

Vassar College.

June 10, 1872.

My dear Carrie,

Since I did not write home Sunday, I fear I shall not have much time now for a loag letter. The reviews have come and la Geometry it is pretty hard aa we take a book for a lesson. The other things are net as bad and so we manage to get aloag. I am so sorry yoa have beea sick. Bilious attacks are so very disagreeable. I think yoa all must aeed a trip North very much by this time. ,

And this Is your birthday] "May you see a thousand returns of the same" fee. be. Dearest, I wish I could be with you today, and see you enter upon your twenty second year, for you are really tweaty one, is it not so? It seems hard to believe, now, when I think of it end when I see you it will be still harder. But the years make no difference, you are not a bit older now than when "sweet sixteen." Indeed I believe you grow younger. I think of you In our cosy dining room eating the birthday cake, for that good old custom will aever pass from our house. And I think of the many birthdays we have spent In the same way, and of the pretty flowers with which we used to deck the cake.

Tell Fapa that his letter writtea la Cincinnati was received. I thought I had meatioaed its receipt, but suppose 'twas forgotten. This surely must be the rainy seasaa. Almost every day abundant showers fall, and although very much needed by vegetation we cannot help complaining ol their frequency. I have done scarcely anything in the way of paintings this year, so do not raise your hopes very high. I paint very slowly, and then I spent much time aad patience trying to paint some corn Irom nature, aad alter all the com could scarcely be recognised. I am sleepy and stupid tonight, and cannot write mere at present.

Goodnight

Julia.

(Julia M Pease, '75)