

Clinton, May 1st, 1864

Dear Edgar,

you need not think I am going to stop writing because I don't hear from you. I am going to write all the more. If you were not a soldier I hardly think I should do this way. I presume I should write once or twice a year. I am very busy this term, but I get along so nicely. I might say: I am as happy as the birds and tell the truth. About a week ago I didn't know what I was going to do nor what I wanted to do, and i felt as if I had about as lives be at home but now I feel much different.

We have a very full school now, about seventy boarders. but to the other department they have only twenty there.

We had a sociable last Friday evening and will confess I never had such a time. I had an introduction to a Mr. Miller and I had to do all of the talking he would say 'yes and no' now & then. I had a chance after a while to get rid of him I gave him an introduction to another lady and thought I would go & get seated, but Miss White came and led me across the room to another gentleman all he would say was yeth now & no more this ones name was Thompson and you will see he lisped. I talked with him until I could think of nothing to say then I managed to get away from him and afterward found better company. We danced until about half past ten then the boys were notified that it was time to go home which they did immediately. I will not tell you any more about that performance, enough to say it was rather stupid.

I have been looking for a letter from you for two weeks, but none has come yet. I have been wondering what the reason could be but have come to no conclusion yet. We have had very unpleasant weather for a few days past. It has rained or the wind has blown or something to make it unpleasant all of the time. last Friday it was so cold we has to wear our shawls in the house. Did you get that photo, I sent you a long time ago it seems to me. I hardly think it looks as well as that old one, but perhaps it looks more like the original, a little (not much) cross and oh! such a horrid face. if there are any cornfields there, I think that you had better hang it in one. One would be enough for forty acres. I have some more that I am going to distribute amongst the farmers.

I have just been to dinner and will try and write you a few more lines. For dinner we had some dried apple pie, cookies and crackers. Do you see how we could possibly eat a dinner composed of many different kinds of pies and cakes?

5/1/64

Yesterday nearly all of the girls went to the Glen. It is a pretty place, lots of nice flowers and pretty trees. I did not go but they brought back a great quantity of the flowers and I have a very nice bouquet. I don't believe I shall write you any more this time. Please write me soon a good long letter for this for I don't always mean to write you there

you must not make fun of my penmanship (sic) for I have been trying to write as badly as I could to day. If you could see me presently I think you would not doubt it. Miss Pettybone and I did but little today, only laugh and for that reason I send you a poor letter, but expect this time from your friend, Frant