

Vassar –

March 4, 1873.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Your letters do not come as regularly now as formerly. At one time I could without fail expect them on Tuesday, but today has passed without my receiving one from home, as well as several other Tuesdays. Your letters mailed on Tuesday reach me as early as those mailed a day before. I presume it is owing to the time when the mail steamers start. I think about going home so much lately. I don't know why it is, for it is a perfect age yet before vacation. I have just been writing my German exercise and afterwards practising the making of letters, until now I find myself continually on the point of making the German instead of my usual irregular scratches.

Jenny Ladd was admitted to the Freshman class, the other day. It was a time of rejoicing for us both. I am very anxious to have her come over on our side of the house, both to get a pleasanter room and to become better acquainted with her classmates, but I fear even if Miss Morse suggests a change, Jenny will not be willing to avail herself of it, for she is very timid and does not care to leave her friend Maggie Lemon. But Jenn's parlor-mates now are far from agreeable companions. Jenn is studying Trigonometry now, so that if she returns next fall she will be something ahead of her class. The girls tell me she is a very good student. By the way, now when I think of it, I wish to correct a mistake I made some time ago about Cliffie Loverin. She did not have to be reexamined in Lit., I am glad to say for the credit of the "Lone Star." As I heard Prof. Backus tell her she must be I supposed it was inevitable, as did she, but when the time came for examination Cliffie was not sent for. It must have been one of Prof. B's jokes, but a very poor one, since it cost Cliffie an afternoon of weeping. Papa, did you ever hear of a Mrs. Wilson who has a plantation near Austin? There is rather a queer story connected with her, one which Dr. Avery told me, but which is not worth writing. She said she had daughters at the College, but has none, so we think her plantation, for which she desired Dr. Avery's brother-in-law as overseer, is also a myth.

Kitty Ladd has made a long visit in Boston, for she has quite recently returned to Poquonock. Tell Carrie that she has someone to keep her company, for Kitty's letters are like "angels visits, few and far between." But Carrie is excusable, I think, when she has company to entertain—  
Goodnight dearest peoples in the world—  
Your loving Julie.