

Vassar College.
April 19th 1866.

My darling Mother,

I see with much regret that it is again nearly two weeks since I have written to you. I never mean to fail in writing my weekly letter, but sometimes circumstances over power me. I received Nell's good long letter, today. I don't at all wonder at her indignation. Fannie must be a very simple minded young lady, if she imagines all the visitors to a convent Roman Catholics. I wonder if she considered herself converted, nolens, volens. I haven't seen Miss Gilbert since Helen's letter came. Helen says that the new minister (you all appear to have an antipathy to his name), is to board at our house in our room. I hope you don't intend to quarter us in the barn, when we return, and yet I should not think it would be any advantage to him to engage a boarding place, for so short a time - I should imagine that he was some such style of man as Prof. Buckham, who is not a favorite among the "Daughters of Vassar". So Sara is fairly married! Just think of her as Mrs. George Ladue! Her friends have been very generous, have they not? Miss Gilbert has just been in here and I hasten to correct my mistake. Clara did not write to her, as I understood her, but the body who did obtained her report thro' them, and it appears now, but that she didn't say before, that Clara did not believe it. Miss Gilbert was considerably excited at the time, and when she is so, she never gets any thing quite straight - I presume it will all be righted soon. I am waiting eagerly for letters concerning Sara's wedding. Did Father return in time - Don't you think we girls had better turn our attention to practical affairs, instead of going to school, perhaps, if we should try hard, we might succeed in marrying a fellow, thereby obtaining any quantity of presents, silver etc. I feel as stupid as I possibly can, which you have undoubtedly discovered, but you must excuse me this time, as I am laboring under the complicated difficulties of a severe headache, a wretched pen, and the worst ink I ever saw. I am going to have my hat pressed into a some thing or other, and trimmed with a simple band of narrow ribbon. That is the most fashionable style. Hattie will have to get a new one. My clothes have lasted very well, only my blue plaid dress is some what dilapidated. I have not had on my cloak since I left Brooklyn, but twice, and my bonnet only once. Outer garments are thrown away here, upon those who neither go to church nor shopping - I haven't been into a store of any kind since we left home. I am very glad to hear of Mrs. Russel's approaching nuptials - Minnie expresses great satisfaction. They think a great deal of Mr. Holbrook at her house. Emma says they may reach Detroit a few days later than she at first expected. Only two weeks left for her. Dear me, how all the people are getting married! I am very sorry indeed for poor Bell and David. What a hard hearted old wretch the old gentleman must be. I wish people that make such bad use of money could never get it. Oh Mother! if I could only see you, and all the home people, it seems as though, that would be all I could want. I fairly ache when I feel forlorn as I do today, to lie down on your bed, and be quiet - You know of course where there are so many people that there must be a continual sound, or rather feel of persons all around you. I think I am growing rather blue and had better stop immediately - Minnie and Hattie send love. Good bye Mother dearest -

Mattie -