

Vassar College
Feb. 10th, 1866.

My dear Helen,

You don't know how delighted we all were by your letter. It is just two weeks today since I had had a letter from any one, man, woman, or child. Emma has gone to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath. She is almost worn out, she teaches seven hours a day part of the time in a room where eight pianos are going at once. She says it makes her almost crazy. I am very glad she has gone to Brooklyn, and hope that she will bring us back some doughnuts. What has possessed you to take an other scholar? I think you had better follow up your marvelous Mexican plan - dont ever allow your plans to stop half way, in anything. We had a most delightful literary meeting last night, after which Hattie, Minnie and I adjourned by invitation, to Prof. Tenney's where we had some elegant coffee and cake, just such delicious coffee as Mother makes, and cookies like those Minnie has at home. We are falling more and more irretrivably in love with Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn Tenney. They are my ideal of married happiness exactly. I do wish that you and Mother could see them. Hattie Raymond's intended is here visiting, his name is [Loyd] from the oil regions, very light hair, nice looking I guess. Hattie and Minnie saw him getting into the omnibus. Madame Spartan still honors us with her presence. I believe that most people have come to the conclusion that she has the disease called "non compos mentis." If not she is a perfect fool when I go home I'll tell you stories as long as the moral law about her behavior. She met Emma in the hall the other day, and began to talk with her, in the course of the conversation Emma mentioned that she was going to leave. "And do you go of your own free choice Miss Hopkins?" "Certainly I do. I never would stay in this house one half hour after the slightest intimation that I wasn't wanted" "O but your case is so different from mine Miss Hopkins!" "Not at all Madame." after which she (i.e. Emma) gave her some plain, common sense advice, but it made no impression upon the obdurate damsel. By the way, she has confided to some of the girls, her fixed determination to capture and lead to the hymeneal altar before the close of the year, one of the Mr. Vassars, John Guy I think, but alas! for her scheme, he has sailed for Europe. Probably in order to fly Madame's fascinations. Little Carrie Wiebe sails for Germany in May to meet our (I humbly beg her pardon) her betrothed. She is the only daughter of our musical Prof., very odd but a nice little thing. I have decided to follow Helen Dana's advice, and corner a man, in order to have a multiplicity of letters. Emma has one every day, and sometimes two, great long ones, five or six sheets. You mustn't be to critical of G. Ladue, he can't help it. I don't wonder at him at all. Seems to me you and Mother must have rather a mania for calling. I hope that you won't have any more such serious mishaps as that of which you wrote. Your moral was useless as I haven't made a call since I have been here. For that matter I haven't been into Po'keepsie except to church and the depot, in all this time, even when I was in Brooklyn, I didn't enter a store for any purpose what ever. What a treat you have had in your lecture course - Wendell Philips lectured in the city last night quite a number went to hear him, but we didn't think it would be worth while - Prof. Tenney considers him the most perfect orator in the country, he has heard him several times. I am going to write Mother, consequently I shan't give you but one sheet this time. We are going to have a spelling match in our corridor after silent hour, won't it be fun? Give my love to all the people in Detroit. Isn't Mrs. Ella Rose Randall's death sad? And Mrs. Woodbridge's also. Do you know that there has not a year passed since they were married without a death in

the family? It is just about a year since Mrs. Seely died and left a little baby. Mrs. Woodbridge's baby was born during Mrs. Dickinson's absence. We are to a reception of the President every month. Isn't that fine. We are nearly thro' Livy, and are going to read one more book of Homer. Farewell Helen Frances Warner -

Respectfully

M.S.W.

(Martha S. Warner, '68)