

Vassar College  
March 12, 1868

My dear dear Mother,

Why you poor unfortunate woman! I am so sorry for you that I could cry. I am thankful that Hattie is at home, and I wish I were. Don't you ever dare to write another word to either Helen or me. I feel very guilty for having said any thing to make you feel compelled to write - It was very mean of me, for although I had no suspicion about your eyes, I did know that your hands were always full, that we had all the letters we needed, and more than we deserved, and that you always were inclined to write more than your strength permitted - Don't sew any more, Mother dear, you have done three times your share of the world's work in time past, and can afford now to rest upon your laurels. You know that I am coming home soon, and shall be all fresh for work of any kind, except study - I shall rebel if any body asks me to pay any attention to hours, or books, till the spirit moves - It seems to me that after twelve years hard work, it wouldn't hurt Hattie to rest a while, but I suppose that is none of my business - But it is my business to attend to you. You know that you are my especial care when you are sick, and I shall feel very anxious about you till I hear that you are quite well again - I am so glad about Carrie. How does she feel? and when does she expect to be sick? I have not heard from her, but have faint hopes of doing so before long - I wish I could do some thing for Carrie, but can't this spring - I hope the baby will be a girl - If they have a boy of Carrie's lively turn of mind what a contrast he will be to his father! How thankful I am that the Pomeroy infant is a boy! I suppose that the Dr. is entirely satisfied now. What are they going to call him? I hope that they have succeeded in getting a nurse with at least the recommendation of sanity - I hope that Mary won't be altogether worn out by the care of the house and Bertie too. The latter is as much as one strong woman ought to have the care of. What happened to Emma's friend that he went home on crutches. Did Hattie mean Mr. or Miss Worthington? She wrote Mr. but I thought that he left long ago - I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. Avery's poor health. It seems hardly possible for her to live very long. She is a very good woman, isn't she? It makes me feel unusually mean whenever I remember my former hatred of her. It's extremely humiliating to have so many follies, and worse than follies, to repent of - especially those comitted between my fourteenth and seventeenth years. If ever I have a daughter of that age I shall forbid her to speak under any circumstances, to others than the members of her own family. Has there been more than usual suffering among the poor? We are so entirely shut out from work of that kind that we forget that there is any to be done - The subject of the Howard Mission, has done us a great deal of good in making us think - So has Dr. Post's appeal for help. Every girl must have felt his words as especially addressed to her, in fact he did speak directly to our class, like Mr. Van Meter, he is unwilling to wait - he said that their hands were tied for want of women to do the work, which none but women could do. I wish I were strong- I should feel called to go. Mary Griggs is going to Burmah, and is to study medicine three years in Philadelphia first - that will make her twenty three, which Dr. Clark thinks about the right age. I suppose though, that it is no use for me to think about it; with such a head, I should be of little service in a hot climate - We are going on much as usual - Helen is studying her Physiology in a very dangerous frame of mind, for nearly every day she announces a new discovery regarding the scientific method of comitting murder. If you hear of my dying suddenly, and mysteriously, you may know where to look for an explanation - Oh

I had forgotten! What culpable negligence! My letter should have been wreathed in mourning - To think of the loss that Detroit and the Warner family have sustained! I doubt if Helen will be able to return so deep in her affliction. Of course you do not hesitate to apply my remarks to the departure of our beloved friend Thomas Huntingdon. My chagrin is great, inasmuch as I have previously invited sundry of my classmates to visit me, holding out the possibility of winning such a prize as the great inducement to our beautiful city. Alas! alas! "I never needed a dear gazelle" &c - You know Mother, that I never did - Has Father satisfied himself regarding his false works? or is he still sitting upon the banks of the Mississippi shouting to the "Father of Waters" "thus far shalt thou go and no farther"? I have been thinking of cheering his solitude by an epistle, but not knowing where, or rather how, to direct, I have refrained, having no force to throw away, writing letters that never get there. If you will send me his address, however, I will see what I can do. He must have his bridge in good order a year from next summer, when Miss Mitchell and her six astronomers are going to Burlington to see the great eclipse. They are going to make us a visit on their way out - Won't it be fine? The eclipse takes place Aug 7, 1869 - Hattie ought to go on with them, and celebrate her birthday - I am thankful that I live just where I do, for thus I can see all the girls who go west, or east, or up the Lakes - Anna Baker is only nine hours ride from us, and she says that the ladies often go up to Detroit to shop. Nellie Leland is going to live in Chicago, so she will come and see us, and we shall have beautiful times. You will like the girls very much. Wasn't it nice that Sam Clary stopped in Detroit? I wish I had seen him - What is he going to do now? Not live at home I hope. Miss Lyman is in very poor health. I am afraid that she will not live very long. It will be a great blow to the College to lose her - I do love her dearly, and she is just as good to us all as she can be. Prof. Tenney leaves in about six weeks - I can do nothing but clothe myself in mental sackcloth and ashes and rail alternately at Williams and at Dr. Bishop - Do ask Mrs. Ballard what style of a man the Dr. Bishop in the Board at Williams is. Don't ask her husband, for if he cant admire Dr. Todd, I have no confidence in his judgement - Give my love to them both, please. Love to Hattie, Will, and yourself in great measure - Tell Bridget that I shall be home before long to eat up all her soda biscuit - Do take care of yourself, dear Mother, and don't let your goodness kill you - Poor Mrs. Sumner, I am so sorry for her - Love to Carrie, Sarah, Minnie, Mrs. Raymond, and all the friends - Spring vacation is coming in a few weeks, when I think of sitting on top of one of the turrets and sunning myself - Spring is struggling for life, and winter is slowly giving way - I have seen some grass, of a pale live green color. Good bye, Love to all.

Your loving daughter Mattie -