

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie N.Y.  
Sunday Morning Mar. 22. 1868.

My dear Mother:

Under rather more favorable circumstances than last week do I sit down to write you.

I have just come from Prof. Farrar's bible class and it is the most quiet time of the whole day in our rooms.

The earth is fairly dazzling in the sunlight this morning - such a contrast to yesterday. It snowed and blowed furiously all day. I never saw anything like it and the expressman said he had not seen such a storm for twenty nine years. We had so little preparation for it: every thing looked as if winter had entirely passed away and the grass was growing quite green in places.

The first thing I knew of the change was the flapping of the blinds in the night, and then I supposed it was rain. We got our last mail about 4 P.M. three hours behind time. Miss Avery said she was awakened by the snow blowing into her face. I conclude from this that she doesn't approve of half-way ventilation.

Miss Lyman went to Philadelphia Thursday morning to stay till she is in better health. She has been confined

to her own rooms for about two weeks. She has had a terrible cough the whole year. I noticed it in five minutes after I saw her the first time. We are afraid it is consumption, but Miss Avery does not think so.

Miss Powell is going to write to her today and she thought it would be very grateful and pleasant to Miss Lyman if some of us would write a little note to put in with hers. I think I shall do so by and bye.

You ask if I am growing indifferent on politics and elections. No indeed I am not, and if I had been in my normal condition last Sunday I should have expatiated to some length, but it was wholly impossible for me to write anything that day I was so glad to get get the news and glad of the result when I did^it.

My supply of papers for the last two weeks has been very complete and gratifying. Friday I received two Boston Journals from Seth, and Father sent me a Concord paper earlier in the week. Last Thursday I was very much edified by the acct. of New

Hampshire politics, in the N.Y. World. For the fun of it I would like a Patriot sometime along. The bitterness of that paper and Independent on the other side, always amuses me on acct. of the very ridiculous character it has

I was much pleased with the letter I had from Harry Friday and shall answer soon. It is so seldom I have the privilege of answering a letter from him that I cannot neglect it. He is doing so nicely in writing too. I am surprised at his correctness when he goes to school so little. Is there any of that stuff like my puffed waist left? Saidee wants a piece about as large as this page for her riding suit. I don't know whether it will be convenient for you to send it, but if it is she would like it very much. I am getting along very easily and well in my studies. My health is perfect so far as anything I can see. We shall have a week's rest soon and I shall expect to enjoy it very much. I did not expect to hear from Aunt Maria when I wrote to her for I know married women seldom write to any one but their own children. but I shall be so glad to get a letter from her if she will write. I don't know what has come over me lately about writing letters. I don't feel a bit like it ever and it is sort of a forced performance. I know this must be evident by the general style of them but I can't seem to throw it off. I think one reason is my dearth of news. The days are so much alike here that when one is told you have the sum total of my life here.

I am going to send Gracie a little book from the Howard Mission with some little songs for children in it. Tell her she must keep it till I come home and I will sing them with her. The children sang some of them here and they are beautiful.

You haven't said much about Sue lately - and, indeed, that is not strange, for your letters have been so short that you could not mention any one.

Is there any prospect of Ellen's visiting her this summer? I hope there is. How long it has been since I have seen her I hear from her often through Charlie.

I think I have said about all I know just at present. When my ideas are reinforced expect another letter.

Much love to father, Hal and Gracie.

Your own

Mary.

[Mary (Parker) Woodworth, '70]