

Vassar College
March 18th, 1866.

My Own Dear Sister,

It is a beautiful bright Sabbath morning, and I imagine you all preparing to go to Meeting. Carrie and I concluded to be fashionable this morning, so did not go down to Breakfast till after eight o'clock, we had a good excuse for being late if any of the Teachers had seen us. Nettie Camp was sick and we had to wait on her, so we should not have had a scolding if we had been caught. Nettie was quite sick yesterday. Miss Avery & Miss Lyman made sundry visits here to our parlor, so of course we had to have every thing in "Pimlies order" and be doing every thing that we ought to be doing. But she is much better she ate something that did not agree with her. I am not in the mood for writing and have not the first thing to write about. We are getting along nicely as usual, and are both very well. Last Thursday my birthday, I spent in Studying and Reciting in the afternoon went out with one of the students and had two splendid games of Croquet, beat my opponents most fearfully, in the first game they had not reached the turning post, before we hit out. There are quite a number of games here. It is doubtful about our having any Chapel service this afternoon as President Raymond is in New York Professor who generally takes his place, has promised to preach in the City, and some one they tried to get from Poughkeepsie could not come. I'll risk but what they will get one some how. I suppose Miss Lyman would almost preach herself rather than not have any service. There is an empty room out of Laura's parlor, a very disagreeable young lady from the first floor, came up yesterday and said she was going to take it, she had permission from Miss Lyman, so Laura sat right down and wrote Miss Lyman a note and all her parlor-mates signed it, petitioning for her not to come she is not neat, wears old untidy clothes, is very affectionate and never has her hair done nicely but always hanging down every which way, reports every little thing and in fact she is not wanted on this floor, even our Corridor teacher turned up her nose when she heard she was coming, but one thing about her good, is the fact that she is very studious, so of course is not thought of so badly by the teachers. Thursday we sent in town for a dozen Oranges, they were nice, cost sixty cents so shall not indulge in the luxury again, have quite nice Supper's now, have had quite nice stewed prunes several times lately. The young Quakers of Vassar College are making quite a sensation, last Sunday, as we walked in from town, we were late to dinner so as we went in had

to go by Miss Lymans table, there was several remarks
passed round but I have not heard what they were.
Professor Buckham evinces much admiration for the Qua-
kers of his Literature Class, and when we were studying Charles
Lamb, read that piece he wrote "Quaker's Meeting", we had such
sport, but enough of this nonsense. The Musical Enter-
tainment was as a matter of course a very brilliant affair
we returned to our rooms and ate White Bread
preserved Strawberries the latter being sent from Ohio to
Annie Hull one of our particular friends was extremely
deliciously(?). And now my Dear Maime I must say
good and close this Epistle remaining yours
Ever and ever so much love to lovingly Gaily
the family and Enquiring friends [Abigail L. Slade, spec. '65-'66,]

Carrie has written a very fine
Composition this week. Subject The Lord's Prayer
I expect she will be vexed if she sees this but I can
not help it now, my Subject Icebergs.

Dear Mamie

You must not say that
your letters are dull because anything
concerning home would of course be
welcome Your description of the mouse
scene was very natural I could see
you all very plainly. We have just
been over to Laura's we entirely
devoured a few nuts that she picked up
last fall. I am very sorry that C. Read
is sick hope she is better by this time
as well yourself has Mother's Aconite
failed or is the faith lacking. I wonder
what Nellie will name her little boy
I suppose she cannot very well name
it William as there enough of those in
the family. Please give her our love
when Mother goes down. I think it
rather soon for you to commence Literature
did not know as you thought of it
With love to you all and those enquiring
friends I remain your sister

Carrie

(Caroline E. Slade)