

Vassar—

April 5, 1873.

Dearest Carrie,

Every day this week I have been disappointed in not receiving a letter from you, for this is the second week since any letter has come from you, dear, and I cannot understand why it is so. Tonight after coming from a busy afternoon in Po'keepsie I was told a letter was awaiting me, but sad was I to find it was only from one of my last year parlormates.

Everyone is rejoicing now and thinking that spring is really come. If bright warm days and the singing of birds are a sign, then is it come. Only little patches of snow remain and the grass is almost green in places. Yesterday I brought in some pussy-willows, the first growing thing outdoors. As long as I have been here this is the first time I have seen them, which fact seems to amaze the northern girls.

At last, at last the printed affair concerning Trig, has been received. It has been very nicely done, and I suppose most of the girls are exceedingly delighted at the printing of the class speeches. I will send them and you can all judge for yourself of their merits.

Have you read "Off the Skelligs" by Jean Ingelow? I liked it so well that I want to own the book, so shall get it the next time I go in town, and if you like will send it to you to read.

I don't believe you can imagine half the desire I feel to be at home again. It seems as if the time for starting would never come, and as is always the case when looking forward to some great pleasure, I can scarcely realize that it will really come to pass. Every little thing about the place comes up to me so vividly; I see you all moving about so naturally that sometimes I shut my eyes and try to push away the picture, it makes me so impatient. Next Thursday our vacation begins. I think never were girls much gladder than we to see the trunks brought up today, and to hear the talk about packing. We who remain at College expect to enjoy ourselves, in a quiet way, about as much as those who go; of course, excepting those who go home——

I must stop writing for tonight now, though perhaps in the morning

I may write more either to you or Papa or Mamma. Goodnight little Carrie