

of her the Boston Mrs W - the point of death there is a longing
of her the Boston Mrs W - the point of death there is a longing
of her the Boston Mrs W - the point of death there is a longing

Dear Nereid, I shall call you, yet,
for you need not think that I, your old childish friend
will call you by any other title, even though you do
change your name. But I will confess, that the name
you bear now, would seem rather natural for me
to write it and if you don't believe it, look in that
tell tale Chemistry when I (single girl) in spite of
earnest protestations, writes that name which called
many a blush and suppressed smile, - but never mind
it now - only don't tell the Dr who scribbled in his book.
But here I've written half of the page can so graciously gave me
to write ten thousand things, it is not half enough - and if I
tire you, you must not blame me, for you asked me to write.
Well as E - did not write much about our school, I
will tell you some things about it. The school closes in three
weeks and at the close the Philomathean Society holds
an anniversary, consisting of two orations and a Lecture paper
and a supper, and where do you suppose it is going to be
well - even down in our orchard. What a fine idea I tell them
I presume we shant have an apple left - but they say - it will
be so much labor. And another thing I want to tell you
on a beautiful night about eleven o'clock Caroline and I
Meghshan and I went out - persuading and then we carried the
Bellevue - first we went up to the Academy and persuaded
Mr Hall and then we went down to Mr McCallons and from
there to Mrs Brown and don't you think he put in a party
in the Herald about us, the unknown songsters. And quite a pill
after that we went again. Because Mr Hall was going away the next
morning and among the things we sang was "Dumml" to night we part
he will not be present at the remainder of the term, he said
circumstances called him away - and Mr Strong takes his place
except at prayers when we have to do without - for he 'cant pray
your friend forgives this unwieldy looking song and when I next write
I will argue with you, and you must write to me if you don't be
sure how you write to me because I shall be the pealor
give my love to your Doctor and accept the same yourself
Yours as ever Mary