

Vassar College,  
May 10. 1868.

My darling mother,

Chapel service is over and I have certainly lively surroundings to affect the tone of this letter. Miss Smith, Monks, Dwight, Rice and Penfield are discussing the sermon. I occasionally listen and say a few words for you know I am not noted particularly for being silent under such circumstances.

However in spite of my reputation at home for "much speaking" I believe I am the only quiet one in the room. For some reason I don't feel in a talkative mood. I received the short letter from you yesterday and was as anxious as ever to get it. I was the only one in our parlor who had one all day. I have just written

another letter to Aunt Maria, but it is a wretched letter, rather worse than I usually write I believe.

I am in hopes to get my box by next Saturday, and if you send it by Wednesday morning should think it would be here, but there is always a great delay in express boxes reaching the girls.

Monday P.M.

I have just received Father's letter containing some of the "needful."

Please tell him I am exceedingly obliged to him and as for not being bashful about asking for it, I should think I was not. Am sure I will not need to send for any more unless something I do not know of now, comes up. I don't know a bit of news to write except that I took another ride this morning and did not go out of the ring because there were two girls riding who are not good enough riders. I never came

"dying of laughing" as I did while over there. I can't give you any sort of an idea of it but when I get home shall not fail to tell you someday when we both need a laugh. I laughed till I cried.

Our class meeting went off very well the other night. I probably told you that I was Mrs. Nickleby. I wore a black silk turned down in a deep point at the neck and wore one of those collars you sent me. My hair was powdered and done up with puffs at the sides. My cap was of muslin trimmed with black ribbon.

I shall not act again if I can help it for I prefer to look on.

I shall not tell you that I do not like my things for I am sure I shall.

It would be a fine return wouldn't it? I hope Sue and Riley will both be rested and benefitted by the visit to her father's. Father writes that

Riley is having something of his old difficulty. How fortunate that he is out of the store. They will get home only a little before I shall. I am too impatient for anything to get home-

Well I must get my Trigonometry for tomorrow and stop writing. Do write me just as often as you can and tell me where you go, and who comes to see you. I am interested in everything.

Your affec.

Mary.

[Mary (Parker) Woodworth, '70]