

Vassar College.

May 28, 1871.

Precious "Cat,"

Tonight I imagine you writing to me, and it is very pleasant to think that we are occupied in the same work of love. Whenever I think of going on to Poquonock, I think of you and Mamma. I have never been there without you and I don't know how I can do without you\* Here, I am so busy I do not find much time to think of anything but study, but there, I shall miss you so much\* M I had any Idea that you wll would consent, I would ask to come home this summer\* I do not mean to stay but only for the vacation --

Yesterday Prof. Van Ingen took our Drawing class out sketching.

We started at nine oclock, not earlier, because Miss Morse would not order our breakfasts. The ride was very pleasant, passing through Spring Side, where Matthew Vassar used to live, for Prof. His home is a pretty little cottage in the midst of a pine grove, and seems just the place for an artist to live\* The carriages left us at a gate and after borrowing a little tin pail to carry water in, we trudged along in the direction of the river\* A very picturesque party, we were said to be, as we pursued our course over rocks and beading to pass under overhanging boughs. Each had a waterproof, a lunch and drawing apparatus in her hand, and Prof, carried the pail hung on the end of a white cotton umbrella\* The only adventure we met with on our walk to the river was a fall which the Prof, met with. Poor fellow! Instead of great sympathy a great laugh  
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was raised, he looked so funny. The river looked very cool and inviting after our long walk, and even after reaching it\* much walking had to be done in order to find a suitable place for sketching. At length when we had scrambled quite down a precipice, Prof, told us to come up again and sketch from the top of it, We found the view very pretty. Perhaps you remember it, a short distance below Poughkeepsie, where the railroad runs through the river some ways. When we were ready to begin drawing it was half past eleven} our dinner was served at half past twelve and occupied two hours, that is, with a short rest afterwards. The lunch prepared for us was very good, but anything would have tasted good we were so hungry, it consisted of four sandwiches and two slices of cake apiece. We draw until five and then our guide, sad director proceeded to get us under way again. All day some boys from B|sby's military school had been hovering about and just at the last, arranged themselves gracefully upon a near rock, wishing to be sketched. Of course, then, we set immediately to studying the "human figure" from the specimens before us) this excited "our lord of creation" and instead of carrying us home the best route which would take us past the aforesaid boys, he took us a most roundabout way through the woods. Our walk took an hour and was very trying on the feet and hands. We have become such experts that we considered climbing four or five fences nothing at all, Professor very kindly turning his back during the procedure.

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We reached College at nearly seven niter having left Prof. at his home, here we had a warm supper, omelet and toast, prolonged our repast

until too late for chapel, and the end of my story is that we are so tired we can scarcely get rested in a week. Our party was composed of eighteen persons, you are, I believe, mathematically inclined and of course will be anxious to know how many we were. I have filled up more room with our sketching than I intended, and have very little time left, though plenty of paper. Friday night I went over to a society meeting. The play was a little German one which the girls are translating. The dresses were very handsome but the acting was not as good as usual. I find in my desk a lot of receipts for cooking, copied at Mrs. Hayes. Knowing that you are fond of experiments I will send them to you, by detachments however, whenever a little more weight can be added to my letter.

Tell Mamma, please\* that I shall write to Auntie in a few days and tell her which dressmaker I wish this summer. I wonder, when I glance at this writing, that I could ever have been called a good writer. This writing looks like Aunt Maria Moon's, and is not as easily read.

Has the Catalogue reached you yet? I feel much ashamed to have it go out with my name among the Preps, for if I had only come here two years ago I could have entered higher in two studies, Algebra and French. May 28, 1871

Is Papa in Galveston now? I have received no letter from him, and presume he is too busy to write often\* I wish I could have some of your nice blackberries. We had a strawberry short cake one day last week and expect soon to have the berries in great abundance.

With lots and lots of love and kisses your  
loving "T'other one"  
Julia M Pease, '75