

Vassar College, April 7, 1872.

Dear Mrs. Reed:

Ought congratulations to come first or last? At any rate I am not going to keep mine. I sat up straight as straight could be when Sarah wrote me of the honor Montpelier men saw fit to give to a woman, and rejoiced that there would be one school-committee who would not fall asleep examinations or scare little children out of their wits. Although for "Woman's Rights" in the abstract I have a vague horror, a practical illustration like this makes me feel very glad. I am sure the act was a pleasure to you for some reasons, although, for others, you saw fit to resign the part it gave to you.

You were very kind to write me such a long letter, though I felt a little guilty about wanting it so much when you told me about Mrs. Prentiss. Thank you, very much, for the description of Sharlie. Her mother sent me her photograph (Sharlie's) a little while ago, and I was surprised to see how little she had changed.

Sarah told me about Cells's visit. We are dreadful gossips, you see,—Sarah and I. I think she must have had a delightful time.

I am disappointed in Gail Hamilton. I have always pictured her as a sweet, quiet, brown-haired woman who could say sharp things and look daggers when she had a mind to, but to honest people, was a brave and loving woman. I believe all my heroines turn out so. I hope I shall never see anybody who has seen Miss Alcott.

Sept. 22, 1869 – 2

X should have been almost wild if Cells could have come here.

X doesn't believe she ever felt like a "cat in a strange attic,"—at a grand party or anywhere else.

X heard nothing of the affair about Mr. Hepworth except that he had turned orthodox, and that didn't trouble me at all, although, of course, X wants as many smart men as possible to be Unitarians.

Will you think X am fickle if I tell you that I don't believe X would like to be a Quaker, after all?

X admires them, however, just as much as ever.

The hanging basket did freeze, but not until X had put it in a corner of my inside bed-room—so that I didn't feel very badly. Kittle is going to have it filled again at the florist's now that it is warm.

X am very fortunate in having for room-mates four of the best and brightest girls in college. They are all very different from me and, of course, have different aims and ideas, but we have come to think a great deal of each other.

X am always "Hoytie" to them. I imagine you wouldn't like that name very well, but X do. — better than any other X have ever had.

We have just now a list of our names placed in a conspicuous place on the door. For every word of slang one of us uses, she receives a black mark and is taxed a penny. The proceeds are to be appropriated

Apr, 18, 1869 – 3

as the parlor sees fit. Don't you like the idea?

The girls are cruel enough to call "splendid" slang. Just think of the self-denial I have to undergo.'

We have been reading "Barnaby Rudge" aloud this vacation\* and

been very much interested in it.

I must tell you about our "boot-jack." Perhaps you do not know that Matthew Vassar, Jr. is not a very literary man or that he gets strange ideas in his head sometimes. Thinking that the girls would like some memento of the founder, he caused a large ash on the place of the latter to be hewn down and made – not into paper-cutters, match-safes, bracketa or anything else of the slightest use, but a hundred boot- jacks J These he conveyed to the office where he supposed the girls would eagerly flock to buy. As his scheme was aa evident failure, he magnanimously offered to endow each parlor with one. – "to save the rounds of the chairs," the servant who brought ours said. We have hung it above the paper-rack, and affectionately adorned It with scarlet ribbons. My box came yesterday afternoon, and I thank you very much for the dress you sent. I am also grateful to Celia for suggesting the idea of the blue waist which is one of the prettiest things I have seen for a long while.

Of course, although I am very happy here, I look eagerly forward to Sept. 22, 1869 – 1872

June, and being in your Bible-class is not one of the least of the pleasures I anticipate.

i would like, very much to hear from you again before that time.

Please excuse the many "I's" in this letter and believe me,

Your sincere admirer,

Emma L. Hoyt