

Vassar

March 18, 1873.

My dear Mamma,

Again I fear you will become anxious because my letter will not reach you at the expected time, but I hope you will make allowances for certain lazy days, which come to all of us in a greater or less degree. This laziness is the only malady which ever affects me here. Sunday I put off writing you until Monday thinking to find time then, but my essay had not been written and must be handed in last night, so I went to bed with one duty, at least, undone. Now that my essay is off my hands I feel quite a rest for the next three or four weeks. Poor things as they are, they give me great trouble and uneasiness. Only three more weeks before vacation and after that the time will seem to fly until the beginning of June. Da you think that any Texans will be going home about that time? I should not mind, in the least, travelling alone, but I presume you would feel much more comfortable to know that I had company. Many thanks for your birthday present. You are all very good to think of me on that day. As for myself, I was reminded of it only by receiving some little vases filled with flowers from two of my classmates. It seems we had, some weeks before, been talking of what day my birthday would come, but when it came the fact had escaped my memory. "As we grow old" you know birthdays are almost willingly passed by.

The lace which you have sent will be of service. I have been wanting some for undersleeves for some time. There is no necessity for my sending a pattern for the grenadine. You know my sleeves never were made very prettily, and I want only enough of the stuff, wide enough & long also for a ruffle around the wrist. You can Judge better than I; perhaps a little over a finger in width. It seems so strange new to be talking of spring clothes, though seen even here it will be necessary, I suppose.

Can't some of you find time to write to Jennie some time? She does not get many letters and would consider it a great treat I know. She has four studies now and I sometimes fear will have to study too hard when the warm weather begins. But she thinks not, and I suppose ought to know best what she can bear.

With oceans of love—

Julie.