

Vassar College. 1866.

Po'kN.Y. Oct. 13

Saturday A.M.

My Dear Belle.

For the last week I've been trying to find the time when Louise & I could write to you together, but L. has been so busy, that I have received only a shake of the head, in response to any invitation to do it. And now I've seized her, although she protests that she has much else to do, and marched her into room MC", and she is writing to Ella Stevens, while I try to fill my half of this sheet with quail-tracks to you, which done, we shall change papers for proceed. So you can imagine us, both wrapped in a shawl (the identical beauties of last year) and seated by the window, occasionally dipping into the family inkbottle, which I have captured from the centre-table, in spite of the new rule which L. declares Miss Lyman has proclaimed that inkbottles shall not depart from that place, conveniently proper when one wants to stay in the parlor, but when it is cold as Greenland, I don't propose to obey any such rule. No doubt you will be shocked at my wickedness, and not consent to read words written with such ink, perhaps} – but I can certify that L's will not contaminate you, for her intentions were excellent, and it's the spirit, you know, that decides the moral quality of a deed. – We've just come from one of those Saturday morning sieges, that you doubtless remember, when everybody thinks we have quantities of time to spend, accomplishing nothing.

First, at 8. o'clock, there was

a meeting of the great Philaethean Society – merely voted in new members, and appointed all the four Presidents a committee to arrange for "the time", Dec. 2nd., but it occupied us until chapel exercises, which, having been duly consummated. Dr. R. commenced one of his (like no other men's) long speeches, the incitement to which was the terrible state of Vassar College in respect to the department of Eng. Lang. & Lit. – The Dr. takes Prof. Buckham's place for a while, and he is dreadful. Already we have had an examination in spelling, and a composition to write, and the "startling facts", revealed by these, excites the Dr. to excessive zeal. – We anticipate nothing short of a daily exercise in spelling, and a weekly essay, but we know not yet. — After the good man had impressed upon our minds the wretchedness of our condition, he proceeded to inaugurate a new movement out of chapel, – going by seats, in the most charming of orderly manner. – But I don't quite enjoy being marched around so much (we now have the same arrangement for getting out of the dining room), though it, doubtless, is an excellent plan. – L. will tell you the other news at Vassar. – so I'll tell you a little of Hfd. – And firstly "Johny" wished to be remembered to you whenever I should write. He altered his mind about going to Mich. Likewise Du still retained, at last accounts, his admiration of Miss T. – What did you say in that "lengthy for highly-interesting epistle", which you sent to me? I wish you would repeat the "highly-Interesting" part. It is very queer, my not getting it. It is the first letter I ever failed to receive, that was sent to me. Don't be vexed if I mildly suggest that it may be among your precious manuscripts somewhere. I should like so much to get it.

The news I get from home now-a-days is of little but weddings.
My friend Sarah Wolcott was married the week after I came away k
is now living in Chicago.

— What do you wish done with your chair? Mrs. Campbell
spoke to me about it yesterday, & it is now in our room, your humble
servant, at the present speaking occupying it, & L., a twin sister to it,
belonging to Mary Reybold. — We thought it would be pleasanter for
you to write to us together, as we are all Interested in the same things,
but you can have the privilege of doing as you please. However that be,
please write soon to yours with much love
Sarah Rann.

Mary Rice sends love, & would like to hear from you.

Oct. 13th.1866

Dear Belle.

I have been a little hurt that you did not write to me.
You do not understand me, that where I love be it much or little, I
love unto the end. I may be cold hearted, but I do believe I am constant.
Write me good long letters and tell me everything you are doing, I shall
be interested in everything you may be sure that concerns you. And I
shall take it for granted that you cannot drop your last year's roommate
as lightly as you thought I wished to. Our life goes on here in the old way,
some changes there are of course, it was always a busy life, busier still now
I think with me, although I have the same studies. I am a regular Junior
now, and to be that is to be honored of how much. We sit in the very
front seats in Chapel, we have a table set for us alone with no teacher
of the Dining Hall
at the head, in the cloak room, where we have a nice time all by our lone
selves away from the noise and bustle. Miss Geiger hears our class in
Greek, three times a week, and the other two days we recite In the Greek
Testament to the Professor. We have not commenced Gymnastics yet
but the building seems to be about ready, and Miss Powel has measured
us all.

Our Astronomy class are all invited to a reception over to Miss
Mitchel's this evening at eight to stay till ten and longer If she can get
permission for us.

Mary Reybold and Mollie Corblt have your room, the first
you knew. Miss Corbit is a tall rather pretty girl, given to fixing up
things, and fancy work generally, although she does not have much
here

time to indulge her proclivities. I am a lost in admiration at the
pretty things she makes without apparent effort. Miss Starr occupies
Ellie's room.

Delta flourishes although so many have left, we morn our
and Secretary, of course. Miss Sneider, Miss Tutwiler Miss SeU and Miss
Morrison especially. Some new members have been added who are
smart girls. A week ago last night an election came off. Sarah was
made President. Miss Whitney vice president, BeU Strong, Secretary.
Miss Hoyt and Miss Baker, critics, and Miss Starr and Miss Gay Com-
mittee of arrangements. We all had to write Essays on the subject

"Chapter Delta" for last night, had a very interesting meeting. Sarah presided nicely of course. The room was arranged very prettily by Misses Frothingham and Barker. I wish you had been there. I am glad you are coming back next year, my last year, I shall be glad when it is over, although I e^joy myself here. I long for home more a great deal this year than I did last. Btat what I shall gain will of course much more than compensate for all it costs. Sarah and I have been put into Prof. Knapp's Bible class, which meets on Saturday mornings, we shall study the Acts. This of course leaves uf free to go to Prof. Farrar's if we like and accordingly, we took our places there last Sunday morning. Prof. F. is going to take up the Life of Christ. Mary Norris came in here Just as I began to write this letter. She said she wanted her love to sent to you. She was so sorry when she heard you were not coming back. She did not know you very well but she had always loved you. Everything is beautiful around the College the trees are very gay. Mary Norris and Miss Daniels have charge of the Library in Miss Sneider's place. Miss Fessenden is our corridor teacher with Miss Scott this year. We had a famous Woman's Rights woman here visiting the College last week, a Mrs Dahl. She gave us a lecture on Tues here. Please write soon.

Louise