

Vassar College  
May 25, 1866.

My darling Mother,

Fortune favors the brave most truly! Here we have been sighing and sorrowing on our way, because we had no letters, but yesterday we publicly avowed our intention of making way with every relative or connection by marriage, whom we possessed. Today our room has been favored by seven! More than we have had in the same length of time since we've been here. Minnie had long letter from her sister Lizzie, who has been very sick with intermittent fever. Hattie had three from Maggie Buchanan, who can hardly contain her joy at Mrs. Town's presence; she also received Father's letter. I had yours and Helen's. Such a feast as it has been! Helen's letter came this morning and we puzzled over Mrs. Whitaker considerably, when your noon letter solved the mystery. I am glad she came and that you enjoyed it so much. Have you been up to Elmwood lately? I am very anxious that both graves should be planted with flowers. Isn't it good that I am so strong, and have learned to take such long walks? Tell Father that he needn't worry any about evening dews and damps, for we are not allowed to put the tip end of our noses out doors after sunset; and as for drafts its so cold we have the steam on. It seems to me that if the cholera was going to be at all prevalent this summer it would have appeared before this - Just think its almost June. Don't let Helen and Father frighten themselves into fits, on the subject. Who do you think is going to preach for us next Sunday? None less than Dr. Goodell of Constantinople. Isn't it worth while to go to Vassar College, and see all the dignitaries? He has returned to this country to pass the remainder of his life. I am very thankful to have an opportunity to see him - By the way a returned missionary read for us last Monday evening, and such a looking woman, and such a dressed woman, and a reading woman I never saw before and trust I may never see again. Dr. Raymond is better I believe, but he still suffers very much, especially from his head. We miss him very much. Prof. Farrar is going to take his classes that have just finished Algebra to Rhinebeck, to visit the country seat of Hon. Wm. Kelly, President of the Board of Trustees. He is very fond of having parties come out there, and has often invited Prof. Farrar to take some of the young ladies. They'll have a delightful time. We think of joining the Algebra class next year - Do please tell me, or tell Helen to tell me in your very next letter, whether or no Sara is living in the Walker house. Every letter I have says something about seeing her so seldom which alarms me lest Mrs. Ladue was successful in her search for another house. Another thing that frightens me is that I have asked the question so frequently and it has not been answered. In pursuance of Father's advice we are going to make some calls before tea. I don't think that we go into any of the girls rooms to make a call, on an average once a month. I have never sat down next door but three times, and they are very nice girls, and not coming back next year. We visit Prof. Tenney about twice a week. We are going to Mrs. Farrar's after Literary. I am glad you like the catalogues and that they make a favorable impression. I want every one to like Vassar College. Five weeks from tonight I hope to take tea in our dear old home. It makes me almost wild to think of it - The time glides by like a dream. I can't realize it all. Poor Mr. & Mrs. Freeland! I hope they won't be gone all the time we are at home. You have called on Mrs. Town have you not? How does she seem? Love to all. I'm so glad you have your flower beds made - also congratulate you upon Sat. A.M. Dr. Goodell is at the breakfast table, and such a looking man! He must be over eighty years old, and has the appearance of second childhood. He wears a velvet

skull cap, braided with gilt, and a long tassel. As I passed the table he had a napkin tied around his neck, as if he was about four years old. He looks just like the kind of a man that would go to sleep and continue preaching an indefinite amount of time - The girls are all prophesying a three hours sermon for tomorrow. Only four Sundays after tomorrow and then we'll go to church. Next Sunday (i.e. the first Sunday in June), Louise Blatchley and I are going into Poughkeepsie to hear Mr. Lawson, the Baptist minister, preach. He is a young man, an old student of Prof. Knapp's. Miss Gilbert has given up her corridor, rather she is going to. Her health is miserable. She is one of the oddest persons I ever knew. Sometimes I like her very much, and sometimes I don't at all. When she was home last, the Warner girls sent me a huge bouquet of trailing arbutus which she left in a fine state of preservation on her dining room table. Wasn't it provoking? We called on Mrs. Farrar last night, but she had gone to Elmira, so we had to visit with Miss Stone and Prof. Farrar. We didn't stay but a few moments, but went to Prof. Buckham's where they paid no manner of attention to our vigorous and repeated raps. Then we made a call of Mary Granger and her room mates which we have owed every since we've been here almost - after which we landed at Prof. Tenney's. We almost invariably go there Friday night after Literary, and they always expect us. I want this letter to go off in the morning's mail so I must stop - Tell Nellie that I'll answer her good long letter soon - but too many a once would be a pity - We are talking of a row upon our "beautifully secluded pond" this morning - Good bye, Mother dear.

Your loving daughter Mattie -

Mrs. Sumner's removal - It will be a great comfort to you to have her so near. I think Emma Cartlidge might write to us. I am out of patience with her - not one syllable have we heard since she was married - See if I write to her when I am Mrs - I am very sorry for the Smiths. It seems as if a very large number of young people had died since we left home. Poor Mrs. Adams - Carrie speaks in every letter of Bell's increasing loveliness of Christian character. How is Mrs. Stebbins - Love to all the usual people - I want very much to see Mrs. Raymond - Good bye your loving daughter Mattie -