

Thursday

May 9, 1867.

My dear Carrie and Abbie,

You see it is really impossible for me to delay answering your letters, as long as you do inine. I know that I am very impolite but trust you will pardon, on the strength of our intimate acquaintance. We had a perfectly glorious time on Founder's Day, though it rained quite hard, by five o'clock, about three hundred had been deposited at our door, half of which number were gay young fellows, and really Vassar College never saw a gayer day. It wasn't uncommon to see one girl with two gentlemen, and last year the average was twenty girls to one man. Neta wore white alpaca trimmed with a beautiful shade of green velvet, splendid trail, and looked very pretty. I had my light silk gored and trimmed with a puffing of and pink velvet

illusion and a peplin (I can't spell it) made, wore no hoops and had just a jolly trail.---The Talcotts looked very nicely in drab alpaca, indeed I never saw them better. Belle Green had white merino trimmed in blue velvet-- White was all the rage, and the girls looked so well, I wish you had been here. We miss you every day but think you could never again be contented here. Do you remember Ike Van Vliet who played in that organ concert? Well he has a twin brother who looks so much like him, that it is hard to distinguish them. I invited Ike, and Maria Booth asked John, and such fun! for strangers supposed them to be the same person. Prof. Tenney is just as handsome as ever, and is liked so much by the girls-- In three weeks comes an entertainment by the Philalethean, in five a musical, in six commencement, and then go home. I can scarcely realize what a short time is between me and liberty. Oh dear! I do wish you were back. No I wouldn't object you to the mercy for they are just now beginning to tuck on this long lessons. I am in the German A class. Prof. Knapp gives us a grammar lesson of six pages, and three pages of poetry to translate with oao learn. In the D. French, Miss Kapp every Friday gives a subject to one wlxo during the week must write a composition of forty-eight pages, and then bring it to be corrected before the class. Isn't that awful? What a pity that Josie B. is away for you must miss him---Lottie Harris has not been heard from in Po'keepsie by her uncle since September, but I can't believe that she is dead. Neta is all O.K. again with Ed Smith-- Did I tell you? He is in New Orleans, and writes very often--- Mrs. Van Ingen is enceinte, so they say, and I guess it is true. He's awfully good to her-- Mr. Mitchel always asks after you--

It's now grub time, and I must go to cracked wheat-- Good Bye, and don't forget--

Fannie.

Franees Elizabeth Brown, spec.

Jan. '66-67

i'o Caroline and Abigail L. Slade, both spec. '65-66.