

Vassar

Friday Aft.

March 15 1867

My dear Carrie—

Once in a dog's age, we are honored with a few lines from our former roommates, notwithstanding their promises to write often, and not to keep us waiting months for answers— Everything jogs on in real boarding-school style, sometimes nice, and sometimes horrid— One thing good we don't have to repeat the sermon any more— We meet, pray, sing, and give our report of exercise, our excuses; the whole occupying perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes— Miss Lyman has no more bible lessons after chapel— It was decided by some body that it took too much of our time, and she must give them up Dr. Raymond seldom if ever preaches and has shortened his prayers by a third— Morning chapel is not quite so tedious as it was— We have to write a composition once in three weeks, a great bore, as you well know— We have to meet Mondays to read, and Wednesdays to analyze and parse, and Fridays to compose sentences &c— Isn't that delightful? Every teacher has a class, and this peculiar performance is called the study of English— It's too bad you are not here to enjoy it— Sadie Lawson as fat and jolly as ever is often seen going about the halls— That's for Abbie's benefit— Neta and I now live in 99 on the fifth floor— Our room is a front one, and only one other girl in the parlor,— It is full of pictures and cosy as can be— We can see everyone who comes, the road, pond, mountains city &c— Don't mind the stairs, nor wear out half so many shoes, as I did going way to the end of the fourth—

I have just the gayest time down town this term— Am acquainted with Gus Doughty, and have been riding with him— He is perfectly elegant— Also know Ike Van Vlietfs twin brother, and like him— He's in business in N.Y. but comes up every Saturday— A week ago Aunt May came for me, and I went back to spend Sunday with her— Friday evening Hatt and I attended a surprise party, and didn't get home till three o'clock Saturday morning— What think you Mother Lyman would say to that? Don't tell her about that though— (Please pardon all "tautology" — "far fetched expressions" — poor writing &c. for I am amid the noise and tumult offer school girls) Maria Boothe walks about more stately than ever

assuming Virginia Butler's style— We have for supper every other night a pudding composed of "cracked wheat" very good occasionally, but too often is perfectly nasty— Words can not express my dislike for the article. How's "Josie B?" Abbie says that you have been treating him with "cool politeness—" Why Carrie, I am astonished. Davie E. is in the south, on a plantation near New Orleans, and he doesn't trouble me very often with his letters, and when they come are full of complaint against his "niggahs"— We are allowed to dance! Every Friday evening we can stay over at the gymnasium until half past nine, and Saturdays till nine— The evening study five schoolgirls—)

hour of Friday has been taken off— Weren't they kind and condescending? From the third to the tenth of April we have vacation, and go home of course— Washington's birthday we had for a holiday, also the last day of February which is appointed for fasting and prayer of students and others for colleges—

Now in a poky place, and a poky girl, you can't expect much else
than a poky letter—

Accept much love from

Fanne

Love to Abbie, and for pity's sake answer quickly—

(Frances Eliasabeth Brown, spec.

Jan. '66–671

To Caroline E. Slade, spec. '65–66.