

Vassar College.
June 24, 1866.

Dear Will,

I thought I might as well write once more before leaving here, especially as I desire to congratulate you upon your advanced age. Really mon frere, you are growing old with such rapidity that I expect to regard you with some what of awe and reverence, and to consider "my brother's judgment" as very weighty. Not an insinuation that it was of no weight heretofore, but as "a hoary head is a crown of glory", so every advancing year adds one point to form the crown. How glad I shall be to distinguish your face among those waiting for friends at the depot, next Thursday. We are calculating upon your galantry you see. Be sure that we have not counted upon you in vain. We now expect to reach home Thursday night, or rather afternoon, at about half past five. Possibly we may be delayed until Friday, at the same hour, therefore don't break your hearts if we are not there the first day, but I shall mine. Our room is in the most gorgeous confusion imaginable. Yesterday I undertook to pack, and brought out all my dresses, folded them, rolled them, laid them on the floor, sat down on Minnie's trunk and looked at them. After a while, in sheer desperation, I tucked every thing back again to wait till Monday. I am going to do it however, because if I never begin, I shall never know how. Prof. Tenney gave us a delightful lecture in Bible class this A.M., showing our duty to God as revealed in Nature. I wish you knew him. Will, I know you would like him exceedingly. He and Prof. Knapp are our men. Poor Prof. Knapp is killing himself just as fast as he can. He is worn out and sick, under the doctor's care, yet he persists at coming out here every day. Thursday he gave our Latin class a lecture on "Comparative Philology," when he had to carry his chair to and fro, to sit down, when he wanted to write on the board. Two or three times he stood up leaning on a pointer, when it seemed as if he would surely fall. I hope he won't come back next fall till he is quite rested and well. Prof. Tenney is well and strong, his work takes him out of doors so much. He is a noble man. I wish you could see little Sannie, only two and a half, and yet he knows more about birds and ether animals than I do. For instance the other day I was in there and a bird began to sing near the window and Sannie shouted "Bot-o-Link!" I had no idea what it was, but Prof, said that he was right. He cried so for turtles that they stopped bringing them late the house. Won't you be glad to see us again? If not you are a gony, and I don't want to see you a bit. Its hot as peper sauce today, and Minnie after walking to Po'keepsie yesterday, is determined to walk to Sunset Hill. I only hope she won't find any companion, for it will surely make her sick. I guess she won't go - Its a perfect shame that we have not seen any more of the beautiful places around here, but we have never been outside grounds, except to go to that horrible Poughkeepsie. Next year I'm going over the river, a sort of Utopia for botanists. By the way I've seen the laurel! The last excursionists brought home great loads of it - I think it is the most beautiful flower taken in all its bearings that I ever saw. I must stop now. Can't possibly write a word more. Good bye, dear

Your loving sister Mattie