Georgetown College
Feb. 20th, 1850.

My dear father and mother:

As I wrote to Mr. Mullaly last week and as, for the last three or four days, I have been expecting a letter from you, I did not write sooner and this apology will be sufficient I hope. Last week, we had a dramatic entertainment which was followed by a mask ball. Dannie did himself a great deal of credit by imitating Abbevon. He put on his "nigger" suit but soon threw away his mask and gave himself up to the enjoyment of watching the dancers. Afterward we
managed in a sumptuous repast of ham sandwiches and chocolate. Then we went to bed and woke up to find ourselves in Lunt. I guess your fare at the Hostel de Jakel Westheimer, if that's what it is, would not quite equal the Ebbitt's courses but we are in the same fix. However we have appetites and after eating four or five plates of soup—for that's the only way that they are cooked here—we feel as though we could struggle through the rest of the day. Dannie has been at the infirmary for the last week or so but it has almost left him and he will be up in a day or two. No thanks that I am not
at all in the right when I tell anybody that his birthday is on such a Monday. Perhaps we will have a holiday and perhaps we won't. If the municipal authorities make Monday a holiday instead of Tuesday, which is Washington's birthday, we will have a day's fest. If they don't we won't. Our retreat commenced on last Wednesday week and was given by Mr. McGivney of St. Louis. It was quite a success and everybody admired the preacher's eloquence. Write soon. Give my love to Maggie.

Yours affectionately

W.L. M. Laughlin.