

Vassar College,
March 1. 1872.

My dear Parents;

Since last I wrote to you concerning my health very little of interest has happened, though we have had a holiday – day of prayer for colleges – which we spent mostly in the Chapel.

On Friday evening last in Chapter Alpha I took the part of a Puritan – Imagine me with my hair parted and combed down over my ears. It was The Courtship of Miles Standish in a phantomime. I was one of the friends who attended the wedding of Priscilla. We had a splendid critique read by Miss Hollister praising the Lady of Lynd up to the highest degree and not forgetting to draw attention to the beautiful costumes which we worked so hard over.

I have just come from the weekly [Latin?] service to which Kate desired me to accompany her – they are very pleasant and I think the forms and ceremonies rather fascinating though perhaps in time they would become monotonous. Yesterday I received a perfectly lovely letter from aunt Pattie who by this time I suppose has returned home, as she told me she intended to leave Washington in a day or two after she wrote me. I do enjoy her little letters so much for they give me so much to think about. Think– I am almost inclined to believe this is my hobby. I am almost sure I do more of it than a great many persons put together and I almost wish I didn't for I don't think I am any the happier for it: then too I worry too much—a fault which although Sue condemns strongly is very perceptible in her. I wish people were not like they are. I wish we were constructed in such a way that these two elements, thinking and worrying were never known. Still I must not complain and try as best I can to overcome some of my prevailing faults for I am conscious of many. Hoping that the next time I write I will not be in such a slough of despond and may be more interesting. I am as ever your loving daughter Lucy.

Sue wishes me particularly to give you her love, and is quite indignant because I forgot it last Sunday. My finger being stiff accounts for the stiffness of penmanship as I spent part of this afternoon fencing In the Corridor with Minnie Monroe as Miss Goodsell our corridor teacher is in N.Y. for a few days.

Better late than never I suppose – & much to my surprise found this letter in my desk which I supposed mailed last Monday morning – such carelessness I detest.

Lucy

Sunday Evening–

Fearing that to day I would not have time to write you I determined to write last night in order to make sure of my home letter – but having just read it over I cannot let such a sober horrid thing leave me when now I am in such a different humor. The fact any body must be very much out of sort if this lovely day does not make them feel splendid. I do not remember when I have enjoyed a Sunday more. It seems more old fashioned and cosy like those at home. This morning we listened to a Sermon from James Beecher brother of Henry Ward. I don't think this particularly added to the pleasures of the day for me, as I did not like him at all though some of the congregation were very much pleased. The Afternoon being very mild I enjoyed a long walk of two hours – very much indeed – and having agreeable company. I didn't dream of its being over one half hour which is all required on the Sabbath day. (After my walk I had an engagement to go see one of the girl – who had promised to read to me – "Nannie and Our Boys"

written by Miss Gertrude Mead a graduate of '70. This very interesting book – together with a comparatively soft bed made the Afternoon pass very quickly. And the evening finds me writing a good night to my dear Father and Mother from this daughter.