

Vassar College.

Feb. 26. 1874.

Dear Carrie,

If your letter had not reached me this morning, I should have sat down and written you a scolding letter. It is the first letter received from you in a long, long time, but after your excuses I suppose I must be content.

If your letters had been coming regularly I should be filled with remorse for my own negligence, but as it is my conscience is perfectly free, I would have liked very much to have been with you girls when Jenny Potter was at our house, and don't doubt you all enjoyed yourselves to the utmost. Mamma however told me nothing of your doings, so you need have had no fear of giving me a repetition; nor indeed need you ever have; rather than miss having an account of your weekly proceedings I would be willing to hear them ten times over. Today is Prayer for Colleges, and is of course observed here. It makes our second holiday this week, yet seems more like Sunday than a holiday. This morning we listened to a very fine sermon from Dr. Stores of Brooklyn. Last night he lectured to us on European libraries, giving us some very nice little facts in regard to them, and showing a wonderful memory for dates.

Tuesday morning I came down from Albany having passed three very pleasant days with Aunt. It rained nearly all the time, so that we were unable to stir out of the house at all. Did not get to see Mrs. Pillsbury for which I presume Mamma will be sorry. Aunt goes out very little in Albany, always sending regrets to dinner parties, etc. She seems to care very little for the society of any save her old time friends. Rather fond of making acquaintances was very glad to see them, and found them very pleasant. Aunt like Papa never asks any men to meet her nieces and seems not to wish them to meet together, so when the young people of the house met to sing hymns on Sunday night, she did not go and I of course remained also in our rooms. Uncle returned from New York on Monday looking very well. That night Clive Robinson and Will Carey, who had come here to attend a ball, took me to the theater. The play was a miserable one, "Daniel Boone of Kentucky". There was much shooting, escaping, etc. but the characters were not such as we would imagine Daniel Boone, his love, their friends and enemies would be. I met Mrs. Church as well as her husband, who is a brother of Judge Ogden's first wife. They tell me that Mrs. Ogdou's is quite a young woman whom Judge O. married in Texas. They hoped that I would meet her and send messages of greeting. In case you meet Mrs. O. you might mention my having seen these people.

Fannie Bufington received a postal from Kittanaing yesterday, saying that her Cousins, the Orrs, are in New York and hope to come up and see us soon. Perhaps you remember that I wrote you how much I was pleased with Miss Fannie Orr and her brother Grier Orr. If they do not come Fan and I will be greatly disappointed as we have been in a state of excitement ever since the news came.

For some time Vassar has been in a whirl of dissipation, that is, for her. We had two dramas, "Merchant of Venice" in which Fannie figured well as Bassanio, and "Taming of the Shrew". This week there are two lectures, one which I have mentioned, and the other by Bishop Huntingdon on Saturday night. And on Saturday the Caecelia Society gives a matinee. By the way I think I have never acknowledged the receipt of the Psalm, which came to hand all right.

I never dare read over my letters for they would seem so very

egotistical. But as there is little to write of here that would interest you, I hope you will excuse my own doings holding se large a share of my letters,
Mlt vieler Liebe,
Deine theure
Schwester.