

Vassar College  
May 14, 1867

My dear Mother,

Please excuse my pencil. I am not very well and it is easier to write with than a pen. Hattie is so busy that there is very little to be expected from her in the way of letters before commencement. As for Helen, it's harder for her to write than for the rest of us I think. So you will be obliged to content yourself with such letters as I can send you. Don't be alarmed and imagine that I am sick for I am not. I expect to be quite well tomorrow. Mrs. Banister is here again. I have only seen her to say "how do you do". The girls think that she looks much older than she did last year, but I did not notice it. She is feebler I think, for she has not spoken to us at all. Miss Lyman seems to enjoy her being here exceedingly. Mrs. Comstock, a Quaker lady from Michigan, spoke to us last night. I mean Sunday night. She has been working among the prisons and lost women of New York since the war, during it in the hospitals. She is a lovely looking lady, I should say about sixty years old, but people say much younger. I suppose her cap made her seem older as well as her whole dress. Her theme was the love of Jesus, especially its consoling power in time of trouble. It was one of the best sermons I ever heard, and comes home to us now with a great deal of meaning, for last night Mary Whitney, one of our class and considered by many the best scholar in it received a telegram announcing the death of her father. She is a Unitarian and a devoted admirer of Miss Mitchell, but it does not seem possible that she should forget what Mrs. Cornstock said. There were at least a dozen Quakers up here Sunday night. I never saw so many before in my life. There are a great many in Po'keepsie, so many that they have two meeting houses. This lady was an Orthodox Friend, as is Mr. Mitchell, but Miss Powell, and several of the girls are Hixites. I think that this lady is an aunt of Mr. Jones. Prof. Knapp is sick with the fever and ague. I hope that he can break it up, but he works so hard, and takes such miserable care of himself, that I am afraid it will make him very sick. I never saw a man who knew so little of the laws of health, or at least regarded them so little. I have gone into his room when the heat was stifling, and upon telling him so he would immediately spring up and open the window sit down again and forget it, and appear the next day hardly able to speak. Then he works like a galley slave for the College, and the Po'keepsie people, having no minister make him do instead, and he leads their prayer meetings, talks to their young men, goes out all hours of the night to see their sick people, and is all the time a perfect saint. I wish he could find a place where he could be fully appreciated by the powers that be. Does it seem possible that Carrie is to be married in just two weeks? I cannot realize it at all. Talk to her Mother, and make her stop and see me, she can just stop over a train or a boat or any thing that they see fit to travel in - I do want to see some home person most direfully I am glad that you are going to make her a skirt. If you can, will you get her some thing for me? If not, never mind. Is Aunt Katie at our house yet? I want to see her too. Sarah must be joyful enough to have you at home again. I hope that you aren't sick. Don't attempt too much, wait for us to come home and help you. Helen is getting along famously with her herbarium. She has about eighty specimens, more than any other member of the class. Please give a great deal of love to Father, Auntie if there, and all the others who want any - Only think how soon you'll have us back again. Good bye dear

Your loving daughter Mattie -