

"Vassar."

April 9 1872

Dear Carrie,

Sunday, my usual day for writing letters, I had taken hold of a book of Chateaubrands and of course I could not leave it for anything. It was a story of Indian life in America the descriptions are really quite amusing. He saw palm-trees all along the Mississippi and at Niagra monkeys were very numerous. Sunday was a very rainy, gloomy day and it has not yet thoroughly cleared off. The old saying is that if it rains on Easter there will be rain on the next seven Sundays, if there is any truth in the saying, we have a gloomy prospect to look forward to.

Today our study begins again. We are anything but glad, for our little taste of idleness has only increased the desire for it. I fear the returning girls will not find a cheerful welcome prepared for them. Yesterday morning several of us went over the Steward's department. I had been before, but went this time especially to see the griddle for frying cakes. In the afternoon Birdie Bell and I walked into town. We had much amusement over the walk, as we almost lost ourselves in the mud. My over-shoes had a peculiar propensity for clinging to the mud, and when at last reached the pavement, borrowed an old flour bag and put our rubbers in it, it was scarcely possible to tell them from the surrounding mud. We had our photographs taken and think they will be very good. I am so anxious for you all to see pictures of my friends that I had to have mine taken otherwise I could not get theirs. Fannie Buffington's sister is visiting her, has been here since Friday. Although half the beds in College have been vacant she has not been permitted to remain here at night, so she and Fannie every night after supper have had to trudge over to a farm house a quarter of a mile away, to sleep. Then they have to get up and come here in time for an eight o'clock breakfast. Yesterday, Miss Buffington, who is a lovely girl, took Birdie Bell, Fannie and myself out riding. We went up to College Hill, to Spring Side, the Vassar's old place, Bisby's, in short, everywhere there was any thing to see.

Laura Howe has just come back and tells me that she has received such a good letter from you in regard to my six brothers. Unfortunately she has left the letter at home and I can not see it. Did you really write it? I almost think she is trying to hoax me-

It's almost dinner time so I must close. Love to all from from their off. Julie.