

Vassar College.
Oct. 29, 1866.

My dearest Mother,

Wasn't I glad though when Minnie handed your letter, exclaiming, "From your Mother, only think!" I am very sorry that your eyes do not gain faster - but I think they must before long. Don't let Auntie go till they do. How magnificent it was of Father to repaper our room, and get us some curtains. I should like to go straight home and take a look at them - What style of paper was it? I don't think it at all strange that no one was sent to you, when everyone knew that your eyes were sore, and that we were not at home to help you. I should have thought it very inconsiderate if the committee had asked you. But I am very glad that you had friends since you wanted them. How pleasant it was for Mr. Ballard to be installed on his birthday. Please tell him that he shall have all those congratulations and a great many more from us. We were reading an epistle that morning, in which Horace said that he was just forty four. I nearly made Sarah Starr choke by remarking that he and my minister were the same age. Last Friday was Minnie's birthday, she was twenty three. Hattie gave her a pincushion of crimson merino, braided with gold braid, and a border of chenille and gold braid. It was a beauty, and greatly delighted the recipient. I gave her that Winnifred Bertram which she declared was the very one she would have chosen. In the evening we went into Mrs. Tenney's carrying with us a dish of hickory nuts - Mrs. Tenney took us right down stairs, where we had coffee, raisins and crackers. Every thing was so neat and beautiful it did us more good than any one could imagine who hadn't been eating in such a dining room as ours - Yet we are usually pretty neat. Miss Usher had given us leave to sit up a while after the bell rang, so that we had a delightful evening. Minnie said that she hadn't intended to celebrate any more birthdays, she was so old, but now she thought she would begin again. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Tenney invited me to go out riding with her. I went, and enjoyed it exceedingly. We went to Mr. Buckingham's where the Prof. & his wife made a call. Then he came out and took the children and me out to go over the grounds. They were very beautiful indeed. The view of the Hudson was grand. Then they made two more calls, one of them at a most beautiful residence, with very large, elegantly laid out grounds. I think the carriage road from the gate to the house must be at least half a mile long, I returned with a much more elevated opinion of the beauties of Poughkeepsie than I had hitherto entertained. I am glad that people are good and go to see us often. I hope they will not grow at all dilatory in that respect. The reason that I am making such chicken tracks instead of writing, is that I am anxious to finish this before mail time - Young Mat. Vassar has just been making a western tour, and is loud in his praises of the Central Depot roof. Maggie B. has the use of her eyes again. She has deserted Dr. Stewart, and is employing Dr. Noyes - I hope he will cure her. Love to all. Did you consider Mr. C.'s servant girl an addition to your pew. I wonder how Libbie felt - I must stop now. Good bye Be sure & tell us that we are to go to Burlington -

Mattie S. W.