

Vassar College N.Y.  
April 21. 1869

My dear Mollie.

You do not deserve an answer to your letter so quickly but as I have more time than usual, and also the inclination, I am going to write you a short letter. It is very warm and I am sitting in my room on the bed with Amanda by my side studying German. You will probably be quite surprised to hear that we have had a short vacation. Last Wednesday we had a meeting of the Student's Association and sent a petition to the Faculty for a few days vacation. They granted it on condition that every girl who went away would give her word of honor that she would return at the proper time. So we had from Thursday night until Monday night and I staid at the College (That's so no chapel on Sunday. Thermometer 90° in shade, consequences two girls in night apparel on the bed. That is by Miss Amanda.) I had a very pleasant vacation for the weather has been so delightful that I have been out doors most of the time. Amanda and I went down town on Friday and had some pictures taken together, but they are the most wretched things I ever saw. That is positively my last attempt until I am obliged to have my class pictures taken. We made some very pleasant plans for the vacation. One of them was an excursion to West Point. Twelve of us, mostly Juniors among whom were Amanda, Sophie Storke, May Norris, Fannie Case and myself, proposed going down to West Point Saturday morning with Prof. Farrar and Miss Braislin and returning at night by the boat. We were all delighted with the idea, but when we referred it to Miss Lyman she was not quite as much so, in fact, she would not let us go. We were very much disappointed, and so was Prof. Farrar. Miss Lyman's excuse was that the trustees did not approve of excursions and that our names would be put in the paper. Prof. Farrar said the trustees had never taken any action on it and he got quite angry at Miss Lyman. I never saw him so much excited Mary Gilbert had a telegram the other day saying that her Father was very sick and she went directly home. She has written since that the doctors gave very little hope of his recovery. She did not know as she should come back to preside Founder's Day, and if she does not Jennie Denton will preside Abby

Goodsell also had a telegram that her Father could not live and she has gone home. She will not come back to graduate. Emma Colby felt so very badly that it has made her real sick. Now, Mollie you will not be surprised to hear something very sad, but something you have long expected. Mr. Mitchell died last evening just at sunset. He had been slowly fading away for a week and last night he just dropped asleep. I know none of the particulars of his death now. One of his sons and two of his daughters were with him. They left for Nantucket this morning and as it was not possible to have any service in the chapel all the students and the Faculty formed in a procession and accompanied the carriage from the observatory to the lodge. The exercises of the College have, of course, been suspended today and also the Cecilia which was to have been this eve. Delta's entertainment was also put off on this account and they think now they can not have it all for all the evenings are taken up. Mills and Mrs. Ritter are coming up again this Friday to give another concert like the one they gave last year.

Evening. We have Just come from chapel where the President has been talking to us nearly an hour of Mr. Mitchell and his life. How beautiful his life was. Dr. Raymond spoke beautifully of Mr. Vassar and Mr. Mitchell, and said it was so beautiful that

no one of the students have ever died, but that God had appointed these two holy men to lead the procession into the shadowy land. I think Mr. Mitchell's death has affected everyone, he was so universally beloved. I think we all have much more respect for him than for Mr. Vassar don't you? I know this is a short letter, but I do not feel in the mood for writing more tonight, if I should attempt to name the girls who send love I should have to take another sheet so I will only name Gertie, Bessie and Sophie, and your Harriet who sends oceans.

Hattie Palmer

[Harriet (Palmer) Slocum, '70.]

Do write just as soon as you can. I will send those exercises and that waist of Chopins in a short time.