

V.F.C. Oct. 14, 1866-

Sunday Morning-

My chere petite Abbie-

Blble class is over! and we are once more left

you

to "our own devices and desires." And while I'm here, think I will tell A there

that is a change in these classes.- The seniors, juniors and all the oldest girls recite to Prof. Knapp Saturday morning- The President says he must have a class and he says that he won't and can't come out Sundays so they are obliged to retite immediately after chapel Saturday- Profs. Farrar and Tenney also have their classes as of old. There are remaining besides there three a hundred young ladies belonging to none. So they take said ladles, divide them into ten classes, and put ten teachers over them all- I happen to be among those unclassified ones, so I was put into Miss Fessenden's division which recites in the parlor- I have half a mind to scold you for not writing to me before, but you apologise so prettily, I shall refrain from sheer inability- Oh dear! you don't know how we miss you and Carrie this term! I think some mornings that if we could only hear you scream and screech over your weekly letter, how elegant it would be- And we miss you especially, in the news line, for do you remember how you used to come in the room, and shutting the door, give us every little bit of gossip which you had picked up- We don't hear anything that goes on within these walls this year, though there is enough, as such a young wild set of girls were not here last term- I went to camp meeting for the first time this summer, and oh! what fun I had- There was an elegant looking young fellow took me, and one notice particularly drew my attention- "Private Walk for Ladies" I turned around to see if Tom saw me looking at it, and I caught his eye- He laughed so hard. I was awfully ashamed- Neta says that one evening she went to a sociable at Carmel with Steve, and he asked her if she saw any gentleman to whom she wished to be introduced. She said:- "Yes that one with lavender kids, and necktie"- So she obtained the required introduction, and this gentleman was Mr. Charles Dunning of Brooklyn- They danced together the whole evening, and she thought he was very nice- Do you know that Kittie Sawyer is dead? She died of Typhoid Fever about two weeks before school commenced. It seems so sad that such a bright, lively girl should be taken, and one who seemed to enjoy life so well- I remember the last time that I saw anything of her was that evening she came to see you and Carrie- Last Sunday evening we heard that Lottie Harris was dead but couldn't find out if the report was true- I asked Walt, when I was down town Wednesday-and he said it was no such thing- Miss Lawson is back, but we do not see as much of her as last year- Do you correspond? I am very glad to hear that "Josie B" is constant. May he never transfer his affections. I must tell you- Fred Wilcox is at home-and though he has been here two months, I have not seen him, and he is going to South America again. They say that he is a splendid looking fellow- What a horrible time you had getting home.

Oct. 12, 1866 -3

I heard my little Abbie turned a certain young gentleman's head with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes, but of course I musn't "tell tales out of school? - I don't like 91- half as well as I did 87- and I wish we were back more than forty times a day. Please remember me to "Will", or Mr. I suppose I should say-and tell him that he is very unkind to plague you, but he may scribble over any letters you send me if he chooses, and

you needn't apologise for his mischief and fun loving spirit- I like to hear from him- Prof. Tenney took seme girls on an expedition to the town yesterday- Don't you wish you could see him?- Now don't make fun of this letter, but think how lonely this Convent Is, and how nice letters are - So shake up a lively reply, and accept much love from-

Fanny

(Frances Elisabeth Brown, spec.

Jan. '66-67

To Abigail L. Slade, spec. '65-66