

Vassar, Oct. 18, 1865.

My dear sister Nellie. Don't read this out loud. If Father or Willie are around. My principal, particular, and exact reason for writing to you just now is to sound the praises of Prof. Knapp. We assembled this A.M. in the Livy class, fear and trembling on our countenances, a most horrible Romulus and Remus lesson in our hands. I thought I was completely steeled by my Cicero and Virgil experience, but I never dreaded the thought of reading any thing so much, in my life. Prof. Knapp called the roll, took our review translations, which we write out and bring into class, gave us ours for yesterday, told us that he was otherwise engaged and would not hear us this morning, and by the way, we needn't write out the translation for tomorrow, and dismissed us, with the injunction "Go quickly to your rooms." It was all done so naturally and unconcernedly, that a stranger would never have imagined that any more was the matter than he stated. I actually feel affection for him already. I presume at least I hope, that his engagement was to attend a class of Madame's. she doesn't know how to teach very well, and her classes feel somewhat out of patience with her. Miss Johnson went to Prof. Knapp a day or two ago, and asked to be put into a lower class which Miss Fesseadeu teaches, he questioned her a little and said he would go into her class and hear her. Consequently I presume he has gone now. As far as Madame's table is concerned, I sat there for three meals, and found that they only talked French around Madame and never uttered a syllable while I was there, the result was that I was sick with headache and went back to my own table. I believe that they do talk rather more French there now. Prof. Wiebt "the music man" has a German table which I think I shall join. They have no opportunity to speak English under the watchful eyes of Mr. Mrs. and Miss. Imagine me there. The sun has been beautifully eclipsed today. Did you look at it? Miss Mitchell gave Hattie some pieces of glass and we spent most of the time we were not in classes, squinting at his Solar Majesty. Miss M. has been making observations all the morning. We had our study hours assigned today. I am glad for we have been annoyed by visitors when we wanted to study. They are from nine A.M. until twelve, from two till five, and from half past seven until nine - I did beautifully in Livy this morning congratulate me. (I presume that by this time, you understand that today is tomorrow). We were very glad to receive a paper this morning. How sad Mrs. Strong's death is. I wonder what will become of her little children. I don't know what to say about John Ward, it seems almost as if he deserved it, but think of his poor wife, almost a bride, and of that boy. I should not think he could forget a single instant that he is a murderer. Have you got Hattie's letter about that chenile? Minnie's birthday comes next week. Miss Gilbert sent a great deal of love back to you, therefore you need not be afraid to send some more. She often mentions you and seems to consider you nearly perfection. I guess it is her way to make a great deal of anyone whom she fancies, she does just so by Minnie. They are both great favorites here. Miss Mitchell thinks Hattie is fine, she told them one day at the Presidents table about her, and how smart she is, and Miss Wiebe came in here one day and told of it, in her funny German fashion. No American would ever have done it so. I am very hungry for a letter. I had no idea that they made such a difference. I hope you didn't ask any very important questions as I can't find your letter. Who were the ministers at our house? Were they pleasant? I would a great deal to be able to take tea at home tonight, and spend the evening in the back parlor. Give my love to the family and the girls. I suppose that busy is no name for Sara's state of mind. Prof. Buckham has brought home his family - such sweet pretty little things - the orthodox number

for Vassar College, a little boy and a little girl, the girl with light curls. Prof. Buckham looks like a different person. Mrs. Farrar had been visiting almost ever since school began, and that is why we haven't seen her - Quantities of love from all of us to all the people.

Your loving sister Mattie  
(Martha S. Waraer, '68)