

Vassar College,
Nov. 9, 1875

My dearest Millie,

I had a little box from home today, containing some articles & my heart is so full of home that I think I must send a line in that direction. I have so much to tell you, what would I not give if you were here with me tonight. Do you think at all of visiting New York this winter? And would it be possible for you to come here for a day or two at the first of Dec? There is an entertainment here the week after Thanksgiving, to which we are allowed to invite our friends & if you thought you could come down I should so like to see you. It would be pleasant too for you to see the place & perhaps you will want to come here yourself sometime. You see, I want you to go wherever I do. My latest discovery of mutual acquaintances which will interest you, is a girl from Cambridge, who has met you. Her name is [Lillie?] Gray, I believe, a friend of Miss Simpson & Miss Porter. She sits at our table, & I know her well. She is rather tall, rather pretty, & pleasant. It sounded so funny, when she found I was from S. to have her ask me "Do you know of a young lady there named Grace Toll?" I told her I had seen you—ahem! She frequently speaks of you, & of names familiar to me, the Copelands etc. She had a letter the other day from Tim Simpson, which described Tim's sorrowful experience at our house last Commencement.

Do you remember the Haviland that used to be at Union Class of '71 I believe with Mr. Wilbur? A cousin of Havilands is here, about the jolliest girl I ever met in my life. She has met Wilbur & knows several others that I know. Then, there is a girl here who is a sort of cousin of Kit Pond's. Lester, etc. knows all that crew, & Woodbridge. And did I tell you about the girl who rooms next to me who comes from St. Paul, & who rec'd several letters from her home in which Irvie was mentioned, before she knew me at all. It is so odd how people do turn up. There is a niece of John B. Gough here. Do you remember one night a long time ago when you & I heard G. lecture? All sorts of people come here to see the College. One day I happened to be in Maggie Stanton's room when a daughter of Horace Greeley who had come here from N.Y. was calling there. I was introduced to her. Maggie Stanton is a Senior, but she is very kind & pleasant to me. Last Sat. she had a little supper in her room, invited me & it was quite jolly. We study hard all through the week, but on Friday night & Sat. there is a good deal of frolicking. The girls, taken all together are such a bright, splendid set. Ball playing is all the rage at present: there are a number of clubs, & the ball ground is the prettiest sight in the P.M. that you can imagine. All the clubs have different costumes, & then crowds of girls with their bright shawls, pretty camp chairs, etc, go out to watch the game, & it looks so cheerful & lively. There always seems to be so much going on: there are glee clubs: reading clubs, literary societies, & every thing else, ten times as much life as at Union. Tell some of the boys that. But I will confess to you, dearie, that I get awfully tired of the crowds & crowds of strange faces, so much whirl & hurry skurry. I have been homesick beyond words, & when my things came today, reminding me so strongly of the old home, & family gatherings, gone forever, it seemed as if my heart would break that I must be working away all alone, & the others all scattered too. I cried when I read in your letter of Kittie's funeral. I can not bear to have every thing & every body change so. But you will think I am a goose, & have settled down into a perfect baby, won't you, if I groan so in all my letters,

but indeed I had a pretty hard time, I hardly see how I could have got through it at all if it hadn't been for Mother. I suppose you have heard of the visit she made me, & all about my affairs. Well, Mary, do write me a nice newsy letter like your last. Tell me of Lucy's wedding, etc. Did she send out cards ? for I never got any. It is long past retiring hour, but my room is away off in a wing where my light can't very well be seen, so I have sat up to scribble to you. I have thought of you so much, I couldn't help scratching off some thing, though I am very tired It my eyes pain me, so that I can't see very well & presume I have made fearful blunders, but you will excuse, because it is only to be a reminder of your ever loving

friend

Katie

[Katharine (Stanton) Griffis, '77, to Mary Grace Toll Hill of Schenectady.]