

April 27, 1873.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Immediately after hearing of your accident I wrote you a letter, which tonight I find unaltered in my desks another case of my unpardonable negligence. I am so very, very glad that you escaped with no very serious injuries; but for some time I was exceedingly anxious lest, as is usually the case, you had both made out your injuries less than they really were. But Carrie's letter has relieved me greatly, and makes me hope that very soon my own dear Papa and Mamma will be all well again. Woman like, it would be a great comfort for me to have something to blame but nothing, in this ease, remains but to inveigh against the badness of horses in general. Great cause for thanks have we, though, at this as at all times, for we have certainly been greatly blessed.

Several days ago I received an invitation (complimentary of course) from Frank Whitman to some sort of a Junior (his class) exhibition at Brown University. It makes me the possessor of a very pretty monogram which as I am not making a collection is of no use, but otherwise is merely a trouble to me. For I must acknowledge the receipt of it, of course, and I have not the least desire, or idea how, to do it. The heading of a letter to a stranger always "stumps" me. (O dear, I have written slang; please pardon me!) Whether to address it Dear Cousin, Dear Frank, or Mr. seen

Whitman. Having[^]the youth but once and then for very few moments, it is a difficult problem to solve. By-the-way while speaking of that branch of cousins, I can tell you that Carrie Norton's health is very poor, and she will Apr. 27, 1873 * 2

not return to Vassar until June) she intends to study some at home and thus try and keep us with her class. Until this year I had never heard that she was not perfectly well, but this winter she went home and remained some weeks, and now again she is compelled to stay away. I hope she will be able to finish the course} since it only takes her one more year to graduate, it would be a pity to have to give it all up.

It is so oddsway last October, I wrote to Mr. Swenson for some money which he sent immediately, yet the letter did not reach me. In January his letter was returned him and he then sent it to me. It contained an invitation to come some time and make them a visit, so, of course, I then answered it} there the correspondence ended until day before yesterday when I received a letter from him saying that he had just then rec'd my letter dated Jan. 21. This letter also contains an invitation to come and see them (indefinite?) which of course amounts to nothing so long as it is not confirmed by any word from his respected lady.

Aunt Maria Robinson writes me that she and Uncle expect to be in New York city about the 6th June, and hopes that I can meet her there. If I come home before the close of College this would exactly agree with my plans, and give me the pleasure of seeing Aunt, if I could go down to N.Y. a day before starting for home. Aunt could also assist in any purchases I must needs make.

Founders Day comes on Tuesday, when guests are here in abundance.

I wish you could be here, though nothing very fine could be promised. We

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merely have a lecture, this time by Phillips Brooks, a collation, and promenading until bedtime. But I suppose Mamma is still confined to her chair; what do you do for amusement? play besique?

Aunt Juliet writes me that they are again settled in pequenock, and things are going on much as usual. She seems much disappointed in the lateness of the spring* At last all our snow is gone, and we hope that our snow storm of the 22, is the last of the season. A few little hepaticas have blossomed in mild corners, but they are the only signs of spring life, unless, it may be, the appearance of huge turtles and some frogs eggs. Some of the latter we are hatching in our parlor, hoping to see them transformed from tailed and gilled tad-poles into promising young frogs. Shall try and write you again this week, and look forward anxiously to the next mail which may bring a letter telling how you are getting along.

Lovingly Julie

(Julia M. Pease, '75,