

Vassar College.
June 3rd, 1866.

My dear Father,

I was much delighted by your graphic accounts of the suffering, lately endured by Mother and Helen lest their housekeeping skill, should be amenable to the assaults of the evil minded. Also by the galantry of your conduct, in bravely rushing to the rescue, and lifting the weight from their minds. Perhaps if you had suggested misquitos, it might have been as effective as spiders, and approached quite as closely, the real state of the case. They certainly have not hesitated to appear within these sacred precincts, although I had always understood that misquitos were not common at the east, but rather preferred the active, stirring life of the west. I can't blame them, every day that I spend here makes me love the west better. People say that Eastern New York, is not the place from which to judge of Eastern people, and I earnestly hope that such is the case. I am referring now to Poughkeepsie, and not College. I never knew such cold weather for this season of the years here it is June, and the thermometer at 50° most of the time - In one county, which I can pronounce but not spell, they have had a severe snow storm. I don't think we have had any frosts of any importance, but I have been watching strawberry blossoms for three weeks and can't see any prospect of fruit. It is very provoking to be here till the raspberries, and huckleberries, and blackberries give full promise of abundant harvests, and come back just after the last gleaning of those harvests is over. We have one consolation however, almost every large tree on the place is either chesnut, or hickory, so that we can lay in stores of those, sufficient to last all winter. It is very pleasant to us to think of only three more Sabbaths, before we shall be at home. The time fairly flies. We are no more than ready to begin the work of the week before it is over. I am very glad that the year is so nearly ended, on account of those who are almost ended too. There has been a great deal of hard work done here, more than I ever saw before. For instance a Miss Geiger, who commenced French and German last fall, is now in the most advanced class in both. She is reading Plato with Hattie and Minnie, has read Latin beyond the acquirements of any class here, has studied mathematics beyond calculus, and to crown all enjoyed her eighteenth birthday this spring. I forgot to say that she had also taught school. I don't know how much. Of course Nature has her revenge in giving her a tired troubled look, that makes her appear twenty five sometimes, and by bestowing on her such headaches, as it makes me shudder to think of. I thought Friday as she was hearing one Greek class (Miss Gilbert is sick again), that in the long run temperance in study pays as well as temperance in strong drink. I know you will be glad to hear that I am coming home feeling much less tired than when I came. In fact we are all well, and comparatively fresh. I hope that you will exercise great long suffering and kindness toward this letter. Girls whose routine of life never varies from one day to any other; whose greatest excitement is to wait at the head of the stairs, for the mail; whose chief subject of conjecture is, whether they'll have any thing good for dinner; almost necessarily grow egotistical, and fill their letters, with "Great L" I am ashamed of it, but don't seem to improve at all. The best reform will be to stop writing - Love to all - Please tell Nellie that she owes me a letter. Good bye for the present.

Your loving daughter Mattie S. Warner.