

Vassar Oct. 9, 1865

My dearest Mother,

I went to church yesterday. Only think how grand I felt as I saw the windows crowded with girls who couldn't go, because it wasn't their communion Sunday. I actually laughed to myself all the way down. I was so delighted to get outside the lodge. I can't say that I enjoyed it so well when we reached the city and every one stared with their eyes and mouth wide open, and every one going into church stood still to see us gracefully descend from the omnibuses, I walked in first with Miss Usher, and sat at the end of the seat. The church is small and very fanciful. Mr. Corning who writes so much for the Independent is the minister. I liked him very much indeed except a furious denunciation of the Conn. legislature for refusing the negroes the right of suffrage, and at the Communion he compared John Brown's last supper with his wife, to that of Christ with his disciples. His text was, "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed in life" It was very finely written indeed. His manner in many of his expressions were like Dr. Hogan, or, as I heard others say, a faint imitation of H. W. Beecher. There are seventeen of the girls long communicants, six teachers at least, and Profs Buckham and Farrar. These two gentlemen walked down yesterday and home again. Prof. Buckham didn't come into dinner until we were eating our pudding. I am in Prof. Farrar's Bible Class. I like him very much. We are to be subdivided next Sunday, when I am in hopes I shall fall to Prof. Tenny. I must tell you an adventure of Nettie Huntingdon's. Prof. Buckham didn't hear his bible class until evening yesterday, because he went to church in the A.M. Nettie is in Miss Lyman's class, but was very anxious to hear Prof. Buckham so she thought she would go into the gallery, but being very anxious to avoid attention, she took off her shoes and proceeded on tiptoe. Alas! for the fallacy of human expectations! Her foot slipped going from one row of seats to the next, and down she went, bump, bump, on the two next. Great agitation below! Prof. Farrar Buckham anxiously inquired "Has any one fallen?" A small girl in the gallery rushed to the rescue. On her way she discovers Nettie's shoes which she seizes, and presses on, mistaking Nettie's entreaties to keep quiet for signals of distress she ran to her, still bearing the shoes aloft, and announces to the alarmed Prof, "no one hurt." Poor Nettie retired completely overwhelmed with chagrin and mortification, inwardly resolved never again to attend Prof. Buckham's Bible Class "sub rosa". Pres. Raymond preached us an excellent sermon yesterday afternoon, text "The perfect law of liberty". I like him very much indeed. Prof. Knapp is splendid! I really believe he's the best teacher I ever saw. He is a wonderfully, linguist. He has lived in Paris and understands all the crooks and turns completely. We study our French just as we do Latin, take the Grammar thoroughly and parse and every thing. He is very handsome too. I am very glad you are out at Kalamazoo, but you must be sure sad come and see us. Hattie is studying Astronomy. Prof. Farrar thought I had better, but I told him I thought I had better study it another year, as I wanted to study Analytical Geometry & Chemistry first. Like a reasonable man he acquiesced in my judgement and thought so too. Give a great deal of love to Uncle and Aunt, they must enjoy your being there. Have you seen any of Hattie's friends? Is Willie going out to Kalamazoo? How does he get along? I do so much want to see him - Isn't it funny about Mary Colburn? Give her my congratulations when she comes home I wonder how Mr. Colburn likes it. I have decided to fascinate Matthew Vassar Jr. or "Young Mat" as he is universally denominated. He is a gay young widower of fifty or more, who makes himself quite

popular among the girls. I wish you could see old Mr. Vassar, his face is a perfect sunbeam, he seems entirely happy and contented to walk over the buildings and nod at all the girls. Every pleasant day his carriage is here. Mother dear, if I don't tell you what you want to know or anything you must tell me. I think I write my letters very much at random, but I don't make any progress in improving them. I do want very much to see you, but I haven't been homesick a bit. I said this A.M. at breakfast that I hadn't shed a tear, and Miss Deppen said she wished I had done some of her crying for her. How is Mrs. Howard? & Bell Adams, give my love to Mr and Mrs. Raymond, when you go home. Do stay ever so long. I wish I could kiss you good night.

Mattie

(Martha Warner, '68)