you write to her sometime?

You were such a favorite with her that she would love to hear from you. And any little curiosity from Texas she would prize so highly.

Have you heard that Clara Leslie was married? She married without her mother's consent, a man who pretended to be a Russian Count, but who really was a worthless and almost wicked man. Isn't it sad? Did I write you that Miss Hamlin is soon to be married to a gentleman she had known but six weeks previous to her engagement. He is a professor in a College in Constantinople. Miss Carrie Hamlin is also engaged, I hear.

My roommate has just interrupted me by remarking that she was going to put a postscript to her home letter, namely, "Radishes for tea." What a downfall this would have been if I had been soaring to airy flights, as is her custom. Fortunately, (perhaps she would think unfortunately) my mind is at a more prosaic turn. By the way, this roommate of mine is a curious creature. Sometimes we consider her the personification of silliness, and again, her wisdom is so great we really are abashed before her. She gets along pretty well since she is never disturbed by any sarcastic thrusts I may give her.

Our names in here are various. The Echo, Raven, Monitor, etc. all because of their fitness.

Mollis Hill we call "Mrs. Gamp," and a better name could not be found for her. Of course she does not know her appellation, else I fear she would become our mortal enemy. But her stories are sometimes so marvellous that we

cannot swallow them without a great attempt at self command.

Her friends are all the most beautiful and talented which the world possesses and to account for this, we think that they are "Mrs. Harris's" and the world does such really possesses and to account for this, we think that they are "Mrs. Harris's" and the world does such really possess them. Truly, many of them must be creatures of the imagination. Mollie can not see any sense or even fun in Baron Munchausen; we think because she so closely resembles him. Our other parlormates, Misses Ansley and Jones, are almost nonentities in my estimation, but to each other they are a vast deal. They seem to have great faith in the "Community" system, and our greatest trouble in regard to them is keeping scissors, button hooks, etc. in their proper places.--But what a lot of stuff I am writing about my beloved parlor mates: Well, I presume their accounts of me are not more flattering than mine of them, nevertheless this is a free country and opinions cannot be forced.

Tonight I have just come from the meeting of the Religious Inquiry. Dr. Bush gave us a lecture on China. He is a queer little old man and amused us greatly by his strange manner of expressing himself. He showed some pictures of Peking, many little idols and Chinese books. It is really terrible to think of grown up men and women trusting so implicitly in those wooden images.

Isn't it rather odd that now when you are hearing Swedenberg's doctrines explained I should be doing so too? Of course not as thoroughly as you are but still I am getting some knowledge. Prof. Backus is devoting several of his Sunday Bible lessons to the subject, and although I am not a member of his class I got these days.

I will send the only remaining photograph I have of those taken in Po'kaepsie. Many like it better than the one you have. Please send one of them back as I want to give it away.

Is there no hope of ever getting your photograph? Be sure, that you nor the other members of the family (six brothers included) shall not escape the clutches of the photographer this summer.

The bell doth ring so goodnight darling -J-.

Please excuse blots. I am sure I don't know where they came from perhaps you may answer "inkbottle."