

Vassar College,  
March 29, 1873.

My dear Sister,

Pray do not be alarmed by the size of this sheet of paper, for indeed its appearance is the most terror inspiring parts the matter which it contains will, I am sure, be most harmless nonsense, or perhaps gossip. Upon opening my desk I found several of these sheets lying on the top, and just for "greens" as Miss Julia used to say I determined to write you upon it. But I find that it is too full of recollections of essays to afford me very much pleasure while filling it. Speaking of Miss Julia, reminds me to ask you if you ever hear from her now. You know, she promised to write to us both, yet I have heard no news from her, and fear you may have also been so unfortunate.

Today we Sophs, are by turns, in the depths of despair and overcome by wrath. No sooner have we relieved ourselves of our much hated essays than subjects for new ones are given us, and only two Saturdays besides this one are given us in which to write them. Many of us having French essays to write today have no time to think of these subjects, and next Saturday most of the girls will be packing. Very likely we will have a class meeting and ask for more time. The other classes have more and we ought to be as favored. The subjects are such wretched ones, just what would be given at some little boarding school, and of course we expect something better. Imagine, "Dress considered an Index of character." "The habits of study which I strive to cultivate." "The temptations of a student at Vassar College." But I think it is time to leave such an uninteresting topic.

All six of us are seated In our parlor today, amusing ourselves in various manners. It is an unusual thing for all of us to be together and it makes the little room seem filled to overflowing. My roommate is ironing and marking clothes, and meantime conversing in a not particularly melodious voice, fit I were nervously inclined I think I should have to throw down my pen and stop my ears. Fortunately, here we become accustomed to anything and everything, and I find another one of the girls calmly working out interminable formulas in calculus. At last it seems as if spring were coming, for today instead of the usual snow or hall-storm it rains. Within the last few days the snow has been rapidly disappearing, yet still it is piled up high in many places. It makes me almost homesick to think of how lovely Wood Lawn and all the country around is looking now.

Knowing the meaning of the word Sophomore (wise fool) you will not be surprised to know that our class is slightly (?) conceited. But now we have been raised several inches higher by being invited to the Observatory to receive lectures from Prof. Mitchell. Never before has such a favor been granted to such youthful members of Vassar, and you may be sure we feel our "...ats." Last night you might have seen us strolling outdoors and discussing In a learned manner the altitude, azimuth &, of Venus, Jupiter & others. A new broom "sweeps clean," and I cannot say how long this mania will last.

Nettie Whitman gave me a message from Ida, to the effect that she would be greatly indebted if I would drop a gentle hint that she had written you the last letter, and

that, some time ago. My hint is quite broad, but nevertheless I have done my duty. Jennie received a note from Kittie the other day, in which she told of her great trouble with her eyes. She has to remain shut up in a dark room, which is very trying as she wished to go on studying. Now as my letter is reaching its end, the room has become more quiet, and also the library is open and I can proceed to write my French composition.

Farewell dear; Give, for me, heaps of love to all-  
Julie-