

Westfield, Ct. 4. Oct 15th 62.
Friday eve 9^{oc}

How good a night, what a treat
for me to get into your midst this evening,
when so many of your kind friends are doubtless
enjoying themselves to the full. You know
I have never known a party so merry.
But I must not say more to make myself in-
vidious, and I must go to rest, it is of your
own volition. He led at home, before the war,
a brilliant harmonious fellow who was
always getting himself and other students into
trouble; but they never demurred about follow-
ing him, because as they said, "If he led them
into a pen, he was always sure to lead them
out of it." Now Emma, if you are like him

in that respect, and can shoulder the responsibility
of introducing your commonplace friend ~~to~~
of "the Seaboard," why should I stand back
with head hung down and fingers in my
mouth? "Miss Nora & Miss Anna" - Don't
say Schomaker for it is not a bit of the same
and I never remember that it belongs to the
mind being before me, except when I look over
the catalogue of St. Annville High School, and
see the same name there - Mrs. Maria Sweetser
I never heard of a school but "Anna's school," and
that is now closed. I think - as I have in the
individual's life. As for me I am to be in the
Lynn Everett to you and, until I see your husband.
I can see my course. Give me a criteria of
of the kind, and I will be stronger no longer.
In fact we are not so far, a little as much
has been told you of me as I have learned of you.
At least we are strangers no further than are
you seem to each other unlike what disinter-
ested reflection has represented us to be; for, to
tell the truth I think "brotherly love" is a lens of
unclear surface, that presents rather a distorted

image of the object before me - one in
which all pleasing points stand out in too
bold relief. I, of course, am not supposed to
have looked through ~~colored~~ glasses, and this
is why I prefer to abandon my quiet
chamber and join your circle a little time.
Nora I know, has a large, warm heart, that dis-
covers and brings out all the good in one; and I
half believe will take me to it in a strong,
motherly way, and let me be a sort of baby
sister; in fact she seems very like one of my
precious classmates at Seminary.

Anna I always expected to admire, and I
saw her a little like an aunt ^(a young one) of mine of
acknowledged and conscious superiority, who
was, she hates common-people - yet makes
herself pleasing to every body. I used to imag-
ine I should stand in more awe of her than
of any other of "the sisters." But of late I've concluded
she sometimes condescends to give and receive
a kiss; and there is a special reason why I am
going to love her, if I ever know her, never
mind what it is.

Perhaps I shall yet become to you both a desper-
ate, little "doodle" like to the persons described, under
that appellation in that refreshing reader's
article. A "Complaint of Friends" in the Atlantic
for September. I have not enjoyed a month
at all in a long time as that article. I pre-
sume you have all read it. If not, pray do.
But Miss. You have suppressed it - you have again
in Articula? I suppose for a year at least,
you would not wish to touch. Albion writes me date
full of your own mind is strong - he never respects
you to visit that of it & the country again.
That you do not wish for an opportunity to
become actually disappointed more miserable than
I do, is far from my being tonight.

Prudence may be your best friend
It is time that we were considering our his-
tory.

Yours truly

Lizzie Gerritt.