

Vassar.

May 4. 1873,

Dear Carrie,

All the other girls in our parlor have just finished their usual Sunday work, but I must now begin. Not that I shall attempt any other letter than this to you. One of my "non-writing" moods has taken possession of me, and I find it an absolute burden to put pen to paper. These moods are periodical, and cause me great disturbance as they generally come at the very times that my essays are due, and many letters unanswered.

Today has been quite spring like, tempting me to spend considerable time outdoors. We went searching for birds' nests, and if the wickedness of egg stealing had not been so thoroughly drilled into me in my younger days, I muchly fear that many of those robins, now in an embryonic state, would never see the light of this fair world. Such lovely little blue-green eggs as we found, and such ugly little robins, hatched today, I should think. Jen and I went out this morning and found a good many wild flowers, the first that I have gathered this year, although I have soon quantities brought from Cedar Ridge, our Eden in the way of flower & fern growing. I do envy anyone who can spin out one idea over many pages; for now I glance in dismay over these three of "pure white virgin paper," and long for something to tell you of interests so if you find this letter extremely dull, remember that I am saying any thing to fill up. If we were together our tongues would go fast enough, I reckon, don't you?

Have spent part of this day in reading "Peg Woffington," a lovely little story of Reades. One would not suppose from reading his later novels that so pure a story could have ever been written by him. Yet still this bears some of his characteristics. Are you reading "Middlemarch"? Every one here speaks highly of it, and Mr. Brooks reckons its author in the same list with Dickens, Thackeray, &c. I am anxious to read it, but fear my patience would be exhausted before wading through the first dull pages.

Rumor, today, told us that the son of Prof. Orton would be baptised this morning, and this hope it was which kept us moderately tranquil through an extraordinarily long sermon of a temperance character. Great, then, was our disappointment at finding that it was merely a rumor, and that if the child has been baptised today, the performance must have taken place in the privacy of the Orton home. Never having seen baptism according to Presbyterian principles, I was desirous to see whether the water was poured from the silver pitcher, which stood handy, or in what manner otherwise. We have to give in our choice of studies for the ensuing year, immediately, and we are all at considerable loss as to what we shall take. Astronomy I am very anxious to have and of course German. Nat. History is inadmissible as Prof. Orton goes to S. America this summer and will not return before Christmas. Nat. Philosophy is hard the first semester and not at all interesting, so nothing is left but Latin and Rhetoric. I care little for Latin, and have great need of Rhetoric. If it were only to learn the letter from the book, I should not hesitate to take it, but we have to criticise and correct sentences, work for which I am totally unfit. But I suppose I shall have to take it and make a perfect booby of myself for a whole semester. Yesterday Bertha Keffer from Alabama had a box of green peas sent her, which she boiled and distributed to our table. It

was a great treat as we had no idea that any were yet ripe. I do hope Mamma is able to walk about now, for any one who is so active it must be a great trial, and only you there to help her and attend to everything. Hard as it was to have them so injured I cannot help rejoicing that it was nothing worse.

It is almost tea-time so I must close now with heaps of love to all.

Julie

If I knew what no. used to be able to changed. shoes you wear it would be rather easier to fit you. I do so from my own foot but that, very likely has changed