

Vassar College.
Jan. 23. 1869.

My dearest mother,

I was so glad to get your letter and Nell's postscript yesterday, and, if possible, next Monday night shall bring you another letter from "Vassar."

You mistook me or since I wrote have forgotten I think, that Tuesday night is the night you need never expect a letter. My letters reach you on the third day, and as I cannot send one Sunday of course you can never get it Tuesday. I shall send this tonight and it will reach you Monday, so much for this. You must wonder at my unsteady handwriting, but will no longer perhaps when I tell you that I am writing

before breakfast, and not having been long awake I don't feel quite settled. I dreamed of Harry last night and this morning it seemed exactly as if I had really seen him. I thought that he was here and we went over to see Mr. & Miss Mitchell, carrying them some beautiful flowers. But the dream didn't last long enough for me to inquire anything about home. I do hope that he will come here, but of course we can't tell now what will happen then.

Nell wrote that you were about starting for Newbury to attend the last day of Mr. Root's convention. Did you have a good time? Now just stop and think how very much I should like to know who was there & what they did and you will write me all about it, or tell Nell so that she can write it to me.

Sat. noon.

Last Thursday morning I went into Miss Lyman's library for a moment when she made me sit down and asked ever so many questions about myself and how I was getting along. She said I was getting tired again she could see plainly and asked me to go and see Miss Avery at noon. Just before I went out she asked me if I would like to go driving with her at two o'clock. Of course I was very much delighted at the prospect of going out for a sledding, but all the morning I felt a little anxious for fear that I shouldn't drive right and something would happen for we had a very frisky horse, but she said she would trust me if I was in the habit of driving in New Hampshire. It was an honor hardly inferior

to any in the College to be invited by her to go riding for I never heard of her doing such a thing. She always goes with some of the teachers and the girls wondered greatly at my good fortune, while some thought they should rather do anything than be along with her for an hour. I had a delightful time and she had me drive somewhere that I have

never been before and we had two magnificent views, taking the the Catskills, Fishkills a part of the Highlands end the bluffs of the Hudson for a long ways. She asked me if I had ever been away before to school and when I told her I had been to St. Johnsbury she said she knew all about that place and then inquired for Dr. Brooks- It seems that he is a very old friend of hers and at one time

taught Latin in her school at Montreal. She thinks a great deal of him and as I do also we agreed on his many excellencies. She has met several of the Fairbanks family, but says she does not know them at all well.

I received a letter from Maggie today in which she says she is in very poor health and unless she becomes better soon, cannot live long. She says she cannot die and leave her baby.

Darling mother how I do want to see you! You have no idea how much of my time I am thinking of you all and wishing, wishing wishing that I was there. If I were not to graduate next year I certainly

would not come back.

I am waiting now with my hat and shawl on for Annie to finish dressing so that she can go with me to walk. Sometimes I get very tired of this routine but after all it is just what does me so much good.

I think everything of my new shawl and it seems to me that I could not have been better pleased.

In a letter from Saidee recd this week she sent her father's picture. He sent it himself and I was very much pleased with it. She is having a very gay time, but is not always quite happy I am sure. Her mother is not such a one as mine is and I am sorry for her.

Annie will soon be ready and this must be also if I send it tonight.

Give bushels of love to all of my dear friends and tell Nell that I have not had one of her nice letters in over two weeks.

Your loving
Mary.

[Mary (Parker) Woodworth, '70]