

Vassar College.
Feb. 10th 1866

My dear Mother,

I shouldn't feel a bit orthodox to let this letter go home and not send you a Sunday letter, therefore I'm beginning it tonight to be sure and have it done for Monday morning's mail. What in the world started off Father, to Kentucky? Has he decided to give up that Washington scheme? I wish he would come home by way of Vassar Female College. Mother aren't you coming at all? I do not believe that I can survive till summer not seeing you - besides, you really ought to come for your health. We aren't going to stop expecting you, till you come. We had a gay time after silent hour, most of the girls in corridor, assembled in one of the recitation rooms and we had I was chosen captain on one side, and Nellie Duffield on the other; our side spelled down all but one, and had five left, that one, Miss Glass, spelled against all of five of us, until she, Florence Hart, and myself, sat down on Bdelium. The other three with one accord, departed at a barbecue. We are going to have them every Saturday night. I think they will do us a great deal of good. Minnie put out the words last time, but I believe she will have to take her turn next week - There is a remarkable young lady here, by the name of McClintock who has the most singular sleeping turns, of which I ever heard. The first one was last term soon after we came here, when she went to sleep Sunday afternoon, and slept until Tuesday afternoon. Since then she has had one or two such turns, and is enjoying one at present, she went to sleep Friday night. It is impossible to wake her - she went to sleep in the parlor, and they had to carry her up her up stairs, and put her to bed. She doesn't eat anything when she is up. Miss Avery has given her positive orders, to eat at least a slice of bread every meal. Last Sunday was communion in the Cong. church. Hattie and I went, but shall never set my foot in that church again. I thought it was bad enough when last communion, (that was in Oct.) he compared our Lord's passover, to John Brown's last supper with his wife. But not content with that he, last Sunday, taking for his text, "Looking unto Jesus" he uttered the following noble sentence, "In the first century of the Christian era, Christ was crucified by the carnal lusts of the Jews, while in this the nineteenth, he is raised to the point of adoration, by the superstition of the Christian Church-" a little further on, "Even the whining psalmsinging puritans of Connecticut have a speculative Jesus." "Connecticut can sing psalms through her nose till the day of Judgement, but she can't do it." (I.e prevent the negro from voting.) Dignified for the pulpit wasn't it? Likewise are excellent preparation for Communion, especially for the Connecticut girls - He afterwards remarked "that one great fault of the church was too superstitious reverence for Jesus." Then in reading the verses which precede and end his text, he said "Laying aside every weight," &c "let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus the racer that beat them all." I never was more shocked and disgusted in my life. Mr. Corning may be a very talented and good man, but if so he is a very skillful actor. I am going to the Dutch Reformed church after this. Their minister preached for us one Sunday and the sermon was very good and only half an hour long - Dr. Raymond's sermons average an hour. Last Sunday he preached seventy three minutes. I regret to say that in the midst of it, I found myself walking down Jefferson Ave. with Sara. If he preached in the morning we could listen better I think, as it is I am thoroughly delighted when he finishes - I expect every instant to hear the chapel bell ring - So I must say Good bye - I want to see you dreadfully.

Mattie -

Hattie and Minnie send love.