

Vassar, Dec. 2, 1865

My dear, dear Mother,

It's Saturday evening again and I am writing to you. How ridiculous that I haven't written since Father was here. It seems at least a month. Words cannot tell you how very greatly we enjoyed his visit - It was almost like going home ourselves, the girls said the next day that it did them good to see how happy we looked. I was as proud of him as could be. You don't know how handsome he looked. He saw every one we wanted him to besides. I think we had a delightful visit. I had the pleasure of reciting Greek yesterday before John Gilbert, likewise of shaking hands with him to the distress of all the other young ladies of the class, who couldn't say "good bye" to him, nor ask him to come and see them at home. You probably remember writing to me about Miss Avery our doctor. She went down to New York with Mrs. Banister Thursday, without leaving word where she was going to stay. The next morning a telegram came saying that her father was dead. No one knew where to send or what to do, they telegraphed to Mrs. Banister in hopes she would know where she had gone but I believe she didn't, and tonight she has come back without knowing anything about it. She stopped at Miss Grant's room and she said to her, did you get the telegram? "What telegram, is my Father dead?" Miss Lyman has gone down to the depot with her, as she has gone to try and get home before the funeral. Monday - I wrote so far Saturday evening and then went to see Prof. Farrar. The all absorbing topic just now is a Literary Society which is forming - As far as I can see Minnie and Hattie are going to have matters in their own hands to a great extent. I am very glad they are going to have one for it will do us all good. The President has been very kind indeed, and takes a most lively interest in all our proceedings. Yesterday we went to Church because Miss Lyman made a mistake, and supposed that they did things decently and in order here, and had Communion every two months. We found that it only comes once in three months, but were much delighted at being allowed to go to church. I wonder if we would have such a longing to go, if Church was accessible every Sunday. As it is there is hardly a girl here who doesn't spend half her Sundays wishing she could go to church - I suppose that Dr. and Mrs. Pomeroy will have started on their wedding tour provided, as I imagine they are married in the morning - before this letter reaches you. How anxious we all are as to the result of that marriage! If it turns out well I think it will be a most excellent thing for all, even Mary, because if her Father was going to act so I am sure that it will altogether more agreeable to have a nice lady at the head affairs than her younger sister. I want to write to Sara in time to have it reach her Wednesday, which will necessarily be a sad day for them. Emma says they are going to call her "Mary" i.e. Sara and Mary, while she will have to say "Mother," I don't like that. If I didn't say "Mother," I'd say Mrs. Pomeroy - I wonder what they'll do with that little girl of hers. I don't see but I have managed to write as thoroughly unsatisfactory a letter as I very well could. Hattie had a letter today from Lottie Dwight - she didn't tell any news. How are Helen's eyes? Don't let her use them too much. I am going to electioneer this evening after silent hour and study hours. Mattie say tell Mother I am busy writing tickets, and sign my name and send it. Only two week to vacation, M. says send a ticket. Good by Mattie & Hattie.