

Vassar.

April 19 1873,

My dear Carrie,

Every day of this glorious vacation I have intended to write to you a good long letter, but time has been so fully taken up that until now I have not been able to commence. Much to our sorrow we find that our weeks holiday has almost flown away, and half that we wished to do has been left undone. You must have been lonely enough during those days when Papa and Mamma were absent, and glad beyond measure when they returned. My time has been divided between painting and making a sailor waist. The latter has at last been finished and is a perfect success; the former is one of those "unfinishable" things.

For amusement during our Vacation we have, six of us, gotten up a daily paper, edited by each in turn. The Editor assigns subjects for her day, writes an editorial and reads the paper. Begun for fun we yet thought that it would be a good deal of work and we would never continue, but we find that it is just as much amusement as we expected, and it only takes about an hour, for both writing and reading. The bone of contention is who shall have the copied number, for there is only one, nobody being found willing to transmit to posterity its valuable matter. The "Quidnunc" which has for its modest motto, "Vita sine Uteris mors est" is a formidable rival of the "Miscellany," some of our letters from foreign correspondents having been sent to that "inferior" paper and thence to our Lady Principal. Imagine for articles, "Mud pies," "Pleasures of Hope,"

"Character of Jack Horner," A Debate, "Ode to a Spring Dandelion," etc. Croquet has not been so well patronized this vacation as was hoped. One after-noon I was beaten four games out of six, my partner being a fine player. Don't you think after that I should throw away my mallet? indeed I did, but for the time only. And such weather as we have had, snow or rain most of the time; occasionally our dear friend "Sol" would make his appearance for a short time, causing us joy beyond expression; but not for long has he favored us.

Dearest Carrie, now must I end this scribbly letter.

Love to all,

Julie