

Vassar College  
May 2, 1867

My dear Mother,

I wish I could hug you across the five hundred miles between us, and make you understand half how glad I am to have you at home again. Will's joy and Father's, to say nothing of your own, made me feel as if I could feel myself in your room once more. Only seven weeks more Mother dear! Won't we rejoice then - I am glad to hear of Uncle Shepherd's improvement. I trust that he will not kill Aunt Phebe before he gets well. How long does Aunt Katie intend to remain in Rockford? I very much hope that she will be able to stop and see us, I have a great curiosity to see her although I dread it exceedingly. Founder's Day is over! I can't tell you how relieved I was when the people were fairly out of the dining room, and my responsibilities were over. Did I tell you that I was committee on collation? Every thing passed off beautifully, except that it rained, so that we couldn't have our out door reception. I wore my blue silk, Hattie her grenadine, Helen her light silk skirt and a white waist, Minnie her black silk. (Characteristic vanity, putting myself first, but never mind.) There were a great many persons here. I don't know just how many, the collation was provided for seven hundred and fifty persons - There were about two thousand and fifty invitations sent - of course the vast majority of them complimentary. I hope that the Ballards were not offended at my sending them one so late, it was not my fault but that of the publisher. The salutatory was a very pretty poem, written and delivered by a very pretty girl. The Parthenaeum was a paper, & consequently I think, stupid, it had some good things in it however. Miss Pope's editorial was very good. She is a lovely girl, and a beautiful reader - Prophecies - by Miss Clinton was smooth and flowing, rather than thoughtful. It made a favorable impression however, as such things always do. Louise's poem was lovely, and very well written some parts of it were beautiful. One verse I particularly liked.

"Alma Mater! Alma Mater!  
Strange words for our lips to speak,  
No wonder 'tis with kindling eye  
And crimson flushing cheek.  
For the hand that through the ages  
We reached not with our own  
Has led our way, two years today.  
In paths we had not known-"

I can give you no idea how beautifully she read it, every word rang through the chapel, so clearly and sweetly - The colloquy was very good also. On the whole it was a success. You can see a very good criticism of it in the Tribune for Teusday - April 30 - Helen had a letter from Charlie on Monday, saying that he was to open an office on the first May for himself - I hope that he will be successful - He did not mention Aunt Rebecca's illness, but said that Fannie was not well, so that Auntie must be well again. Did you know that Mrs. Stoddard the ex-missionary, is about to be married to a brother of her former husband's? I believe to Mary Palmer's stepfather. Mary Palmer and Sarah Stoddard will enjoy rather an anomalous relationship to one another, will they not? I must stop. I am so glad that you are at home again - Minnie was greatly disappointed at not seeing you. You have seen

Sarah's baby too! How much I would give to see it. Give a great deal of love to all  
- Congratulate Father for me - Hattie and Helen and Minnie send an equal share of  
love to be equally distributed, and a private bundle for you.

Your young, but wise daughter Mattie -

Tell Will that his letter was grand, and I am going to write to him very soon - I  
guess I'll put in one I wrote last Sunday but failed to send -