

Vassar Mar. 4th/66.

My dear Mather,

Looking at my letter account I was greatly horrified to find that I haven't written to you since the 17th. You must attribute it entirely to the state of excitement that we have been in lately for various reasons. First the tableaux took up a good deal of attention, more after they were over than before, and since then Prof. Knapp's resignation, has completely filled our minds. Last night a new subject of surprise and astonishment presented itself to our admiring eyes in the shape of George Gilbert direct from Idaho. Miss Gilbert had no suspicion that he meditated leaving those blissful realms, until his card was handed to her. You can imagine her sentiments when she saw it, and him. We had the pleasure of a long talk with him - I don't like him nearly as well as I did John, for he brings some tinges of the Rocky Mountains with him - not much you know, but little things, such as tipping back in his chair. He seemed very glad to see us, and regretted very deeply not having seen Father in Washington. He, in common with all the Gilberts that I have ever seen, seemed to have been systematically trained in the belief, that there never was, never will be and never could be another man, equal to my Father. He mentioned having seen a warm friend of Father's in the shape of C.A. Trowbridge - I wonder when he was at Idaho. He likewise met him (C.A.) in New York. On the whole I liked him very much, but not any where nearly as well as I did John. In fact I was somewhat smitten with the latter gentleman. Miss Gilbert is going down to Poughkeepsie to spend the day and talks somewhat of going home for a few days. I hope she will, she needs the rest. Spring is coming in good earnest. Mud up to our knees. Mild, mean damp weather, in abundance. I don't like it at all, and having to trot out an hour a day is highly repugnant to my feelings. I am also realising the spring, in some thing of my old tired feeling. But summer is coming pretty soon and we are going home. We didn't suspend any of the school duties on Fast Day, thinking I presume that the girls would talk too much, and fast too little. I was very glad that they kept on. Minnie and Miss Gilbert went down town yesterday, and called on Prof, and Mrs. Knapp, he said that he dreamed of being at our house and going to church with Hattie. He said that he remembered perfectly just how the house looked, and all about it. I think he is the very best man I ever saw. I wish you could know him. He evidently likes Hattie and Minnie very much. We have finished all the Livy, that we are to read. Prof. Knapp, had intended to have us commence Horace. I don't know what the Pres- will do with us. Miss Gilbert is very proud of our Greek class, she says that she never heard a class render as fine translations as we do. Prof. Knapp never heard us recite - I am very sorry indeed. Minnie has gone to church. I suppose the Communion in our delightful church will come next month. I don't ever want to set my foot inside of the church again. What do people say with regard to Mr. Freeland? Is he any better liked now than before? How's Father? Has Dr. Kitchel accepted his appointment to Middlebury? Minnie had a paper yesterday containing Mrs. Howard's death. It seems sudden in spite of her long sickness does it not? Have the boys come home? Was Mrs. Hildreth with her? How very sad Mrs. Buckley's death is. Her husband must feel it very deeply- Has Carrie a girl yet? If I wasn't ashamed to, I'd write to her again. I think Lucy is as mean as can be. I always thought she was intensely selfish. Give a great deal of love to Carrie. Tell Sara that I am going to write to her very soon. I haven't felt much like writing lately. Love to all the girls. Tell Willie that I am waiting impatiently for some sort of a picture from him. Mr. Gilbert said last night that he asked Mr. T. about Willie but he couldn't

tell him any thing about him. Lots of love to Nellie, tell her that she is growing famous in the epistolatory line - Love to all who inquire for us - I must say that I have signally failed to carry out the instructions of the Pres- and make every letter a model of elegance. Nevertheless you'll excuse me and take what you can get, won't you? Good bye Mother darling - I wish it was July Our catalogue will be out before many months.

Yours lovingly Mattie