

Vassar College,
April 30. 1873.

Dear Carrie,

The Faculty have been unusually good to us, giving us a half holiday today, which, with many of us, is a whole one as our recitations all come in the morning. Perhaps their kindness was as much to themselves as to us, for certainly we are all a pretty sleepy and dull appearing set this morning. Although last night we went to bed not very much after eleven o'clock, even that has used up we early birds. I do wish you might have heard Phillips Brooks. I am not in the least surprised that the Boston people so worship him, for every one of us is half crazy over him. He had been described to me as very, very tall and overgrown looking, as decidedly "green;" yet although he is all these he is decidedly fine looking. He is the biggest man I think I ever saw; when he promenaded the corridors, the other men, some of whom were quite tall, seemed mere pigmies. And this morning when he departed in the hack, he alone quite filled the seat. If his mind were at all in comparison with his body, he certainly would be a great man. His address was upon the personality of the times. If I were, like you, good at remembering and tailing speeches, etc, I would be glad to give you the substance of it, but that is impossible; so I can simply say that it was very good, and pleased all; especially as it was not all about what woman should do; for this, you must know, is drilled into us by every stick of a man who comes. Of course his College was all decorated with evergreens and flowers. The letter was more beautiful than ever before.

This morning earns a letter from Sarah Pease, who says that she wrote you at the same time, so I need not retell to you the news her letter contained. I should think Aunt Carrie would be rather fearful to have Uncle go to Europe after this fearful accident. Just think, there were several persons from Po'keepsie killed and two of the bodies, I hear, have not been found. Mr. Merritt, the father of those of that name who were lost, is quite an old man and has living only one son, who is a perfect lot, and spends most of his time in Binghampton at the asylum.

You must be very, very busy now that Mamma is unable to go about; poor child, you will be all tired out by the time summer comes. I wish I could go home now that you all need me; it would be so nice to do some thing for you all who do so much for me. Goodbye now, dear.