

Vassar College
April 8, 1867

My dear Mother,

I am so stupid that I am afraid you will wish I had kept it to myself, and not attempted to spread it out in a letter to you. In the first place Minnie has gone home sick - not dangerously you know, but just miserable enough to be unable to study or bear the noise. I hope that one or two weeks at home will revive her enough to help her through the rest of the year. There isn't much time left you know. Of course we miss her dolefully - I don't know what will become of me next year when she will not be here at all. She is so good and lovely. I am very thankful that I have lived with her these two years, and appreciate her so much better than I used to in the High School days. That is one of the causes of my forlornity - Another of them is that here we are spending our vacation, and we are obliged to keep all the rules and regulations, it is too bad, but we can't help ourselves, and must make the best of it. I have eaten my dinner written a composition taken a walk and dressed myself, since I wrote the first of this epistle and I must confess I feel somewhat ashamed of my lugubrious state of mind. I don't think I'll finish the list of my grievances. It was mean of me to begin to write so to poor you, who are so tired and worried any way. How is Uncle Shepherd? Father wrote that he seemed to be no better. It seems very sad indeed that he can't recover after so many hopes of life. I had a letter from Mr. Ballard last week in which he said that T. K. Adams has bought that old wooden house on Fort St. opposite the Strongs, where the Warrens used to live. You remember the house do you not? Their object was to find a house where Bell could live on the first floor. I wonder how much longer that poor child will live. You know of course that Mr. Knight is dead, the church (Fort St.) gave his widow a thousand dollars and her mourning, and the bar paid the funeral expenses. I had no idea that he was so poor. I supposed he had some practice and looked shabby because it was his nature to. Mr. Ballard said that G. O. Williams had been very low, when he wrote was not expected to live thro' the night. I have heard nothing more. C. L. Walker has been very ill, but is recovering - Bell Hammond likewise. I think very probably you know all these things, but then you see if you don't, you will want to, so it seems best to write them. If Father and Willie are as sparing of news when writing to you as to us, you won't know any thing at all. All the letters we receive from any direction in Detroit, bear the same refrain "We need your Mother so." It must be beautiful to have every one so anxious to see you again. And you know how every one at this end of the line is watching and waiting for the summer to come. The year has gone so rapidly that I can scarcely believe that spring is really here. I have been so very busy that I haven't taken time to think since the holidays till now. I went to see Mary Gillett & Annie Hurbult last night, which is the first time I have seen them except to bow since we called after the holidays - So you see the fault is as much theirs as ours - I am going to Hackensack this afternoon, there are several of us going in our gymnastic suits for they are easier for walking - It is time for me to stop. Good bye Mother dear, don't get sick -

Yours with much love Mattie -