

Vassar,

June 22. 1874

My dear Carrie,

Having plenty of spare time from now on, I begin a letter to you, my dear and will keep it in hand perhaps until our festivities are over. I look forward to them with very little pleasure, for there is a great sameness after having seen these affairs twice. I have been to take a look at the frog, dear Aggie, and I find it is my last, for the poor thing will never breathe again. Its little eyes are glazed and its body is stiff, and we know that is not "playing possum," as it frequently does. Did I tell you that Dr. Webster gave it some cream and ever since it has apparently been in pain; sometimes stretching itself out, until like a line it has only length without breadth or thickness, and again receding, to one side as if paralyzed. Now I shall take him to Prof. Orton and see what he will do with it.

Trenton Falls, June 28.

Until today I have had no time to finish this letter, and even now I feel very little like it. This afternoon some of the girls are going to make a second trip up to the falls, but I feel more like remaining in the house and trying to keep cool, which latter is no very easy task! To say that we have had a glorious time seems tame, so I knew not what to say. Every moment has been crowded with enjoyment, and we look forward with sorrow to the morrow which is to part us. I must say that I anticipate no great pleasure at Burlington, I never went anywhere with so little desire of so doing, and

the hope of leaving soon - You will want to know why this is, and if so I why go, I presume, and I will try and explain. Lillie Lewis most persons think a very charming person, and so I suppose should I, but really we are not congenial. She is one of these quiet soft little persons, apparently yielding and unselfish, yet with a will of her own and a way of her own which seldom agree with mine, and I being unhappy unless having my own way, you see the difficulty. I don't know why, but she was very desirous that I should visit her at the same time Bird Bell did, thinking that you would all be in early I declined, but finding you will not, there seemed nothing to do but accept, for refusing would have been telling her, in so many words, that I did not wish to visit her. I do not expect to remain longer than Monday of next week (the 6th) and perhaps not so long.

Our trip would take me so long to describe that I will not attempt it, merely stating that we went safely over some very hazardous places, and saw wonderful sights, leaving the remainder to copious notes taken for the benefit of the absent, and the October number of the Miscellany in which on account will appear, written by Emma Clark The

falls are wonderful, the house well kept, and the proprietor, Mr. More, the most obliging and kindest of men. This morning he took us, at his own expense, three miles away to his Unitarian church, where we were kindly received, and thanked by the minister's wife for coming. Mr. M. is something of a Geologist and all the family are musical. A pipe organ is in one of the rooms, a grand piano in another, and a square in still another. We sing hymns for his benefit in the evenings, the organ being played by young Mr. Denny, a boarder, and a most curious specimen of the genus homo. Twenty two years old, he is not bigger than a child of ten, wears glasses and talks in the most proper manner. Fan & I talked to him for

some time thinking him a boy of sixteen. When seated at the organ his feet do not touch the floor. I am getting to warm to write more at present, so good-bye. Heed not expect another letter from me as I shall expect you on before another can reach you -