

Vassar Jan. 25th/66.

My beloved Soror,

Your letter filled me with unalloyed delight. It is a great delight that all that talent hasn't been wasted on the desert air - You must attribute all mistakes and incoherences, to the fact that Hattie Warner and Hattie Johnson are trying to screw a program for next society meeting - I at present feel highly misanthropical owing to the fact that our chapter is weaker than all the others and yet, owing to the fact that Minnie and Hattie are in it, all the girls are pitching into us, hands, heads and feet. We are obliged to grow eloquent on the subject of our weakness and imbecility generally - I am very glad that you find Miss Beaumont so agreeable. Dont you see how important it is always to act upon my advice. The first thing I have to say is, that we have invested in a jolly new French teacher. His name is Rondelle. he has a beautiful black mustache, he is a widower, and added to these fascinations is handsome and "polite as a Frenchman". Isn't he a captivating chap and an improvement on our hateful old Madame? That lovely creature grew rampant when informed that her services were not needed, abused Prof. Knapp right and left, declared that her superior attainments, were the cause of her downfall, and wound up by offering herself to the musical department. Being respectfully declined in that quarter, she again attributed it to her superiority over the Prof, this time Wiebe. Then she announced her determination to remain at the College, declaring that they were obliged keep her a year in pursuance with the agreement, consequently the venerable dame has comfortably settled herself and begun to take painting lesson of poor terrified Prof. Voningen. Altogether she has furnished us with topics for conversation for two whole weeks and more. Another interesting curiosity is Miss Frost, of whom I may have spoken heretofore. She joined the Literary Society and was duly distributed into one of the Chapters. There are three young ladies Miss Frost, Miss Burnett, and Miss M. Ida Smythe, (writes for the N.Y. Mercury, and has written a book) whom the distributing committee considered too much talent for any one chapter and conscientiously distributed them, one in each Chapter. Miss Frost appeared a day or two ago, at the door of the Presidentess of her chapter, wearing a most forlorn expression - She desired to see Mrs. Miller alone for a few minutes, and then opened the sad tale of all her woes. "She didn't know, she thought she had better leave the society," "Why?" "Oh she didn't know, she didn't seem to be of any use, all the committees had been appointed, and the officers chosen, and she didn't have anything to do, or any place to fill." "Oh if she wanted something to do, there would be plenty for every one, compositions, recitations, readings &c. no idle ones would be suffered. "Yes, but she didn't know, that wasn't exactly what she meant, but all the officers were chosen and the committees, and she seemed overlooked, she didn't know." Isn't that a superb character? I told Mrs. Miller that I had two votes for secretary, and therefore was decidedly more fevered than she, I sure I don't know what I told you all this for, but what can I write if not about the girls. Miss Avery is giving us a course of Physiological Lectures, they are very fine, end she is a noble woman. I stumbled on Kittie Edmonds a few days ago, she said she knew the first instant she saw me that I was from D. but couldn't remember my name until she heard it, I never should have known her, but after that speech thought I could percieve vague traces of the Deacon floating over her features. I know both Miss Annan and Miss Noye, by sight, they seem like very nice girls, but certainly have most signally failed if they intended make an impression. I believe they are his mother are doing finely - there is the retiring bell - Good night a thousand kisses

from all of us - I can't half say what I want to -

Good night. Mattie S. W.  
[Martha S. Warner, '68]