

Vassar College, Dec. 23, 1866.

Sunday 4 P.M.

My dear young friends,

Helen Hattie & Mattie:

Perhaps you are having a good time this afternoon and perhaps you are not, but of this fact allow me to assure you - Blue-Eyes and I are having a delicious time,- if you know what that is. After dinner I lay down on the sofa and Blue-Eyes read to me about Winnie, until I unceremoniously went to sleep. My nap was not more than ten minutes long, but refreshed me in a most wonderful manner. We immediately began telling each other what a very nice girl Helen was; admitted that Hattie had some good traits; and, as nothing was elicited from the conversation to prove that Mattie was wholly bad, I concluded it was my duty to write a motherly letter to you three. We are having a very prosperous time, and, as far as I can see, we are not to have a Christmas tree. I have, as yet, been sacrificed but once for the good of my friends, the college, female education and the American people in general. - I proceed to elucidate. Mrs. Tenney and I, braving the elements, went over to Mrs. Green's Friday afternoon. When we returned the Prof. informed her that she had just received an invitation to a sleighride in the evening. I came into my room and found Miss E. Tucker and Miss A. Hunt, Miss T. directly invited me to the ride. I tho't it policy not to object, so I accepted. The more I thought of it, the more foolish and absurd it seemed to go out

Dec. 23, 1866 - 2

for pleasure that bitter cold night; and I was almost stupid, and could scarcely walk with dignity, was so very sleepy. I went, and tried to beg off, but without success. Twenty of us started at eight o'clock. Of the party were Prof. Tenney, Prof. & Mrs. [Wiebd], Prod. & Mrs. Van Ingen. We went out on the Hyde Park road, about five miles; we tried very hard to make out it was delightful. We were so fearfully cold that we stopped at the Forbus house to warm, and Prof. Wiebe rushed in to oder hot coffee for nineteen, but he couldn't get it. We waited about ten minutes, and then packed into the sleigh for another long ride home. For all this pleasure we were charged only eighty cents apiece. I knew I was very silly to think of going, and when I arrived at home I had the satisfaction of thinking that I had been so well punished that I would probably never become greatly demoralized from sleighing to excess.

Friday morning Miss L., spoke to us and said she wanted us to feel as if we were visiting our aunt, (she being the aunt) and that Miss Miner and Miss Grant were not corridor teachers but our cousins. The former shows her cousinly interest by making the girls on her corridor go to bed at ten o'clock. The rest of us don't go to bed at all unless it suits our convenience. Miss Grant has moved into Miss Usher's room. Mr. Fleeman gave us miserable buck-wheat cakes for breakfast, and a dire dinner today. Misses Avery Grant and & Miner heard Curtis lecture on "Conservatism" Fri P.M. Blue-Eyes lives with me all the time. Miss (Brown?) made me a long visit yesterday

Dec 23, 1866-3

and proved to be a very pleasant and communicative girl. I had a letter from Tom and six "Little Orphans" from Maggie Fri. noon. Tom sent his love and a Merry Christmas to all three of you. He expects to be in Kalamazoo or Chicago on Tues. Miss Lyman told us last night that she had darned two pairs of stockings. Libbie Owens went to Christ Church with me this morning. It has rained nearly all day and the thermometer has been at about 35 degrees. Miss Geiger says "Tell Mattie for me that we have no

sermon today. She sends her love to you all and expects Mattie to write her a long letter Tues.

Hoping to hear from you soon I am lovingly and sincerely

Your friend,

M. L. Dickinson.

Maria (Dickinson) McGraw, '67

Reed. Mon. A.M. a letter from Lille and at noon one from Miss Gilbert saying she is glad I am coming &c. It appears to have been mailed Sat. but has no date. She is much better but can't sit up, and of course I can't go now- Dear friends, what if she doesn't receive the letters I wrote Wed. night and still expects me.

To Harriette Warner, '67, and Helen and Martha Warner, '68